LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

VOLUME L, NUMBER 7

JULY, 1933

10 CTS. CANADA 15c.
INCLUDING TAX

THIRTY-DAY PRINCESS *by* CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Saturday Night!

HEINZ OVEN-BAKED BEANS

A NEW ENGLAND tradition is becoming a national habit! Plump, brown beans, juicy with rich sauce, and mealy with oven-baking—could any dish be more welcome on Saturday night?

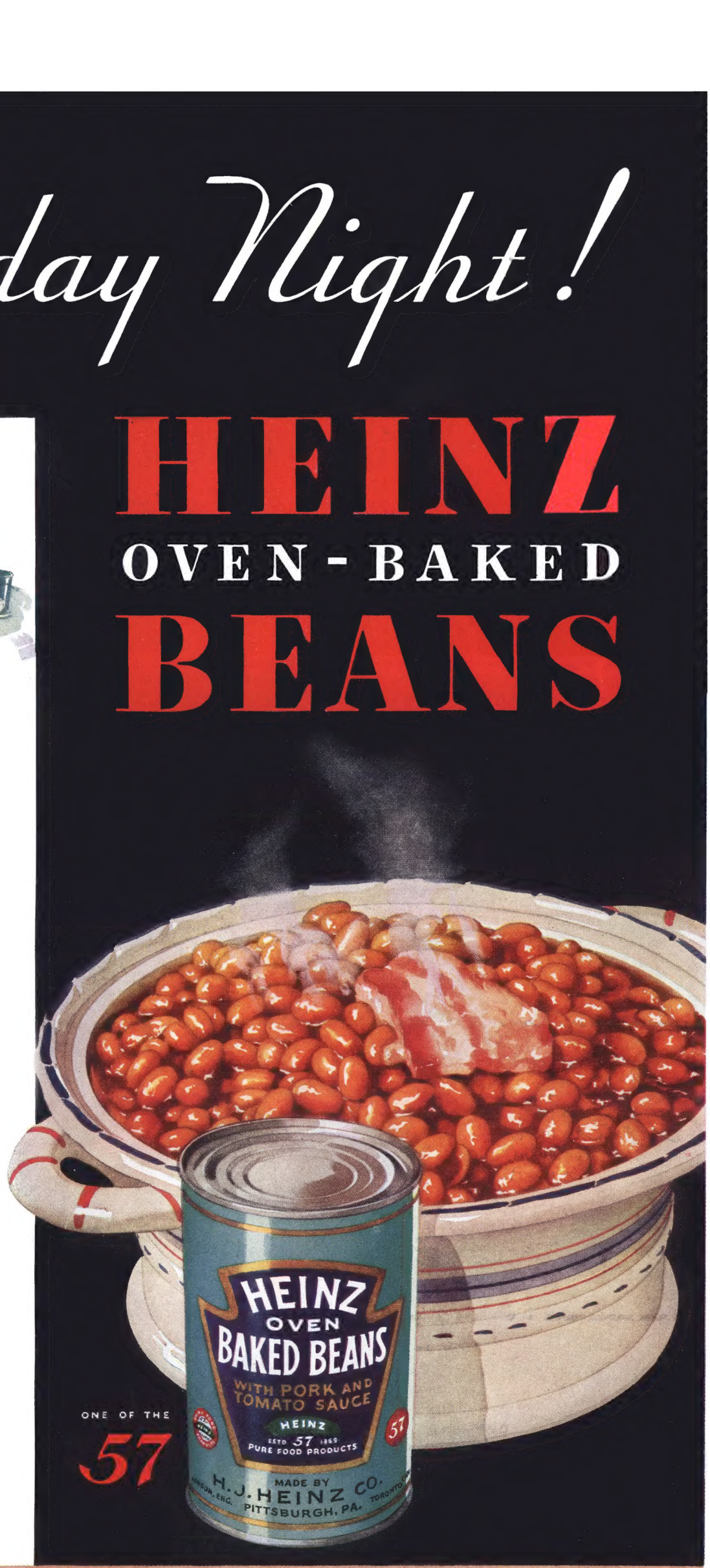
Heinz Oven-Baked Beans are fairly bursting with munchy goodness because they're baked long and well in dry-heat ovens. The original moisture is driven out so that in absorbing the luscious Heinz sauce that is added, every particle of bean is penetrated. Most beans are steam-cooked in sealed cans. Oven-baking, the Heinz way, makes beans marvelously light, tender and digestible.

You'll find them a tasty change from meat and potatoes—and most economical too. Heinz new "jumbo" size cans contain an average of 40 percent more beans than last year—at the lowest cost per ounce in Heinz history.

Your grocer has these famous Heinz beans in four popular styles. Two with tomato sauce—with pork and without. Then, Boston style—with pork and a plain sweet sauce. Lastly, Heinz Red Kidney Beans, in a savory, clear sauce, ready to serve. Try them all! Write for illustrated free booklet, "Thrifty New Tips On A Grand Old Favorite," giving many tempting baked bean recipes and menus.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

PITTSBURGH, U. S. A. · TORONTO, CANADA · LONDON, ENGLAND



UNLESS THE LABEL SAYS "BAKED" THEY AREN'T BAKED BEANS

monologue of a lady

in a hurry

WHO FORGOT SOMETHING

"*Here* I am just starting to dress, and am due to meet Fred *down town* in 15 minutes!"

"*Well* at last I seem to be dressed, in spite of 10 thumbs."

"*What* have I forgotten? Heavens! I didn't use my Mum!"

"*Mum* is certainly a comfort! You can use it in a hurry, *even after you're dressed.*"

IT'S a big and important thing that Mum does for a woman—to keep her safe from that unpleasant underarm odor which always marks its victim as somehow lacking in the niceties of life.

But an even more important thing is the fact that you can get Mum's all-day protection in just half a minute!

Mum calls for no extra effort, no extra time, you know. Using it is as quick and simple and natural as powdering your nose.

And think of this—if you should forget to use it while dressing, you can still use it *after you're dressed!* It's never too late to use Mum.

For Mum is perfectly harmless to clothing. And it's soothing and cooling to the skin—even a sensitive skin. Prove this by using Mum immediately after shaving the underarms.

Mum doesn't interfere with natural perspiration. It does the one big important thing of keeping your underarms and clothing absolutely free from the slightest taint of disagreeable perspiration odor.

More and more women are using Mum in another way—to remove strong, stubborn odors such as onion and fish from their hands. It takes away every clinging trace, and softens the hands, too. Keep a jar in the kitchen for this purpose.

Don't ever let anyone detect the slightest taint of underarm perspiration odor on you, when it is so easy to play safe with Mum! Every toilet goods counter has Mum, 35c and 60c a jar. The Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

"WE COULD NEVER DO WITHOUT MUM FOR THIS, EITHER", women say. On sanitary napkins Mum renders a service that relieves a woman's mind from worry about possible unpleasantness.

MRS. ROCHE'S pretty crepe de chine dress lost none of its clear color when she washed it in safe Chipso suds.
LESTER'S new-looking suit has been *washed*, three times, in Chipso! His blouses are soaked snowy white in Chipso without hard rubbing.
DELICACY of material and color in Mary's dress unmarred by six tubbings in Chipso.
THE RED TRIM on Joseph's suit has not run in forty-odd times that Chipso has soaked it beautifully clean.
NO STREAKS or spots in Peggy's shimmering silk dress after repeated Chipso launderings!
CORINNE'S sheer dress has been squeezed through Chipso suds at least a dozen times. No weakened threads from destructive rubbing!

UNRETOUCHED PHOTOGRAPH IN NATURAL COLORS TAKEN IN THE HOME OF MRS. L. H. ROCHE

"Easier *now* to keep my children clean than when I had three," ... *says this young and charming mother*

Here's an interesting thing. When Mrs. L. H. Roche had only three children, her washings were a problem. Now, with *five* lively youngsters to wash for, she doesn't worry a bit. She's using a *different* laundry soap—CHIPSO!

"Would you like to know how I got started with Chipso?" Mrs. Roche asked. "It was seven years ago. I was fussing about how quickly the children's clothes got shabby looking, how hard the laundry was to do, how sore and dry the soap made my hands. My mother said, 'Why don't you try Chipso?' Well, I *did*—and since then I've used nothing else.

"No matter how dirty the children's play clothes get, I don't need to wear them out with hard rubbing. Chipso *soaks* the dirt out easily. Yet Chipso suds are perfectly safe for dainty organdies and printed silks, and for my silk underwear and stockings. Chipso is marvelous for blankets, too—makes them so soft and fluffy—and for the children's woolen stockings. And, believe me, my hands have known new comfort since I've used Chipso regularly for washing clothes and dishes."

Chipso's kindness to your hands proves that it is not adulterated with the harsh "dirt-cutting" ingredients that weaken materials and injure colors. Chipso makes an easy job of the dirtiest clothes, yet is SAFE for lovely, dainty things, because Chipso is SOAPIER. It makes RICHER SUDS.

That inexpensive big box of Chipso is the best package-soap value you can get—it does so much work and does it safely. Use Chipso for dishes, too, for your hands' sake. Get Chipso from your grocer.

Chipso *makes clothes wear longer*

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

JULY, 1933

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL (The Home Journal) is published on the second Friday of the month preceding its date by

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

CYRUS H. K. CURTIS, Chairman of the Board.
GEORGE H. LORIMER, President.
WALTER D. FULLER, First Vice-President and Secretary.
PHILIP S. COLLINS, Vice-President and Treasurer.
JOHN B. WILLIAMS, Vice-President.
FRED A. HEALY, Vice-President and Advertising Director.

LORING A. SCHULER, Editor.
Stuart O. Blythe, Lita Bane, J. Harold Hawkins, Elizabeth Woodward, Lois Palmer, Catharine Oglesby, Frank Eltonhead, Julia Coburn—Associate Editors.

THE TITLE of the Ladies' Home Journal is registered in the United States Patent Office and in Foreign Countries. The entire contents are copyright, 1933 (Trade-Mark Registered), by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and in Great Britain. London offices, 6, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C. All rights reserved. Entered as second-class matter May 6, 1911, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, under Act of March 3, 1879.

THE PRICE of the Ladies' Home Journal is ten cents the copy. By subscription: To the United States and Possessions, $1.00 the year; $1.50 for two years; $2.00 for three years. . . . To Canada (including present tax), to Newfoundland and Labrador, $1.50 the year; $2.75 for two years; $3.75 for three years. . . . Remit by Post Office or Express Money Order, Check, or by Draft payable in United States or Canadian Funds. . . . To Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain, Uruguay and Venezuela, $1.50 the year. To other countries, $3.00 the year. . . . Remittance to be by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft payable in United States Funds. . . . All subscription prices are subject to change without notice.

THE NAMES of all characters that are used in short stories, serials, and semi-fiction articles that deal with types are purely fictitious. If the name of any living person is used, it is simply a coincidence.

A SPECIAL WORD TO SUBSCRIBERS: When you receive notice that your subscription has expired renew it at once, using the blank inclosed in your final copy. Please sign your name exactly as it appears on your present address label. . . . Report any change of address direct to us rather than to the Post Office. A request for change of address must *reach us* at least 5 weeks before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect—6 weeks before, if you live on the Pacific Coast. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send this advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy. . . . The Post Office will not forward copies to your new address unless extra postage is provided by you. . . . Subscribers should always use Postal or Express money orders or Bank drafts in remitting. All Rural Free Delivery carriers can supply Postal money orders. . . . Persons canceling their subscriptions will receive a proportionate refund.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY also publishes *The Saturday Evening Post*, in the U. S. 5c the copy, $2.00 the year (52 weekly issues), 2 years for $3.50, 3 years for $5.00 and *The Country Gentleman* (monthly), in the U. S. 5c the copy, 3 years for $1.00. Canadian and foreign prices on editorial or title page, or quoted on request.

ADVERTISING BRANCH OFFICES—for advertising business only; subscriptions not received—are as follows: Philadelphia, Independence Square; New York, 60 East 42nd Street; Chicago, 333 N. Michigan Avenue; Detroit, 3044 W. Grand Boulevard; Cleveland, 925 Euclid Avenue; Boston, 30 State Street; San Francisco, 1 Montgomery Street.

● July—time for little girls in white bathing suits and red caps to go swimming. • • • Time to go picnicking and vacationing. • • • To take life easily and to be cool about it. • • • Time to escape from humdrum things by adventuring with Kelland's lovely Princess Zizzi, with Ben Williams' Three Musketeers in Hollywood, with Arthur Stringer's Speed Hound, with Lois Montross' Valerie. • • • Time to make a salad in a wooden bowl, in the manner of the genial Abbé Dimnet. • • • To make such a strawberry shortcake as Oscar tells about; to freeze desserts in ways revealed by the JOURNAL kitchen. • • • Time to wheel a pushcart loaded with refreshments into your garden, or loaded with books or flowers down to the beach to make money for a favorite charity. • • • Time to go roller skating, to ride a bicycle again, to wear a red carnation as a badge of courage and of fashion. • • • This is the first summer of the new deal—not only in government and business, but also in everyday living. • • • The old artificialities of sophistication are gone—even the word "sophisticated" is definitely out—and you can be yourself in any way that happens to please you. • • • "So what?" • • • After all, what is the JOURNAL for? To entertain you first: And then to tell you how to dress smartly. • • • How to be beautiful. • • • How to achieve charm and distinction in your home, as Cedric Gibbons, of the movies, describes it. • • • How to entertain. • • • How to feed your family and bring up your children. • • • Even more than that—how to take a bigger, more vital part in your community life. • • • Self-improvement—that's what it all sums up to. • • • And that's what every item in the Table of Contents says to you. • • • Here's July:

COVER DESIGN BY MAJOR FELTEN

● THE STORIES

	Page
Thirty-Day Princess (In six parts): Part I—*Clarence Budington Kelland*, *Illustrated by Henry Raleigh*	5
Cold Cut—*Ben Ames Williams*, *Illustrated by George Rapp*	10
Speed Hound—*Arthur Stringer*, *Illustrated by Pruett Carter*	12
People May Talk—*Lois Montross*, *Illustrated by the Billmyers*	15
Gowns by Roberta: Part III—*Alice Duer Miller*, *Illustrated by May Wilson Preston*	16
The Flaming Gahagans: Conclusion—*Helen Topping Miller*. . . . . *Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins*	18

● THE SPECIAL FEATURES

	Page
Some Reminiscences—*Alice Roosevelt Longworth*	8
Salad—*Abbé Ernest Dimnet*—*Illustrated by the Billmyers*	14
New Women in a New China—*Upton Close*	19
Great Appetites—*Oscar of the Waldorf*	21
Bringing Up a Beauty—*Dorothy Cocks*	24
Every Home's a Stage—*Cedric Gibbons*, *In an Interview with Mayme Ober Peak*	25
What Reading Does for Children—*Marion L. Faegre*	35
It's Up to the Women—*Edited by Catharine Oglesby*	44

● ROUND THE HOUSE

	Page
Frozen to Your Taste—*Jean Simpson*	26
Summer Menus and Recipes—*Caroline B. King*	28
Simplify for Summer	30
Saving Work	30
First and Last Courses—*Olive Barrett*	32
So What?—*Grace Higgins*	49
Rickrack Comes Back	56
Ideas for Your Home	58
The Garden Maker—*Chesla C. Sherlock*	68

● ENTERTAINING

	Page
The Sub-Deb—*Edited by Elizabeth Woodward*	61
Summer Parties for a Song—*The Hostess*	90

● SUMMER FASHIONS

	Page
Sunshine—A Beach	22
Moonlight—A Terrace	23
The First Clothes of Summer	40
New for Now	42

● AND ALSO—

	Page
Editorials—*Loring A. Schuler*	20
Previews of New Books—*Virginia Kirkus*	47
Journal Reference Library	94

SIGH NO MORE, LADIES!

Don't envy her lovely complexion . . use her beauty treatment

Already Annette's treading a pathway strewn with broken hearts. Though she is very young, small gentlemen in sailor suits are offering her rosy apples and lollipops as a tribute to her radiant charm. Such is the attraction of a beautiful skin!

An interview with Annette's mother reveals that the young lady has always been under the care of a beauty expert. It is not taking a liberty to call Annette's doctor "a beauty expert." He does know exactly what skin is, and what care it needs.

That's why he didn't prescribe a fancy colored soap or a perfumed soap when Annette was a baby. He specified Ivory Soap. Only a soap as pure as Ivory was safe for Annette's sensitive new-born skin.

And now Annette is 4 years old and every day of her life she has frolicked her way through an Ivory bath. Don't you think she is headed for beauty? Aren't you pretty sure that when she's eighteen she'll still have that lovely complexion? Yes, she will — because pure Ivory Soap will be guarding her complexion with its gentle purity.

Why should you content yourself with less safe and less pure soaps than Ivory? Be nice to yourself—be fair to your complexion—revel in Ivory baths and Ivory complexion treatments, beginning with *today!* $99^{44}/_{100}\%$ PURE

If you want a baby-clear, baby-smooth skin . . use the baby's beauty treatment

IVORY SOAP

"FOR THE NEXT THIRTY DAYS," SAID REGULUS GRESHAM, "THIS IS THE CROWN PRINCESS OF THAROS"

Thirty-Day Princess

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Just when the stage was all set, and the curtain was about to rise, a new leading lady had to be called in. Scarlet fever had no respect for royalty. So—

I REGRET," said the doctor, "to inform you that the princess has scarlet fever."

There was a grim silence in Regulus Gresham's library as three international bankers scowled at one another.

"That upsets the apple cart," said Bond Morton savagely.

"Quarantine?" Regulus Gresham never used two words when one could be made to serve

"That is required," said the doctor.

"Has anybody anything he wants to trade for a princess with scarlet fever?" asked Peter Danvers bitterly.

"The Princess Catterina Theodora Margharitta," said Morton with venom.

"Of Tharos," added Danvers.

"Crown Princess," snapped Gresham. "Can't these Europeans deliver even a princess in good order?"

"And," said Morton, "the issue of fifty millions of Tharos 5 per cent dollar bonds does a nose dive. And we're holding the bag."

"She arrives at midnight and before dawn comes down with scarlet fever," said Danvers. "I'll never monkey with princesses again unless they send them in duplicate."

Gresham rumbled in his throat. "Came up to specifications. Young, beautiful. Great democratic country would have gone gaga over her."

"Even with young Potter Madison yowling his head off about foreign bonds, we'd have put this one over with her," said Morton.

"Potter Madison's dad put over enough of them in his day," said Danvers. "Now the boy goes noble, gets elected to Congress, and gnaws the hand that fed him."

"Without the princess to do her stuff we might as well withdraw the offering," said Morton. And then, "It beats the Dutch what will sell bonds. Parade a princess with slim ankles and a straight nose—bonds sell like hot cakes. She'd have made Tharos so popular you couldn't get into the Social Register unless you owned at least one bond."

Danvers was fingering his chin, wagging his head from side to side as one who studies a vexatious problem.

"Without a princess we might as well toss in our hands," he said.

"So what?" barked Gresham.

"So," said Danvers, "get a princess."

"Eh?"

"Keep cool," Danvers said, "sit tight—and remember that newspaper photographs are all this country ever has seen of the Princess Catterina Theodora Margharitta."

"And all it will ever see," said Morton woefully.

"In the United States," said Danvers, "there are some millions of young women. One of them must look enough like our princess to do in a pinch."

"Try to find her," said Morton.

"With your permission," Danvers said, "that's exactly what I'm going to do. Gresham's always bragged about his organization. I've heard him say he only had to give an order over the telephone and what he wanted would be delivered within twenty-four hours."

"We haven't got twenty-four hours," Morton said.

Gresham scowled, and thrust out his formidable jaw. "Give me that phone."

He made his call and when he was connected with his office snapped, "Peterson."

Presently a voice responded.

"Peterson," said Gresham, "deliver to me one young woman who looks enough like Princess Catterina of Tharos to be her twin. Right away."

"Yes, sir," said Peterson.

Gresham sat back and scowled. "Now we'll see if he's any good," he said, and remained silent while the other two engaged in a discussion of the situation and of the perils to be encountered if a young woman could be found whose appearance would enable her to impersonate the Crown Princess of Tharos. Twenty minutes passed and the telephone rang—the private wire to Gresham's library. He lifted the receiver.

"PETERSON," came a voice. "Good luck, Mr. Gresham—our clipping department. Always clip and file items and photographs in papers and magazines upon matters handled by our publicity department."

"Don't explain—tell," snapped Gresham.

"One of our girls in the clipping department cut out a picture in a theatrical magazine. Thought it was the princess. Then she noticed the cut line and it wasn't the princess. When I repeated your order she dug it up for me. Amazing resemblance."

"Get it here," said Gresham. "What's her name?"

"Nancy Lane."

The three men waited. In an hour a messenger who trifled with speed regulations delivered the clipped photograph of Nancy Lane into Gresham's hands.

He got up ponderously and scowled down at the photograph. It was of a young woman of undeniable good looks. For a moment he peered; then he walked to the desk, jerked open a drawer and took out a sheaf of photographs of the Crown Princess Catterina Theodora Margharitta of Tharos—affectionately called by her loving subjects by the diminutive of Princess Zizzi. He spread them on the desk, and then three financial colossi bent over them and studied them as they might have studied some set of figures important to the economic stability of the world.

"Close," Gresham said harshly.

"Nancy Lane, recently playing in stock throughout the Middle West," read Danvers.

"You can't always tell by a photograph," objected Morton.

"And she may be in Chicago," Danvers said.

"The idea seems to appeal to us," Gresham said.

"Any port in a storm."

Gresham turned to the doctor, who had not left the library. "Get nurses you can trust. They won't be allowed to leave the house. Not a word of this scarlet-fever business must leak." He glowered at his companions. "I'll throw enough private detectives around this place so that a breeze can't get in or out. Let me at that telephone."

He gave a number impatiently. "Gresham," he snapped. "Give me Newton. Hello, Newton. There's an actress named Nancy Lane. Have her in this house before six o'clock. I don't care how you do it or where she is. Have her here." He banged up the receiver arrogantly.

"But," said Danvers, "suppose this resemblance is real—is near enough to do the trick. What about her party? What about Tharos? Will there be objections?"

"Tharos," said Gresham, "agreed to deliver a princess in good running order. They didn't. We have to have a princess right away, and if we can get one they'll just have to take her and like her."

"Will an actress out of stock know how to behave like a princess?" asked Morton.

"Her folks call her Zizzi, don't they?" demanded Gresham.

"Yes."

"Sounds kind of naughty, doesn't it? As if she were rather tomboyish?"

"It does to me."

"All right, then. Who's going to know how a tomboy princess will act? And the less she acts the way people expect her to act, the better. If she's pretty and full of ginger she can eat with her knife, if she wants to, and get away with it."

"If Potter Madison ever got on to this shenanigan," said Morton, "he'd nail our hides to the barn door."

"See the interview in the papers this morning?" asked Danvers. "What he says about us and dragging royalty over here to help us peddle bonds is plenty."

GRESHAM shrugged his heavy shoulders. "One of these days I'll reach young Madison in the order of business," he said.

Some two hours later the telephone rang and Gresham called a gruff hello. "We have located Miss Nancy Lane, sir," said a voice. "She should arrive at your house within the hour."

"Where'd you find her?"

"Theatrical boarding house on Forty-fifth Street."

"Other facts."

"She is twenty-two years old, apparently no people. The theatrical agency through which we traced her believes she is an orphan. Came from Michigan. At present out of a job. The agent characterized her as a smart girl. General reputation good."

Gresham banged down the receiver. "She's on her way," he said.

"Did it occur to you that this fly-by-night actress will have us in a ticklish situation all the rest of our lives?" asked Danvers.

"Blackmail?"

"Yes."

Gresham showed his teeth in a mirthless grin. "Forget it. If this girl opens her mouth after the princess has made her visit and gone home, then we put it up to Tharos. Did they or did they not send over the real crown princess? Kings and queens and ambassadors will tumble over each other to attest that they did."

"It seems," said Morton, "to depend on the lady."

The next half hour of waiting seemed interminable, but at last a servant announced, "Mr. Newton and a lady."

"Show them in," ordered Gresham.

The three financiers stood up. Newton stood aside to permit a girl to enter the huge library.

"Mr. Gresham, Mr. Danvers, Mr. Morton—Miss Lane," he said, and at Gresham's command immediately vanished.

"Take off your hat," barked Gresham.

The girl did not obey, but advanced into the room half a dozen steps, and Danvers noted that she walked graciously, unafraid, with little chin up. She wore a dot of a hat over one ear, and her big eyes were brown, and her brown hair was tailored to fit her head. Perhaps her clothes were not expensive, but they gave just the effect of jauntiness and chic which women pay vast sums in the effort to attain.

"Take off your hat," Gresham barked again.

"I hope," said Miss Lane, "you didn't get all your education where you got your manners."

Danvers choked. "Miss Lane," he said, "you must pardon us. We have been greatly disturbed. Our manners improve on acquaintance."

"The improvement," said Nancy, "had better begin almost at once." She looked from one to the other gravely. "And the improvement might start by asking me to sit down. Then someone might indicate if this is a kidnaping or what. I take it for granted that it is not just a boyish prank."

"We saw your picture in a magazine, Miss Lane—in what I may call a moment of emergency," said Danvers. "It became necessary to see you."

"And here I am," she said. "Am I to feel flattered? Do important financial personages drag young women about the country just to look at them?"

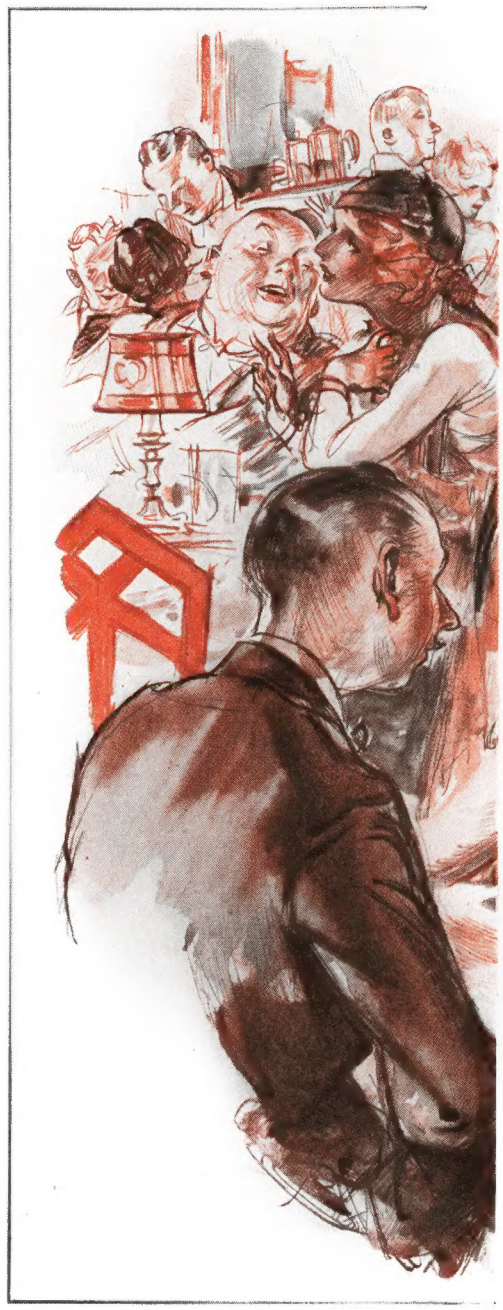
"Take off your hat," Gresham said again.

Nancy ignored him. "Your friend," she said to Danvers, "really has atrocious manners. I suppose he's used to having his own way. I don't believe I ever could grow to like him."

"Mr. Gresham is extraordinarily impatient to see if you resemble someone," said Morton. "It is for that purpose that we asked you to come here."

"What," asked Nancy, "is the matter with the Crown Princess of Tharos?"

—Nancy Lane, actress, took on the gayest, most glamorous rôle of her career—for a month she was the Princess Zizzi, bond salesman extraordinary for the Kingdom of Tharos. . . . It is Mr. Kelland at his very best!



Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

"Eh?" The exclamation was jolted from Gresham, and he stared at Nancy as if she had worked some exceedingly disturbing miracle.

"One sees the rotogravures," she said. "Also one learned simple arithmetic in school. My mirror tells me I resemble the princess; the papers tell me she is a guest in this house; you are looking for a resemblance." She lifted her little shoulders impertinently. "So what?"

"Take off your hat," said Gresham.

Her eyes snapped. "You will arise," she said, "you will bow. Then you will say, 'Miss Lane, I would be deeply gratified if you will remove your hat.' Or else."

"Or else what?" demanded Gresham.

"Or else," she said, "I start walking back from a ride I don't like the looks of." Her eyes were level, fixed upon Gresham's eyes. The banker scowled. Nancy waited.

Gresham surrendered—he knew when someone meant what she said. He arose, he bowed grudgingly. "Miss Lane," he said, "I would be deeply gratified if you will remove your hat."

She did so with a deft little twitch and smiled. "We understand each other better now," she said. "You may go on from here."

"The resemblance," said Morton, "is striking."

"It's sufficient," said Gresham.

"How tall are you, Miss Lane?"

"Five feet exactly."

"The princess' height," said Danvers. "She weighs a hundred and five pounds."

"I weigh a hundred and four."

"Do you speak French?"

"Rather well."

"MY FRIEND," SAID POTTER, "THIS LADY NEVER SAW YOU BEFORE. YOU ARE BEING UNPLEASANT. SUPPOSE YOU REJOIN YOUR PARTY"

"It is the language of Tharos," said Danvers.

"Are you going to ask me to double for the princess in the dangerous scenes?" asked Nancy.

"Miss Lane," said Morton, "the Princess Catterina Theodora Margharitta has come to America to fill a number of social engagements. It is not a pleasure trip only."

"You surprise me," said Nancy.

"It is necessary that the princess fill these engagements. Her stay, which will continue for a month, has been carefully scheduled."

"And—or is it but?" asked Nancy.

"But," said Morton, "the princess is in bed this morning with scarlet fever. She will be quarantined for weeks."

"Oh!" Nancy's eyes grew big; she bent forward a little.

"We've got to have a princess," said Gresham, "and you're it."

"Don't be absurd."

"We are very serious. Important considerations demand that the Princess of Tharos complete her schedule. You resemble her sufficiently. You are an actress, and the part should not be difficult. And the remuneration will be ample."

"Who," asked Nancy simply, "gets gypped?"

"Nobody."

"I have a couple of principles saved up for a rainy day," Nancy said. "Suppose, as the boys on Broadway say, you come clean. I know I'm young and sweet and simple and credulous. You learn to be those things knocking around the country in stock. But suppose you just tell your Aunt Nancy about it with all the whys and what nots. Then we'll see."

Gresham had been studying her under his shaggy brows. It was he who spoke. "Bond issue. Fifty million Tharos fives. Folks won't buy foreigns. Hence the princess."

"Royalty gone in for salesmanship," said Nancy with a nod. "Are they good bonds?"

Gresham answered this. "Miss Lane, I believe them to be a safe investment."

Again she looked into his eyes and again their glances crossed.

"When you speak like that," she said presently, "you are telling the truth."

"Then you'll do it?" asked Danvers eagerly.

"How about her party? How about the Tharonians? How about her *entourage?*"

"They've got to play with us," said Gresham.

"Miss Lane will have to disappear," said Morton.

"That's simple. I could accept an engagement in Des Moines."

"You'll do it?" repeated Danvers. "We are prepared to pay you twenty-five thousand dollars."

Nancy sat very still for a full minute. Then her lips twitched, a dimple appeared in her cheek, and her eyes glowed.

"I've always wanted to be a princess," she said. "I guess I'll give royalty a thirty-day trial."

II

GRESHAM rang and, when a servant appeared, said in his brusque way, "Bring here the princess' maid, or somebody who knows about her clothes."

"What's the idea?" asked Danvers.

"Try it on the dog," said Gresham.

Presently a woman was led into the room. Gresham asked: "Are you the princess' maid?"

"*Je ne parle pas* ——" the woman began.

"What is it you want?" Nancy asked Gresham.

"I want one of the princess' best dresses, and what goes with it. I want you to put it on."

"Can I have her bring down the crown, too? I'd like to practice wearing it."

"Be serious," Gresham said.

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir," said Nancy. "But you'd better get used to calling me Your Highness, and you'd better spread a little honey on your voice."

"This is business," said Gresham. "I don't want any nonsense out of you."

"Then," said Nancy, "you'd better go out and get you another princess." But she turned to the maid and explained to her in French what was wanted. The woman became voluble in her amazement, but after a moment pattered off to return with garments over her arm.

"Put them on," snapped Gresham.

"Here?" asked Nancy, with twinkling eyes.

Gresham jabbed the bell furiously and ordered that Nancy be shown to a bedroom. There, alone for a few moments, she had time to think as she dressed. What, she asked herself, was she getting into—and how would she get out? Would there be consequences? Would she, for a month, be able to play acceptably the part of this other girl, born in a world so different? There was still time to withdraw—but twenty-five thousand dollars is a great deal of money! And being a princess even for thirty days was such an experience as comes to few girls. She shrugged her lovely shoulders. "Let the chips fall where they will," she said to herself.

The costume into which she stepped was one that made her quite hold her breath. It was the sort of thing every girl of limited means dreams of *(Continued on Page 51)*

Some Reminiscences

© BY WALTER SCOTT SHINN

THE COLONEL AND HIS GRANDSON, KERMIT, JUNIOR

By **ALICE ROOSEVELT LONGWORTH**

MANY more missions arrived as the weeks went on: The Belgians, with our old friend, Moncheur, who had been for many years Minister from Belgium to the United States; the Russians and Boris Bakhmeteff, representing the new Russian Government. It was always a source of amazement to us that the Belgians could be as gay and uncomplaining as they invariably were, when one thought of what the three previous years had meant to them, of what they had gone through.

As for the Russians, I do not think that even at that time we had any belief that the Kerensky Government would last. They promised nothing in regard to their future course in the war, and we had the feeling that they would get what supplies they could and then act as the political condition in Russia dictated.

George Bakhmeteff regarded his successor, Boris, with a jaundiced eye; when asked what relation he was to the latter, he replied, "The same that George Washington was to Booker Washington."

Lord Northcliffe arrived, much heralded by the press, rather giving the impression that he represented no one—that he was a mission in himself. Though portentous, he seemed less self-important than the impression one got of him from the newspapers. He was a curious contrast to the suave charm, to "the pride that apes humility," of Mr. Balfour. Assertive and aggressive, he was a symbol for getting things done, and by getting things done was meant getting every ounce that the United States could provide of man power and supplies; that, of course, was the object on which all the missions came.

The first time I met him was at Sagamore, the night of the day Ted and Archie left, when he was brought to dinner by Mr. Wiggham, the editor of Town and Country. He said oracularly that the war would go on for years, though we felt that was perhaps not quite his real opinion, and intended largely to impress upon us the necessity of giving everything the Allies wanted, as when we were talking of the French mission's recital of their woes he said impatiently, "What actors they are!" So we did not believe the outlook for long-drawn duration was as somber as he would have us think.

Meanwhile it was June, the four boys were ready to go, and from day to day we would get reports that they were about to leave. There was, of course, the greatest secrecy as to the movement of troops—no one was supposed to know in advance the dates on which the steamers were to sail.

Soon after war was declared, Archie's engagement to Grace Lockwood was announced, and we all went to Boston to their wedding on April fourteenth. Quentin was best man, Ted and Kermit were ushers—also my brother-in-law, Dick Derby. It was the last time the family was ever all together.

Archie went off to training camp and we did not see him again until he sailed. Ted, Kermit and Quentin all came to Washington at one time or another during the spring. I remember Quentin turning up one morning to go to the War Department, and coming back to talk to me while I was posing for a sketch, when both of us recited poetry until it was surprising that the artist did not give up in despair.

BROWN BROTHERS

TED, JUNIOR

He and Ethel Harriman and I had lunch together and we then drove him to the Walter Reed Hospital, where he was to take his physical examination for the flying corps. Hot and cold water was poured in his ears, his eyes were filled with belladonna, and he was made to hop blindfolded and do a variety of what he thought were most ridiculous things. He passed successfully, and left for Mineola that night.

Ted and Archie had both been at all the Plattsburg camps and were ready to leave as soon as the authorities said the word. The Tuesday before they sailed I went to New York, met father at the Derbys and went out to Oyster Bay with him. Quentin came over from Mineola for dinner. During the six weeks since he had stayed with me in Washington he seemed to have grown up, though he was only nineteen and a half. Archie and Gracie were staying there too.

It was the first time I had seen father since April. He talked of everything, but most about the four boys, with a grim elation at the thought that they would soon all be in the war. He said how certain it was that several, perhaps all, would be wounded, possibly killed.

The next morning we all motored to town, Archie stopping to see Ethel, who had had a baby a few days before, I preceding them to the steamer, where Ted and Eleanor had already arrived. The boat was the old Chicago, in war gray. We found that it was not to sail until four, so we went uptown to lunch at Sherry's, then back to the pier to say the casual good-by's that one says at times like that.

The next member of the family to leave was my sister-in-law, Eleanor. She had arranged to work for the Y. W. C. A., and managed to get off just before the order was issued forbidding wives to go to France.

Kermit had been in South America while the training camps were going on. If he had gone to one at the moment, it would have greatly delayed his getting into the war; so through Cecil Spring Rice the British Government was asked for permission for him to serve under General Maude in Mesopotamia.

BROWN BROTHERS

KERMIT

One night early in July Lord Northcliffe was dining with us in Washington, and told me that he had received word that afternoon that Kermit had been invited to go to Mesopotamia and might sail any day. The next day I telephoned father, who told me to tell Springy to let Lord Derby know that Kermit was ready to leave at any moment.

I was at Sagamore to say good-by to Eleanor when Lord Northcliffe telephoned father that Kermit was to report to him on Tuesday. Kermit is not always easy to put one's finger on. It was then Sunday, and no one had the remotest idea where he was. I spent several hours on the long-distance telephone and finally treed him in Boston, where he was being sketched by Sargent.

The next morning he and Belle got to New York in time to breakfast with me at my hotel, and I stayed in town until he saw Lord Northcliffe and got his orders to sail the following Saturday, and then went back to Washington to keep the engagements which filled the days and nights there.

On Friday morning Kermit telephoned that he was to sail in twenty-four hours. So back I went to New York to spend the night and get up early Saturday morning, in order to purchase an odd assortment of steamer presents. Belle and Kermit, Junior—"Kim"—were going too. My purchases included castor oil, a baby food, and a life preserver for Kim. Then to Kermit's with them, where father and mother were waiting. We all went down to the Carpathia—Kermit and I in a taxi with most of their luggage, including a baby's chair, the lid of which dropped off as we got out of the taxi.

After father and mother left the wharf, I stayed on watching the engineer regiment embark. It was a hot New York day, the sun burning through the mist, bringing out the water-front smells. While Belle was getting settled in her cabin Kermit and I, and a friend of his, strolled over to a "Cisco Dew Drop dining room" sort of place where a one-eyed bartender served us with a villainous-looking concoction alleged to be chocolate ice-cream soda.

Another good-by, and uptown to lunch and to take the train back to Washington, where I dressed and went to a party and danced all night. It seemed to be the rule never to stop going for a moment, and, moreover, one was supposed to keep it frightfully dark that one had been saying good-by's—that a troop ship had sailed. Looking back, there seems to have been perhaps a faintly melodramatic atmosphere about one's behavior—just a little self-consciousness, as if one were seeing oneself as "someone in a book," in a war novel.

Ten days later, on another steaming-hot day, Quentin also got off. I was again staying at Sagamore, and motored in with father and mother to say good-by to him at the steamer.

The special war missions had come and gone. In their place were high commissions from the Allied Powers, established in Washington to the end that there might be competent coöperation in the conduct of the war. They were a

Personalities, Politics and War

THERE was a great amount of criticism in Washington of the war preparations—I suppose inevitable, and probably healthy. Many of the naval officers were particularly discontented. Daniels was the reverse of popular with them. They felt that all that had been accomplished had been done over his head.

Raemaekers, the Dutch cartoonist, was in town and had an exhibition of his drawings. I bought a peculiarly savage one. It was done before we got into the war, at the time Mr. Wilson said the aims of the belligerents were virtually the same. It represented Wilson warding off Europe—a woman with a raised sword from Germany—a ruffian in a *Pickelhaube*, about to mutilate liberty, justice and humanity. In our opinion it was a graphic and accurate representation of the President's position at the time it was drawn. How we did cherish and nourish our hatreds in those days!

There were many parties with Tardieu, and with Casenave, also of the French mission, who was a close friend. The revenue bill passed on the first of October. There was internecine warfare in the Red Cross. There were plans to reorganize the general staff. Personalities, politics and war were meat for the conversationalists!

Two or three times a week we had dinner, and music afterward. It was a pleasant way to relax—a lot of people used to drop in to listen, and to chatter when the music was not going on. When we were not having musical parties we were having poker parties.

Warren Harding had come to the Senate in 1915. He had handled the fight in the Senate for father's division. I recollect that after a poker party in October he told me that John Weeks had said that father was the only man in sight for the Republicans to nominate in 1920. That was looking a long way ahead, and I took it with a grain of salt, but I was naturally interested and felt a temporary leniency toward Harding.

I used to do a lot of walking. One afternoon I walked from my house on M Street to what is now the National Women's Country Club in two hours and forty-two minutes—good time for twelve miles. John Fox, who was coming to tea there too, caught up with me in a taxicab and walked the last few miles with me; in fact, he almost had to trot, and arrived winded, to my pride and pleasure.

Many friends turned up to say good-by before leaving for France—among them Willard Straight, on his way to take charge of the insurance for the Army and Navy. He talked at length and farsightedly of the complications of credit and currency that would undoubtedly come after the war.

Early in November I joined Nick in Cincinnati, and a few days later Tom Spring Rice came out to spend a week with us for a continuous debauch of music. He arrived on election day and we all went to town to dine at the club and hear the returns.

There was a vote on prohibition in Ohio and on suffrage in New York, but the only really interesting contest was the New York mayoralty fight. The defeat of John Purroy Mitchel by Hylan shocked us. Hylan was looked upon by some people as the candidate of the German propagandists, and those who believed that considered that it was a straight-out issue between sedition and patriotism, and that it was incredible that every decent element should not have thrown its weight behind Mitchel. It gave us another reason for continuing our favorite occupation—that of snarling about the Administration, which had taken no hand in the fight!

Everyone in Cincinnati was busy at war work. People in Washington never seemed to be as solely occupied in war work as they were in other places; probably because the stir and excitement of the war actually being run there, the rafts of people coming in and out, took up so much time and were so much more entertaining.

We went to Chillicothe to see Camp Sherman, another of the great draft camps, and to lunch with General Glenn, who was in command. He was depressed at the slow growth of the realization on the part of our authorities, and among people generally, that the war must be seen in terms of fighting. The camp was in splendid working order—his main problem was what to provide for the men to do when the actual training was over and they were ready to go, but were unable to leave owing to lack of equipment.

Every day brought its news, public or personal. The Kerensky Government fell. Tardieu and Casenave arrived in France. The Painleve ministry fell and Clemenceau came in. Dick Derby sailed for France. Neil Primrose was killed in Palestine, leading his troops in a cavalry charge. Mother telegraphed, quoting a cable from Lord Derby that said Kermit had arrived in Mesopotamia.

From Cincinnati, I went to Oyster Bay to spend Thanksgiving. The night I got there I had a long talk with father, whom I very much wanted to come to Washington, as I felt that he alone could steer and eventually lead the Republicans. The next day Smoot, Madden and some other politicians came down to lunch, nominally to ask advice about the Committee on Expenditures, but soon disclosing that they were there to discuss plans for the Congressional campaign and to urge upon him, as I had been urging, that he come to Washington during the winter and talk over the situation with the Republican members of Congress, and help crystallize their course of action.

As soon as I got back to Washington I began seeing the usual rafts of people. The day I got there Tom Spring Rice, Eleanor and Franklin came to lunch, to talk about all that had been going on in the month that I had been away.

BROWN BROTHERS
ARCHIE

A morning or two later, suddenly, in came Madame Melba the telegram she had sent saying that she was coming arrived fifteen minutes after she did. The next day she and I went up to the House to hear Wilson make his opening message, in which he recommended that Congress "declare the United States in a state of war with Austria-Hungary." She and I lunched with Senator Lodge, and in the evening she sang to us. I do not believe anyone's singing ever gave me quite the pleasure that Melba's did.

One particularly pleasant evening was a dinner at the Spring Rices, at the conclusion of which Nick and Tom played. The Duchess of Devonshire was there, and we wondered what she had thought about the letter of her father, Lord Lansdowne, which had come out about ten days before, and in which he talked peace. Plans to concentrate on father to lead the Republicans began almost immediately. John T. King, of Connecticut, came to see me to tell me that they had started—that campaign funds were already pledged—that father was to see Penrose—that Hemingway was in line. After a dinner with Medill McCormick, Nick brought Frank Brandegee back to talk with us of Republican plans and policies.

The President may have been, as we thought darkly, trying to run the war in the interest of the Democratic Party, but the Republicans were not exactly politically idle either. Resolutions were introduced in Congress to investigate expenditures. Mr. Lodge also slipped across a resolution to investigate coal and sugar prices. It was referred to the Committee on Manufactures, of which Senator Reed, of Missouri, was chairman, and he was said to have declared that he would pursue it despite the "incense burners."

There was gloom in the air that December. The German bombardment began along the length of the western front. There was much apprehension that Russia would release her prisoners of war. Father in his articles in the Kansas City Star directly arraigned the President, taking issue with him on the way he was conducting the war. Col. George Harvey turned up in Washington and came to lunch with me, bringing me a copy of his magazine, the North American Review, in which he "praised God for Wilson," and then proceeded to knife him. He said many agreeable things to me about father, pleasant to hear.

Nick and I went to Sagamore for Christmas. We were a reduced family group—only father, mother, Ethel, the Lloyd Derbys and ourselves. We got to Sagamore on Christmas Eve in time to dine and go to the carols in the little church. Father spoke, according to custom, with his usual earnest, direct vigor.

KEYSTONE VIEW CO. OF N. Y.
QUENTIN

A Quiet Christmas at Sagamore

AFTER decorating a Christmas tree for Ethel's son, Richard, father gave me a speech to look over that he was going to make at Princeton—also his letter to Felix Frankfurter about the expulsion of the I. W. W. from Bisbee. He had as well a goodly array of campaign documents at hand, and had just finished a notice on Professor Osborn's book, Origin and Evolution of Life.

I can see him sitting close to a lamp, a sort of double-decker table crowded with books within easy reach, a fire blazing in the big fireplace in the north room. We did not have a gloomy Christmas—it simply was not Christmas at all.

During the Christmas holidays, F. E. Smith—by that time Sir Frederick, and Attorney General—came to America and turned up in Washington. He was, as always, diverting, full of interesting facts and fancies. He said that Sir Roger Casement had not been made a martyr, on account of the discovery of his journal, which disclosed him to be a peculiarly vicious moral pervert. It is now asserted that facts have been brought to light that prove the journal to be a forgery.

Shane Leslie, who was working to keep the Irish and Irish-Americans in line, had a house in Washington that winter. He was never without a scheme or a rumor—such as a plan for the Franciscans to have charge of the Holy Sepulchre; that a certain priest was to be sent to the Vatican to counteract German propaganda; that "Uncle Henry" Adams was to be converted to Roman Catholicism by April—what that last had to do with the war I never could quite puzzle out!

The Ned McLeans had a huge New Year's Eve party—a dinner of two hundred and a big dance afterward. When the lights were turned out at midnight, an enormous red, white and blue electric-light sign blazed out at the end of the ballroom with "Good Luck to the Allies in 1918." It was curious to be once more at a great entertainment in a palace of a house. Since we got into the war the parties had become so simple and informal. But this was reminiscent of other days.

Early in January Sir Cecil Spring Rice was ordered home "on leave," though it was well known that it amounted to his being recalled. His government notified him by cable, without warning. It was a great shock to him and to his friends. He had borne the burden of the years of our neutrality and the difficult first months of our participation in the war, and now was peremptorily ordered home—largely, it was thought, to make way for Lord Reading. It was done abruptly, without the slightest consideration for his years of trying service.

The day we heard the news Constance Gardner was lunching with me, and we went immediately to the embassy to call on him and Lady Springy. Not by a quiver did he show a sense of slight or resentment, which we all felt for him. On the contrary, he seemed to be in his most elfin spirits. Within a week he had left to stay in Canada with the Devonshires, before sailing for England.

Someone, describing his departure from Washington, said that there was a Socrates death-scene feeling about it. A month later he was dead. He had not been ill—his friends felt that the manner of his removal had literally killed him.

The day we said good-by to Springy, we heard that Gussy Gardner had pneumonia. He died two days later at Fort Wheeler. He was one of the first and most deeply sincere advocates of preparedness—after we entered the war nothing could have kept him from getting into the service. His death was a national misfortune, and in him Nick and I lost one of our best and oldest friends. *(Continued on Page 46)*

JACK WHISTLED SOFTLY BETWEEN HIS TEETH. "OH-OH," HE MUTTERED. "HERE COMES TROUBLE NOW!"

Cold Cut ★ ★

THE sun shone on Hollywood with that monotonous pertinacity in which the loyal Californian takes as much pride as if it were his doing; but there was a cloud over the Excelsior lot. Levi Hammel, president of the company, beset by delusions of grandeur, had dreamed of an Excelsior theater at every crossroads; but scarce were his theaters bought or built when people began with a surprising unanimity to stay away from moving pictures, and suddenly Levi's bankers owned Excelsior.

Banks have become as versatile as drug stores. A good ambidextrous banker will with the utmost confidence undertake to run a restaurant, a factory, a mill, a farm or any other business you may have pledged behind your loan. Levi Hammel's bankers were quite sure they could produce moving pictures, and they sent S. Jay Woodsum to Hollywood to take the business in hand. He would arrive today, and a luncheon was spread for him on Stage 6, and everyone of importance was summoned to meet him and hear what he had to say; but Jack Corse and Lee Talbot were otherwise engaged. Jack was a director and Lee was his assistant, and they were on location, shooting the first scenes of a picture at present titled The Changeling Husband. It was four in the afternoon when they came back to the lot.

Jack's office was No. 1 bungalow, directly opposite the administration building, and when he and Lee arrived there, they found Bill Marsden and Sally Lake waiting for them. Sally—she had been a stenographer in the script department till a few days before, but now she was the ingénue in The Changeling Husband—was perched on the desk when they appeared; she slipped to the floor and saluted smartly and Jack surveyed her from head to foot with an approving eye.

"Learned your catechism?" he challenged.

"Yes, sir," she assured him demurely. "How a Young Girl Can Succeed in Hollywood, by John Corse, Ph.D." And she recited: "Wear striking colors, unusual gowns, black silk stockings if your ankles are nice, flowers even if you have to buy them yourself." She touched the gardenias pinned to her shoulder. "I bought these, and I'm planning on roses for tomorrow!"

"I'll pay for them if you know your lessons," Jack prompted.

She tallied the points on her fingers. "Laugh at everyone's jokes. Never say 'yes' to a man, but let him hope that some day you will. Always keep three men in tow." She looked reproachfully at Bill Marsden. "I had two perfectly nice boys with me until Bill came," she declared. "But he drove them away, he was so glum!"

Jack appeared to see Bill for the first time and he looked at the man attentively.

"Are you glum, Bill?" he inquired in a tone of vast sympathy. "Tell us, Bill Marsden, why are you glum?"

Bill was a supervisor and a good one, if such a thing there be. He growled, "Where have you been? I've been sitting here for an hour with nothing to do but my finger nails!"

"And did you lunch with Mr. Woodsum?" Jack chuckled.

"Do your laughing now," Bill warned him. "You're about through with mirth and merriment for a while!"

"As bad as that?"

"Mr. Woodsum let it be known," said Bill explicitly, "that anyone with the brains of a mouse can make a picture for two hundred thousand dollars; and he likewise made it clear that if any Excelsior picture costs more than that hereafter, the men responsible might as well put an ad under Situations Wanted." He concluded with a grim triumph, "And I guess that will put a damper on all this promiscuous hilarity around here for a while."

Outside the bungalow the sun lay white and dazzling. Off toward Stage 5 a whistle blew the silence signal. Three little girls with elaborately curled hair—everyone in pictures knows that all sweet children have curls, just as all comic children have straight hair, and pathetic ones have long, untrimmed locks—walked mincing past the window, their mothers herding them along. S. Jay Woodsum himself came out of the administration building with Mike Brady, vice president and general manager, at his elbow; and Mr. Woodsum stepped into his car and drove away. Mike watched him go, his shoulders somewhat drooping.

JACK considered this scene reflectively, and Sally watched Jack as a woman does watch a man under certain circumstances. When, a week before, he sent for a stenographer to take notes at a story conference, she answered the call; and he and she discovered that they both hailed from Red Oak, Iowa. Jack in ironic mood advised her how to succeed in Hollywood, and she repaid him by discovering that the original story of The Changeling Husband, which no one had bothered to read since Excelsior bought it for the title two years before, was good picture material. Her rôle of ingénue was her reward.

Jack was silent now, so Bill went grimly on. "And just to remind you boys where that leaves us," he said, "Excelsior paid seventy-five hundred for this Changeling Husband thing, and they've had about twenty different authors trying to find a story to fit the title ever since. All that time is charged against us, so we've a nut of forty-seven thousand before we start production. Leaving a hundred and fifty-three thousand by actual count. You couldn't make a decent quickie for that!"

They digested this; and then Jack spoke reflectively. "Well," he said, "I like the story! I think it will make a picture, and make money. You see, this is business with me. I'd rather do a job that costs half a million and grosses a million than one that costs two hundred thousand and never gets out of the red. So I'm going to make this picture, no matter what it costs." And he reminded them: "I've got a cute little contract. Wrote it myself. After I start shooting a picture, no one interferes. They can buy me off for a hundred thousand any time; but they can't release a picture I've worked on without my O. K. And Mike tipped me to start shooting before Woodsum got here, so I'm set. I'm going through!" He hesitated, looked at them gravely. "But of course," he confessed, "you boys don't have to stick unless you want to. That's up to you. This is going to end in a piece of trouble. I'll let you out right now, if you want."

Marsden was married, with a family to support, and Talbot likewise had responsibilities, so that they could not be blamed for hesitating to defy the powers; and they hesitated now. Sally, to give them time for reflection, asked:

"But you can't blame him for trying to economize?"

"It doesn't pay to save money on production, kid," Jack told her crisply. "The big leak is in the script department. Look at this story we're shooting. It was just as good two years ago as it is now; but they've wasted forty thousand dollars on it since then." And he warmed to his theme. "They buy a story, and decide to make it, and then talk it to death," he said harshly. "Any story turns sour on you if you talk about it for six weeks. You can find specks on a twenty-dollar gold piece if you look at it long enough. And on the other hand, you can make a picture out of any story if you just go to work and keep plugging till it's done. They'd save eighty per cent of their story costs if they never changed their minds!"

Sally laughed softly. "Like marriage, isn't it?" she suggested. "If you make up your mind it's permanent and that you're going to succeed with it, you will. But if you get married thinking you can quit if you don't like it, you'll be in the divorce court in three months."

Jack grinned. "I don't know myself," he confessed. "I never tried." And he spoke amiably to the other men. "But we three are not married, boys. Been living in sin for seven years, maybe; but you're both free to quit any time. You don't have to stick. I can get by."

There was a moment's silence, then Lee said derisively, "You'd look fat, trying to make a picture without me!"

And at that they all three turned to Bill, waiting for his decision. He met their glances and he grinned ruefully.

"Oh, all right, here goes nothing," he decided. He tilted back his head, drew a finger across his throat. "Gurgle, gurgle, here lies Bill," he said. "Shoot the works and let the ax fall where it may!"

Jack, absurdly pleased with their loyalty, found it hard to speak. "Much obliged," he managed to say.

But Sally's eyes were shining with proud delight in them all.

"The Three Musketeers," she cried softly. "One for all and all for one!"

Jack, to relieve his feelings, growled at her, "Now, kid, just because you've got a part, don't start acting all over the place! You're a nice gal, but actresses are a lot of mugs. Mind what I say!" And he barked at the others, "All right, eight o'clock in the morning!" But he could not wholly smother the triumphant anticipation in his tones as he added gleefully, "And if we three stick together, we'll teach Woodsum to sing tenor before we're through!"

THE business of making a picture out of The Changeling Husband, begun in this mood of defiant loyalty, proceeded for a while without incident. The Three Musketeers and Sally for a few days walked warily, alert for any opposition, ready to fight for their rights at the drop of a hat. But nothing happened. Jack ordered the sets he desired and got them; he and the sound technician and the cameraman labored expensively over double exposures and trick shots without provoking any howls of protest. And Bill Marsden checked the daily cost sheets and groaned at the mounting total and turned the figures in and waited for the explosion. But the explosion did not come.

The situation assumed the aspects of an anticlimax, and they began to be uneasy.

"Myself," said Lee, at a morning conference in No. 1 bungalow, "myself, I say the joke's on us! Here we are all dressed up for a fight, and no opposition."

Bill shook his head gloomily. "Don't get into a fret," he urged. "S. Jay is just thinking up something horrible to do."

"Maybe he doesn't know?" Sally hazarded.

Bill grinned at her. "We've spent counting the nut – ninety-two thousand up to and including yesterday," he said. "And we're hardly started. If he can read cost sheets, he knows."

Jack suggested reassuringly, "Mike is probably holding him back. S. Jay can howl, but he can't do a thing, on account of my contract, and Mike would tell him so."

"He'll let out a scream one of these days," Bill predicted. "And it will be all the worse for holding in so long."

And Lee agreed with this prediction. But after a while they forgot S. Jay Woodsum and began to be engrossed in this task which they sought to do. Once a picture is well under way, a sort of madness seizes on all those concerned. Tempers grow short, nerves are frayed, fatigue is forgotten, and men and women work tirelessly – or stand around the set waiting to work, which is worse – for twelve and fourteen and sixteen hours a day.

These three, Jack and Lee and Bill, had labored together for years; they supplemented one another handily, and between them there was an ancient friendship. They were like one man with the strength of three; and Sally, who was much with them, caught by infection the passion which drove them on.

They had in The Changeling Husband problems to engross their waking hours. They were playing for laughs, and to evoke mirth from an audience is first of all a matter of perfect timing.

There were in this film a number of scenes involving double exposure, since Ned Main played a dual rôle; and to time such scenes correctly is infinitely more difficult than in straight action. In addition, Ned Main had always thitherto played semipathetic parts, but Jack Corse suspected him of latent comic talent, and it was to evoke this talent that he labored now.

ALSO, Sally required constant coaching. Don Brine was the juvenile, and when he and the girl played their first scene together, Jack made them repeat it over and over endlessly.

Next morning he took Sally to see the rushes, and when the last one flickered across the screen he said soberly:

"Kid, you're as cold as Greenland! You've got to get some heat into it. We'll shoot it again today."

"We did it thirty-six times yesterday," she protested in weary rebellion. "I counted them."

"We'll do it thirty-six more if I say so," he reminded her sternly, and in a sudden half anger he said, "You're supposed to be in love with him, sister; but no one would know it to watch you!"

Sally laughed a little, following Jack out of the projection room. Bill and Lee were on their heels. They turned toward the stage where they would work that day, and she argued:

"But I never met him till yesterday, Jack. He had his arms around me before you even remembered to introduce us. You can't expect me to pant with passion for a perfect stranger!" And she urged, smiling, "Before you shoot it again, wait till we've worked together more. I'll try to fall in love with him in the meantime."

"Don't strain yourself," Jack told her. "You don't have to love a man to kiss him right. You'll learn the trick if I have to show you myself!"

"Threat or promise?" Sally challenged gayly; and Bill Marsden winked at Lee. But Jack Corse, though his ears were red, said harshly:

"Pipe down! Go get your war paint on!"

So they came to the set and the day began.

But as a picture begins to take on form and substance, the persons engaged in making it may suddenly suspect that their work is good; and they hug the bright secret to their bosoms lest it be discovered too *(Continued on Page 74)*

By **BEN AMES WILLIAMS**

S. Jay Woodsum is going to teach Hollywood how to make pictures; but the Three Musketeers feel that he, not they, needs a lesson, and proceed to teach him to sing tenor.

Illustrated by George Rapp

Cynthia's pet peeves were snakes and traffic cops, but together they gave her a glorious chance to justify her title of . . .

Speed Hound

By ARTHUR STRINGER

Illustrated by Pruett Carter

CYNTHIA'S judgment may have been faulty, but her coördination was perfect. It has to be, when you're ticking off fifty-eight miles an hour on a mountainous Jersey road curve. For in the same moment that Cynthia realized she had to take the ditch or crash head on into the tarpaulined truck, the choice had been made, the decision confirmed, and the telegraphed intention was constricting the flexors of the two small hands clutching the driving wheel.

She took the ditch. She took it openly and abandonedly, knowing there could be no compromise with the loose-soiled road shoulder and the turfed hollow that ended in a wavering fence festooned with poison ivy. The fence, in fact, fell away like a cobweb. And the heavy car, before Cynthia's startled foot could find the brake pedal again, went careening up a gravelly hillside, bounded through a raspberry patch and slithered along a stretch of close-cropped grass, crushing over a rustic seat of cedar boughs as it went. Then it plunged like a war tank through a trellis mattressed with clematis, where it buried its nose in a rather ruinous stone wall. And that, Cynthia saw, clearly ended the argument.

She also saw, as she untangled herself from the wheel that momentarily knocked the breath from her young body, a bronze-shouldered man in soiled white slacks, sitting on a camp stool. He seemed to be cooking something. So preoccupied was he in that culinary process that he chose, apparently, to disregard all trivial intrusions on his privacy. And a light of indignation came into the brownish hazel eyes regarding him from the regal big roadster on its betrayingly uneven keel.

"Aren't you going to do something?" she finally demanded.

The man gave her a cursory glance over his shoulder. "You seem to've done it," he said, quite without emotion.

CYNTHIA descended from the driving seat and inspected her hamstrung racer of battleship gray. She walked slowly around it, saw the gasoline drip from a ruptured feed pipe, and realized it was a case for a wrecker. Then she turned to the self-absorbed man on the camp stool.

"Have you a telephone?" she coldly inquired.

"No," he said, without looking up, "I haven't."

"Nor any manners," added Cynthia under her breath. But the preoccupied man on the camp stool apparently failed to hear her.

She reached in and turned off a stopcock, to save her tank fuel. Then she stood back and inspected her host, inspected him with a pointedly asperous eye. She noticed, for the first time, that he was sitting at a table, under the dappling shade of an attenuated old apple tree, from which hung a soiled hammock, half full of books. Beyond the apple tree stood a fireplace of field stone and a weathered tent-house on stilts, with its side walls rolled up. She could see bottles and more books, and a Navajo blanket draped over an Army cot.

"Do you live here?" Her tone was subtly contemptuous.

"Temporarily," was the abstracted answer.

"You like being alone?" she ventured.

"Occasionally," he retorted.

She was, plainly, not making much headway.

"Do you mind if I leave my car here?" she asked him.

"For good?"

"No. Merely until I go back to the road, and perhaps find someone chivalrous enough to carry a message in to Millboro."

He looked up at that, and squinted thoughtfully at the crumpled car front.

"Have we any choice in the matter?" he solemnly inquired. His eye, Cynthia noticed, was meditative and less acid than his tongue. He was also long of leg and angular and incredibly sure of himself. His bare arms were as brown as those of a life guard, but about the lean and sinewy fingers that were poised above the alcohol lamp there was a delusive air of delicacy.

"I'm sorry to interrupt you at your Irish stew," observed Cynthia, nettled by a remoteness that was more or less a novelty to her. "Don't think of letting me disturb you at your luncheon."

He showed his teeth, at that, for the first time. And Cynthia hated him least when he smiled.

"LUNCHEON?" he said, blinking down at what he seemed to be boiling in a foolishly thin shell of porcelain. "Not by a long shot! This little concoction, if it wanted to, could be almost as deadly as that Juggernaut of yours."

Cynthia ignored the insult. "Then you're a witch doctor?" she suggested.

"Me? No. I'm merely a toxicologist."

"What's that?"

He put a cap on the alcohol lamp, before speaking, and placed the porcelain dish on a holding rack of wire.

"Were you ever intoxicated?" he casually inquired.

"Not recently," retorted Cynthia.

"I'm glad to know that, in view of the way you drive. But *toxicum*, you see, is perfectly good Latin for poison. And toxicology is that branch of science which treats of the nature and the effects of poisons."

"And what's in that dish?"

"You might think it was a mushroom stew. Many unfortunates have. But I'm really trying to find out if the virus of a fungus commonly known as the death cup isn't the same as the venom of our *Crotalus horridus*, commonly known as the rattlesnake."

"What a lovely way to spend one's life!"

But it wasn't until he looked up that he became conscious of the mockery on Cynthia's sun-tanned face.

"Aren't you Goddard Suydam's daughter?" he asked, his own face hardening a little.

"Yes," she answered. "But why should that interest you?"

"I saw that state trooper give you a ticket last week, over by Millboro Bridge."

"Oh!" was the only word that escaped the noncommittal Cynthia.

"That, you may remember, was the day you ran into the pie-factory truck, and got custard all over the road. And I'd heard about your driving."

Cynthia actively resented the derisive note that had crept into his voice. "My driving, on that occasion, was perhaps more intelligent than you imagine. I had to keep from crashing into a doe that tried to cross the road."

He smiled, wintrily, at her indignation. "But sixty miles an hour seems to give us so little time to choose between does and custard pies."

"I'd never care to be a night crawler," contended Cynthia, wondering why the brown-armed man was quietly chuckling in his throat.

"But that road cop said speed hounds like you should be kept off the public highways. He also announced that if it wasn't for the Suydam tendency to defeat the ends of justice he'd have had you driven off the map of Morris County a year ago."

Cynthia stiffened at the double thrust. "I'm still here," she proclaimed.

"So I see," acknowledged the other, with a cursory glance at the stone-immured car front. Then his remote eye returned to her. "I suppose you're filthy with money."

Her smile, restricted as it was, impressed him as purely a defensive one. "Big Bill would call me filthy without it," she blandly conceded.

"Who's Big Bill?"

"He's that state trooper you talked to at Millboro Bridge the other day. Big Bill Clymber. He wakes up in the night to grind his teeth over me. Would you mind telling me your name?"

If he resented her imperiousness, he made an effort to conceal it. "My name's Bentley—Thomas Asserson Bentley."

He waited, obviously, for some evidence of that name's impact. But it plainly meant nothing to her.

"And what's yours?" he asked, no longer frowning over the paradox of how one of God's creatures could be so inwardly obnoxious and yet remain so outwardly attractive.

"You already know that," she reminded him.

"But I was wondering," he said with waning severity, "what your first name might happen to be."

She glanced casually down at the death-cup distillation in the little porcelain dish.

"I'm not poisonous enough, I'm afraid, to interest you."

That proclamation, however, left him quite untouched.

"My interest in poisons," he patiently explained, "is merely avocational. It seems to be a spill-over from my Boston Tech days. My real work in this world is making unions."

"I thought they were made in heaven."

"Not my kind," he continued, refusing to smile. "They're pipe-and-rod connections, and they go on railway cars. But we've shut the factory down until more freight starts rolling."

"So you're a man of iron," murmured Cynthia.

"AND some brass," impersonally added Thomas Asserson Bentley. He found, when he looked up at her, that he was being studied by a disconcertingly lucid pair of eyes, heavily lashed and somewhere in coloring between beechnut and mahogany brown. Her hair, he also discovered, was the altogether unexpected color of treacle, only a trifle warmer in tint.

"What have you got against the Suydams?" she suddenly asked. "And me in particular?"

The candor of that caused his lip line to stiffen a little. "I don't know you," he parried. "All I seem to know is your reputation for recklessness."

In some way and at some time, she quietly resolved, she would make him pay for that boorishness. Her smile, in the meantime, remained pensively abstracted.

"But I've been here for nearly half an hour," she reminded him, "and you've never once asked me to sit down."

"I was getting round to that," he admitted. Her gaze, however, was directed toward the car, the car slightly suggestive of an anteater in the midst of a meal.

"And you've never really offered to help me," she also pointed out.

He arose, at that, with an unnecessarily solemn shake of the head. "Then supposing we see what's wrong over here."

He crossed to the car and proceeded to examine the glittering derelict of battleship gray. He examined it front and rear, inside and out. He burrowed under the bruised running board, and reappeared, and rolled stones away from the twisted bumper rail. Then he stopped to pick up a glove, a very small glove, which he studied for a moment and promptly put down on the driver's seat.

"I spose you'd prefer getting away under your own power?" he finally suggested.

"Of course," she agreed. She could see Big Bill's face, with her helpless machine

(Continued on Page 80)

"LUNCHEON?" HE SAID. "NOT BY A LONG SHOT! THIS LITTLE CONCOCTION COULD BE ALMOST AS DEADLY AS THAT JUGGERNAUT OF YOURS"

Salad

By ABBÉ ERNEST DIMNET

Author of The Art of Thinking, What We Live By

ILLUSTRATED BY THE BILLMYERS

THERE'S no denying the fact—I have become an expert in salad making. I have achieved something like celebrity in that line, and twenty years after my death there may remain people who will smack their lips at the mention of my name. It is a subject of no small pride for me, but it also is a subject of considerable wonderment. Had the *devineresse* in my boyhood told me of that extraordinary future, told me that I should be writing this very article, my incredulity would have been boundless, for I used to hate salad.

To be sure, I had no objection to salads in the garden. When, in middle age, I read Madame de Noailles' poems and found that the square of lettuce outside the greenhouse meant as much to her as violet-interspersed ground ivy seems to have meant to the author of the Homeric Hymns, I felt no surprise. The rich whites and tender greens that crinkle into a lettuce cannot but appeal to an artist, and all children are artists. Once when our friend the *notaire*, doing the honors of his garden to my aunts, said that his lettuces were "the smile of the earth," I loved the phrase, though they laughed at it. I admired *romaine* when it was imported—I know not whence—and I used to pay visits of sympathy to the chicory left to bleach in the dark cellar.

The Green Hair of Water Cress

IT WAS a joy in the late winter to see *doucette*, or corn salad, showing its little heads from among the peeping wheat stems. Optimistic larks were beginning to be heard raving aloft, and along the hedges little boys were combining frog hunting with dandelion picking. I remember how shocking it seemed that they could charge only three cents for a basketful of dandelions and a franc for fifty frog legs. Luckily these little fellows were all more or less apprentice smugglers and, living near the frontier, made some extra money by secretly selling Belgian coffee. Many a time, too, I enjoyed seeing the nuns from the convent picking, during their Easter holidays, a yellow-flowering weed which our people called *rèponses*, and of which they were rather afraid, the nuns alone being brave enough to eat it. And, of course, nothing was so fascinating as the long green hair of the water-cress nymph, slowly waving to the caress of the stream.

The salad bowl was a regular calendar. People would have been less delighted than disturbed if lettuce had appeared before May. The natural sequence was *doucette* in Lent; dandelion at Easter; chicory, or its cousin of the horrific name, friar's beard, in the spring; and, as long as you could keep it from running to seed, lettuce in the summer. Water cress, of course, was available all the year round, but people were shy of the icy-cold brook in winter and fell back on "dry salads"—lentils or beans—rather than invite rheumatism by rash experiments.

You could tell the hour of the day as well as the season of the year by salad. If you dropped in on a friend round eleven o'clock he would say, "*Restez manger la soupe*"; if it happened to be round six o'clock he said, "*Restez manger la salade.*" Country priests always used the phrase, and would coax you to their beehives while the lettuce was cooling. There was something Vergilian about those old rectors who had no idea of visiting parishioners and devoted endless leisure to their gardens.

However much poetry I might think belonged to salad, I always managed not to eat it at home, and I did not eat it because there was oil in it. Mention of oil recalled the smell of trains, the perfume of inferior cosmetics and, worse than all, the doctor's hateful, benevolent smile. I looked away when my eldest aunt, who was the salad maker, let it trickle from the bottle, a sullen cord mournfully regretting its slow liquidity. Nothing would have induced me to taste the leaves which it made so shiny.

But away from home, in houses where the salad came ready-made from the kitchen, I did not hesitate to eat it. Sometimes I would stealthily wash the shininess out of it with a little white wine, but most often I did not mind. People occasionally descanted on the merits of their oil, and I was interested. There was something fascinating in hearing about Provence olive trees, which I imagined from the pictures in my book of sacred history; about mast oil made from the very beechnuts which I loved to pick in autumn from among the red, sere leaves; about *œillette*, which conjured up fields of carnationlike flowers; above all about walnut oil pressed out of honest, homely walnuts.

A day came when my eldest aunt was there no more to make the salad, and as I was the only male at the family table it appeared evident that the dignity of the salad maker must devolve upon me. It was a blow. The fear of seeing the slowly traveling oil in action had kept me from noticing even the amount of salt and pepper required. I knew nothing, or less than nothing, for the manufacture of salad was surrounded by phantasms, and all *cuisine* was awe-inspiring. My aunts wondered why, if *cuisine* was such a bugbear, I was caught every now and then reading in the cookbook; but I did not like to tell the truth, which was that I was fascinated by the antiquated language, by delightful peculiarities in genders which still survive in Quebec, or by the astonishing wealth of the vocabulary used in describing the fire. Absolute frivolity is not so easily confessed.

Well, the dinner came when the bowl and cruets were placed in front of me and I had to go to work. All of a sudden the genius slumbering in me revealed itself. I asked for melted butter. One saltspoonful of salt, half a saltspoonful of pepper, half a soupspoonful of wine vinegar, two soupspoonfuls of melted butter, and my salad was made. And lo! that extraordinary process of dressing a salad was a success. It was admitted on all sides, not without surprise. Had I read or heard of that method anywhere? No, sheer genius had been at work in that piece of divination. My people had had a born salad maker in their midst all those years and had never once suspected the good fortune that was theirs.

But this was not all. More extraordinary than my talent in producing salad was my delight at eating what my talent had produced. Had it not been for the double revelation which made a *gourmet* as it made an artist of me, I should never have enjoyed, as I have, making salads innumerable in all latitudes and under all climates; I should not be the man who toward the end of a meal wonders whether his fame has traveled far enough for his hostess to say with a smile, "We know, of course, that we can ask you to make one of those wonderful salads . . ." and I should not feel sullen and humiliated when, on the contrary, the servant passes round one of those soulless things which a mere cook has attended to.

Meat Gravy and Garlic

I DEVELOPED quickly. Luck would have it that the next evening salad was preceded by a steak garnished with mushrooms and garlic. I ordered my butter to be melted in the same pan with what was left of the garlic and gravy, and this time approval became vociferous and my success was a triumph. Meat gravy had done that—rich, thick beef juice eked out by melted butter, which was left simmering long enough to acquire a rich brown color as well as a richer taste and subconsciously a promise of indigestion. Indigestion was nothing as long as the taste was delicious. In two evenings I had risen to that conviction without which there is no *cuisine* and no cook.

But rich gravy with crystallizing melted butter would not alone have accounted for the sublimity of this, my second salad; there was the garlic! Garlic is like the night air, which, during ages, was treated as if it did not exist or had a baneful influence.

From the days of the Roman Empire, when a common soldier was called a garlic eater, to the recent date when Parisians began to show their contempt for a southern way of speaking by the phrase, "a garlicky accent," garlic has been treated with that injustice; but instead of resenting it, it has gone on repaying abuse with blessings. *(Continued on Page 78)*

People May Talk

By LOIS MONTROSS

ILLUSTRATED BY THE BILLMYERS

"A VERY REPRESSED WOMAN," SAID BARR AIRILY. "IT PROBABLY DID HER GOOD TO SEE ME KISSING YOU"

VALERIE was suddenly disconsolate as she turned back to the house after the nervous laughter and excitement of the good-bys. Her father and mother had urged her to drive with them on this first trip to California. Why had she refused? It was partly because she saw that they were not reluctant to be alone, to pretend they were young again—a belated truancy together. They made naïve jests, as if they were foolish boy and girl:

"Now, my fine lady, I don't want to catch you shining up to any of those Hollywood sheiks." And Valerie's mother had replied with a demure movement of her gray head, "I've set my cap already, dad, for that Tarzan fellow."

At last the cloaks and cushions and bags and packets and vacuum bottles were arranged in the tonneau of the newly painted sedan, and the car started with an unusual lurching speed along the broad, flat Illinois street.

"Grand people!" Valerie told herself. They were happy. They loved each other, and she envied them. She had always felt that vague loneliness of an only child whose parents are devoted primarily to each other.

But the real reason she had not intruded on their journey was that she was expecting the return of Barr McHarrod. It was illogical, she knew, and yet his cryptic scrawl on the back of a postal card had seemed to mean volumes: "I'll be seeing you." Although she kept her pain scrupulously imprisoned, Valerie showed the card to her mother, who adored Barr. Most women did.

Mrs. James shook her head, trying to look casual. "Why, dear, he—they are probably coming here on their honeymoon."

Valerie managed to laugh lightly. "A funny place for a honeymoon! Why not Bermuda—Havana—Venice—Capri—or Paris? They could, you know, with Clarice's money."

Barr had come first to the small city to get a human-interest story about the Clark-Railles case. He remained as city editor of the Hardesty Daily Gazette. Valerie, just graduated from a women's college, was having a great deal of fun that summer with the society page. She found that Barr, like all normal journalists, was writing a play, and she discovered in herself a passionate appreciation of the theater.

HIS companionship was quixotic, temperamental. He sat on her desk and harangued her about the unities and single effect. He appeared at her home in the late evenings to read the new scenes he had written. He borrowed her books copiously and forgot to return them. Apparently shy of family dinners and conventional hospitality, he accepted greedily the impromptu suppers which Mrs. James delighted to bring forth from the ice box. Then he sat on the set tubs in the kitchen and harangued both Valerie and her mother, who listened with equal attentiveness.

One night Valerie was awakened by a long plaintive whistle beneath her window. In slim pajamas, silky hair tumbled over her shoulders, she leaned out and saw Barr below in the moonlight. He was sitting under her cottonwood tree, and the pale green light bathed his animated face strangely.

"I think I have the third act!" he called hoarsely. "Go back to bed. I just want to sit here."

She went back to bed, her heart constricted with tenderness. After a long time she looked out again, and he was still there, his head in his hands, and she watched awhile, smiling gently, but did not dare to speak. When she looked out at three o'clock, he had gone away. . . . The next day at the office he was pale and cross and said the third act was no good—he had torn it up. Valerie was angry at feeling somehow to blame, and spoke coldly, with irritation.

At Christmastime Clarice Grainger came from New York to visit her married sister. Clarice was one of those effortless beauties whose hair always possesses the gloss their noses never exhibit. Even the silver spoon in her mouth must have been engraved with her initials, and the small hand that grasped it was surely manicured. Money gave her a sense of choice in regard to people as well as possessions. From the young men in Hardesty she inevitably chose Barr. He did not write on the play any more. He was unafraid, suddenly, of the conventions. He went to the country-club dances he had satirized, and hummed the popular songs he had once found nauseating.

THERE was nothing Valerie could do to stop the avalanche of Clarice's overwhelming charm. She had glamour. Valerie James was, by her own honest tally, merely a redhead, with a round, candid face very much like a young boy's. Her thinness was not of the tall, willowy sort, but a matter of smallness, a look of immaturity, as if her collar bone and elbows would never quite grow up. She was attractive close up, Valerie knew, but she couldn't enter a ballroom and really be sure that anyone would look at her.

Shortly she typed on rough yellow copy paper a paragraph for her society page:

Mr. & Mrs. Granger, of Park Ave., New York City, have announced the engagement of their daughter, Clarice, to Mr. Barr McHarrod, a promising young playwright of this city and formerly of Chicago. The wedding will take place in New York, where the young couple plans to live.

Feeling petty, and not caring, she deliberately misspelled "Grainger." Barr did not notice, but he did thump his fist angrily at the phrase, "promising young playwright."

"Well, aren't you?" she asked from under her eyeshade, cheeks very pink, but voice carefully even.

"Will you kindly delete the fine rhetoric and put 'journalist' instead?" he fumed.

Clarice and Barr were to be married sometime this week. Or had it been last week? Why did he write "I'll be seeing you"? . . . Valerie turned back to the quiet house, feeling muffled in a thick cloak of hopelessness. She wondered if this were the moment in which her pain had all at once become bearable; yet she hardly dared to wonder lest it reappear in all its sharpness.

She went to the kitchen door at the side, where Mrs. Fry still stood, a farewell smile jelling on her plump face. Previously she had only worked by the hour, but now she was to work by the week and was feeling this new importance. Valerie would have to rack her brain to conjure up enough labor.

"My goodness!" said Mrs. Fry. "I know you'll be lonesome without your ma and pa. I kept the coffee warm. Let me turn you out a fresh cup."

"All right," said Valerie. As she took the coffee, she added suddenly: "I think we'll start cleaning house today."

"Yes, ma'am," assented Mrs. Fry, looking startled and really impressed. "Right after I finish these dishes. Start upstairs and work down as usual?"

Valerie nodded gravely. . . . All that week, like a *(Continued on Page 63)*

Gowns by Roberta

By **ALICE DUER MILLER**

WHEN a man is a handsome six feet two, captain of his college football team, and goes to Paris to forget his troubles, anything can happen. But to find oneself, as John Kent, in all his masculine virility, did, co-proprietor of the swankiest dressmaking shop in the Rue Pavane, staggers the imagination.

It all begins in John's tiny cabin on a transatlantic liner, where Sophia Teale, in words that leave nothing to the imagination, breaks their engagement. John, who is as innocent of life as a newborn baby, has dared to criticize Sophia's dress—the dress of which Count Cipriano has said, "It appeals to the best in the mind and the worst in the heart."

John's Uncle Oliver has suggested that while in Paris he call upon his Great-Aunt Minnie—Minnie Roberts, La Belle Madame Robert, a Lady with a Past, who has become one of the world's greatest dressmakers, Roberta. Aunt Minnie quickly takes John under her wing and, with the help of Lord Henry Delves—a gay cosmopolite—and an expert tailor, teaches John to live, and turns him into a fashionable man of the world.

And then one morning Aunt Minnie's maid, going in with her mistress' cup of chocolate, finds her sitting in her chair, her head against the cushions—an ivory image of peace. And in the fireplace the ashes of her will. Aunt Minnie has died intestate, and John is, as Uncle Oliver has said, her only living relation, and sole heir to her fortune and her business.

But John refuses to inherit the business. "Aunt Minnie had other plans for that," he tells the lawyer. "The night before she died she told me. The business was to have gone to Stephanie."

Stephanie had come to Madame Robert three years before as assistant designer, but soon had taken complete charge of that work. For two years she has been, in fact, and privately, Roberta.

After a slight altercation with Roberta's prince-in-exile doorman, Ladislaw, who fears that John intends to rob Stephanie of her due, John explains his great-aunt's wishes to Stephanie.

"Aunt Minnie's will is none of Ladislaw's business," he says. "Of course you understand I am going to give the business to you."

At first Stephanie refuses. "I am not in the habit of accepting gifts from strangers, Mr. Kent," she says. But later, "We might be partners."

On the eve of their first "opening," Lord Henry Delves, passing through Paris, asks John to dine with him at the latest restaurant of the moment, and there John sees Sophia Teale and her mother, with Count Cipriano. With a bow to the ladies and a nod to the count he walks out of the room, leaving Mrs. Teale and Sophia staring in amazement.

III

DEEP moral turpitude does not always occasion such burning remorse as does some sensible and self-respecting action which all our friends applaud. Obviously, dignity required John to ignore Sophia after her scornful treatment of him; and he had ignored her; yet, as he waited for Lord Henry, who was exchanging quips in French with the hat-check girl, he was agonized by remorse. Had he been rude? Would she think him ill-tempered—unchivalrous? Fortunately, it was not given him to read her mind and know what she really thought; she was saying to herself:

"He's afraid we shouldn't do him credit, if he introduced us to the brother of a duke."

He had been looking forward all day long to his coming evening alone with Stephanie. He was susceptible to the joys of coöperation; this quality had made him a good captain of a team, a good member of a crew, and now it should have made him a good business partner. Coöperation, in his opinion, was always fun, and no one was more fun to cooperate with than Stephanie—she was not only efficient but she was gay, open-minded, generous and admiring about other people's suggestions. He did not see her often in the routine of their business life but when he did see her he noted these excellent virtues, and therefore he had anticipated the long session ahead of him with pleasure. This was destroyed by his encounter with Sophia—a sort of poisoned perturbation was set up within him, a state of mind which, even when he loved her best, Sophia had always been able to induce.

He was hardly at all disappointed when, arriving at the Rue Pavane, he found that he and Stephanie were not to be alone; Madame Grandet was there. Madame Grandet was an American, born in Indiana, who, fresh from a country college, had come to France in 1916 to do relief work. She had never been home since. She had married a French soldier, and finding herself at the end of the war a widow with a baby, she had made her living as a reporter of French fashions to the American magazines. Madame Robert had given her a permanent position. She was an eager, pointed-faced woman, with pale eyes—one of those many women to whom, without beauty, their looks are a decided asset.

She and Stephanie were waiting for him in the Nile-green salon and, as soon as he came in, the manikins began to enter, wearing the new models by which Roberta was to sink or swim.

The two women, sitting on each side of him, consulted him, not only in words but with their eyes. There was something Oriental in the air. He leaned back on one of the divans with his hands in pockets. Lovely girls walked up and down for him, turning, posing before him, trying to look at him as they did at customers, but acknowledging with every soft glance that he was not a mere customer; he was a god—and also their employer. He kept tearing his eyes away from their eyes, as Madame Grandet and Stephanie asked breathlessly:

"Is it too short, is it too long—is that color combination successful?"

"They're all beautiful—the dresses, I mean—not that my opinion is anything like as good as yours."

"Women dress to please men, don't they?"

"Or to annoy one another?"

Nobody even smiled. Stephanie and Madame Grandet, like all people absolutely concentrated on practical questions, were, for the time, without a sense of humor.

"Now this dress, Mr. Kent—the gray with the touch of flame color. It is called the Nun Awakens."

"It's beautiful—every one. Or no. No," he cried so loudly that even the manikins grew rigid. "There's one I simply hate."

"You hate it?" asked Stephanie.

"Why," said Madame Grandet, "we thought that might be extremely popular—*Le Printemps Revient.* . . . What is it that you don't like?"

A manikin had just entered in an evening gown of a shade between green and yellow—a shade John had always detested—and the cut of the bodice was almost identical with that of the dress that Sophia had worn the night that he had sailed for France. It was cut down slightly below the waistline in the back; and as it was a little too large for the girl who was showing it, the sides, the shoulders, the arms were distressingly bare. He seemed to see Sophia standing before the mirror in his tiny cabin—her hands on her hips, and her mouth becoming a thin red line.

"I don't like it because it's indecent," said John.

HE COULD hear that his voice had taken on a high, strained tone—the tone in which we all make assertions which we assume to be impersonal, but which are really charged with deep, egotistical emotions. Having spoken, he turned and looked at Stephanie in alarm. Would her mouth become a thin red line? Would she declare—with how much justice—that her knowledge of woman's dress was more profound than his? Would she, who had actually created this gown, be as sensitive to criticism as was she who had merely worn one?

Stephanie was staring at the dress, with her head drooped to one side. "Do you know, Virginia," she said to Madame Grandet, "I believe that dress is indecent—and it must be wrong, or monsieur would never have noticed it. He would have called it classic, or seductive, or —— Obviously, it isn't indecent in the right way."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," murmured Madame Grandet.

John felt he owed it to his Puritan ancestors, to say sternly, "Is there a right way?"

Stephanie smiled at him over his shoulder, as if he had said something amusing. She went to the model and began to pull it about, with her fine, competent little hands.

"Would that be any better," she asked, "if it came up on the shoulder, like that?"

He shook his head. "If you don't mind, I'd like that dress out."

"As bad as that?"

Copyright, 1933, by Alice Duer Miller.

He nodded. "I hate it." Then, seeing that both women were puzzled by the violence of his tone, he forced himself to explain. "The truth is that a dress cut like that—with nothing at all at the back and sides—made me quarrel with a girl I was—well, a very old friend of mine in America."

"This one has a cape, you know. Dorette—get the cape," said Stephanie a little wistfully.

"I couldn't bear it," said John. "If she should ever see that dress and knew it came from this house. . . . Please."

Stephanie waved Dorette, now wrapped in a diaphanous cape, back to the dressing room. "You shall never see it again," she said; and seemed to fall into deep thought—creating, John supposed, another dress to take the place of this one. He glowed with gratitude; he thought such conduct noble. He could not help comparing it with Sophia's under similar circumstances.

"I think you're swell—not to be angry."

"Angry? When I particularly asked for your opinion—that wouldn't be very wise, would it?"

"People aren't always wise when they are criticized."

"I am always wise—ask Virginia," said Stephanie. "Too wise."

The evening ended happily—all the rest was praise. When it was over, John suggested that he would like to take the ladies home.

"Oh, no," said Stephanie, "Ladislaw is about somewhere. Don't bother."

John looked serious. "I wanted to speak to you about that prince. You know, I fired him—but it doesn't seem to have affected him much."

"Oh, yes, it has," said Madame Grandet. She laughed. "He's awfully afraid of you. He thinks if you see him, you'll remember. He hides when you come in. Poor Ladie."

"Poor Ladie," echoed Stephanie; "you would not want him to starve."

"Couldn't he do anything but be our doorman—a prince?"

"Strictly speaking, he isn't a good doorman," said Madame Grandet, pulling on her hat.

"Oh, many customers like to think the car door is opened by a prince," said Stephanie.

John didn't press his point. He felt relieved. Obviously Stephanie couldn't think much of a man, prince or not, of whom she spoke thus.

The next day he arrived late at his office, for he had stopped to see M. Leroux on the way. He had hardly entered, and was still standing at his desk, turning over the mail, when the door opened, and Stephanie slithered in, closed it behind her, and stood looking at him—a look designed to plead, to please, to entrance if possible. . . . She had never looked at him like that.

"I want you to do something for me," she said, "or rather for our business."

"I'll do anything you say."

"I want you to see Madame Nunez."

The coöperative smile faded from John's face. "Not on your life," he said. "Not that dame."

"Then we lose her custom." *(Continued on Page 69)*

Illustrated by May Wilson Preston

"NO," JOHN CRIED SO LOUDLY THAT EVEN THE MANIKINS GREW RIGID. "THERE'S ONE I SIMPLY HATE. I DON'T LIKE IT BECAUSE IT'S INDECENT." HIS VOICE HAD TAKEN ON A STRAINED TONE

CLIFF SHOUTED WITH LAUGHTER. "OH, GOSH, WHAT A FAMILY! WHAT A NUTTY TRIBE — THESE CRAZY GAHAGANS!"

The Flaming Gahagans

By HELEN TOPPING MILLER

Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

XXV

THE Paul Gahagans were calling upon Ruth and Cliff. The two families were always stiffly formal, giving and accepting invitations with polite rigidity, Sylvia remotely gracious, Ruth high-headed and apt to lash out caustically. Paul and Cliff hated each other with that terrible hate which only blood brothers know—a hate that shudders on the edge of a terrible, aching affection.

When they were together they fenced dryly, goaded each other with little jabs, masked sneers, while all the while their eyes were wounds through which their souls bled, something groping and shamed and suffering within them crying out for each other.

"Shall we play bridge?" Ruth asked as she sat down, spreading her fluffy skirt a little. Sylvia would wear flat heels with that lank frock with the ruffle on the bottom.

"Sorry—we can't stay long," Sylvia said. "Paul wanted to talk to Clifford. We left Granville asleep."

"I suppose you know," Paul began, "that the judge is more or less in a jam."

Cliff's eyelids lowered the width of a hair, the corners of his lips drew back, he was instantly on the defensive.

"Most people are in a jam financially just now," he said. "Business is as rotten as the deuce."

"That Churchill note," Paul pursued, "is an outrage. The Churchills are talking about deeding some old cotton plantation they own to the judge—I doubt if they can even give title to it. Even if they did, the land is worn out—it's been cropped to death! It wouldn't make the taxes any year in the world."

"But they can't make papa take the wretched old farm," Ruth argued.

"No—but the bank can make him pay his part of that note," Paul returned.

Sylvia fidgeted. She was always edgy and uncomfortable in any group of Gahagans.

"Marian walked downstairs today," she contributed. "Mrs. Gahagan said she was only a little dizzy afterward."

"You've heard what the Turners are doing to Abby, I suppose?" Paul asked.

"Yes, we heard it. Abby told us."

"I never saw such a girl!" Cliff declared. "There's no point in her getting mixed up in that case—she could go away somewhere. Ansley tried to argue her into going. But she won't hear of it."

"She couldn't—don't you see?" Ruth argued. "She couldn't let the Turners threaten her, and be intimidated by them. And you know that dreadful sense of duty Abby has—it gets her into such awful places."

"It got her into this affair with the Turners," Paul said. "Abby was never in love with the fellow. Cliff—I've been thinking ——" He slid down farther in his chair.

Cliff's eyes set and hardened. Ruth flashed him a sidelong look. "Now!" said the look.

"I've been thinking about that note of yours," Paul went on. "I think we ought to do something about—clean it up right away, without worrying the judge about it."

"I've been trying to cut it down," Cliff declared, "but with the insurance business all shot to pieces like it is, I can't see any way to do it."

"We can't have Kim Turner's name on any paper in this family," Paul insisted. "I figured like this: If we could divide the note—make two of it and pay a little on each – then get a good indorser, we could clean it up in a year maybe. You could sell an extra policy or two, if you extended yourself, couldn't you?"

"I suppose I could. But who'd indorse it?" Cliff's voice took on a note of hope.

"I've already thought about that. I talked to the bishop's wife—she'll indorse if you'll insure yourself in her favor and pay off the note in two years." *(Continued on Page 86)*

New Women in a New China

DECORATION BY GUSTAF TENGGREN

By UPTON CLOSE

Great Feminine Personalities Have Much to Do in Their Nation's Supreme Hour of Trial

THE thought that women command in China may be strange to you. The truth about the place of women in that great land whose development is to have great effect on our own country and lives is, like almost everything else concerning it, very different from the popular notions.

Not in England, with its Queens Elizabeth and Victoria; not in Russia, with its Catharine; not in France, with its Pompadour and Du Barry, have women of all kinds, puritanical and licentious, exercised more influence upon dynastic history than in China. And among common people of no land do the mothers and mothers-in-law of shopkeepers, peasants and gentry have so much "say." I have sometimes wondered whether the tremendous influence of women in China is due primarily to their volcanic make-up, or to an extraordinary sensitivity on the part of their men. Probably both.

The crown has hitherto been on the heads of the mothers and mothers-in-law, but it is passing now to the wives and daughters. A spectacular example of this process is that of the Soong family, of Shanghai, whose members have first place in the Nationalist Government, and in the social and industrial world of new China. Most famous of the daughters is Mme. Sun Yat-sen, the wife of the founder of modern China. But this ethereally beautiful, forceful and difficult lady of forty is far from being all of the family, and preceding her was the tremendous "Mother Soong."

In 1931 a group of one hundred American college women and men under my care had an appointment with young Finance Minister and Acting Premier of China, T. V. Soong, for which he was gracious enough to come the eight-hour ride to Shanghai from the new capital, Nanking. Political assassins learned of this plan, and as he was crossing the Shanghai station rotunda they cut loose with machine guns and bombs.

He dropped to the floor at once, pulled the gun which he wears on a cord around his neck and, firing and creeping, he attained the safety of the station master's room. Naturally, I sent a messenger as soon as he had been whisked home, to confirm politely my assumption that the interview was off.

The Power Behind the Throne

"THE appointment stands," was his reply. A few hours later came news that the aged Mother Soong had suddenly died. Again I sent a messenger. "Thank you for being willing to give up the appointment," he replied. "The shooting was nothing, but now mother is dead—that's different."

It was said that Mother Soong was the most powerful single influence in Chinese officialdom—that it was practically impossible for a man to attain high office without her approval. The old lady was more interested in character than in political differences. In this respect she was very old-fashioned enough, it is said, to keep the dashing, handsome and also brilliant and badly needed diplomat, Wellington Koo, out of service until after her death.

She was the widow of a moderately successful wine and tea merchant from a hinterland city near Shanghai. They were early mission converts. Soong was one of the first Chinese of the past generation to assert his modernism and defy the Manchu throne by cutting off his queue.

In middle life, largely under the influence of his earnest wife, who was for all the world like a big-hearted, strict and religious American mother of the past generation, he retired from business to do layman evangelistic work—even as had the father of Sun Yat-sen, far to the south in Kwangtung. He soon joined with some other Christianized Chinese who had learned printing in a mission press and founded what became China's foremost enlightener until it was destroyed by Japanese bombs a year ago the greatest publishing house in Asia and for a time possibly the largest in the world, the Commercial Press of Shanghai.

Twenty years ago my sister and her young husband, as technicians engaged in this plant, were taken into this hospitable Chinese home and into the warm hearts of the couple who became to them "Father" and "Mother" Soong. It wasn't so easy for a young, poor couple of an alien race to find friendship in a home in the China of those days.

The young revolutionist from the south, Sun Yat-sen, hid his activities behind a surgeon's apron and gravitated naturally to the Soong household. He was a sober, kindly, handsome person, whose dark adventures and fervid belief in his mission thrilled the second daughter, just growing into womanhood, Ching Ling, whose name means "Felicitous Age." Still, she was sent off to four years of college in far-off Macon, Georgia—a school picked out by conservative missionary friends, loyal Southerners. She had no difficulty here, since English had been spoken in the household from her childhood. Her slender beauty and quick wit made her popular with her American classmates and teachers, although her incisiveness caused her to be somewhat feared.

Ching Ling Joins the Revolution

BY THE time she returned, an earnest young graduate, her hero, Sun Yat-sen, was in refuge in Japan—after hair-raising escapes from the wrath of the empress dowager—building the forerunner of the present Nationalist Party which has made him China's god. Ching Ling stopped bashfully to see him, remained for a bit to be his secretary, and soon was completing the journey to Shanghai to obtain consent of her parents to return and become his wife.

Sun never divorced his old-fashioned wife in Kwangtung, by whom he had a son as old as Ching Ling—Sun Fo, now head of the legislative arm of the Chinese government. Their missionary friends assumed that from their point of view the "proper" legal separation had been made, and they were enthusiastic over the marriage. But Ching Ling and her famous husband knew what a useless cruelty from the Chinese point of view it would be to deprive this uneducated village lady of her status as a member of the Sun clan. She was very glad for her famous husband to have the satisfying companionship and brilliant aid of his young wife, and most grateful and contented to be allowed to remain the head of his simple village establishment. Ching Ling visited her, and she loved the girl as a daughter. Her son became and has continued fast friends with his young stepmother. In the real sense, however, Ching Ling—I have been given to understand—insisted that she be the only wife.

The relations between her and the great, sad man who was old enough to be her father were touchingly simple and affectionate. She went through tremendous hardships and continuous dangers with him. Constantly she fought for the quiet and isolation which his nerves demanded; and in this she had to use her wits constantly, for he was not a man to spare himself or deny himself. As he grew older she was the only amanuensis who did not drive him into a frenzy, and his famous books, which amount to China's present constitution, were taken down by her in the Chinese characters which she wrote with such feminine grace and distinction. His "testament," a call to "finish the revolution," hangs in facsimile reproduction in every Chinese school and home, and it is in Ching Ling's writing, with the rugged but artistic scrawl of Sun Yat-sen only in the signature.

Ching Ling's elder sister had been sent to Randolph-Macon College in Lynchburg, Virginia, and had returned to marry a wealthy descendant of Confucius in the seventy-first generation. This personage was first a college president and then a pioneer industrialist. He was head of China's first ministry of industries, and is now traveling for it with a large technical mission in America and Europe.

Ching Ling was influential in having her younger brother sent to Harvard. He graduated from the School of Business Administration, worked for practical experience in a New York bank, and upon guaranty of his sister was brought home to undertake the financial reorganization of the Nationalist junta shortly before Sun Yat-sen's death. Still under forty, he is the biggest financial, administrative and diplomatic personage in China today. Young Soong found himself closely associated with his dominant brother-in-law's young military aide, who had risen from the position of secretary, Chiang Kai-shek. When his young sister, the youngest Soong daughter, returned from her American college, Wellesley, he was responsible for the acquaintanceship which caused the military head to divorce his two old-style wives and marry her. Old Mother Soong had a stipulation here. Father Soong had long been dead, and she was the dowager of the clan. The generalissimo was required not only to cut clear from his previous domestic arrangements – the circumstances were quite different from those of Sun Yat-sen, and social conscience on polygamy had moved forward considerably—but he was presently inducted into the Christian religion by baptism, although he held out for the entire absence of white missionaries from the ceremony. He joined the "native" Christian church in Shanghai, of which Mother Soong was the chief sponsor.

At her death flowers were forbidden at the funeral. Instead, hundreds of memorial contributions went to the orphanage which was her private charity.

Avoiding the Pitfalls of Success

IN THIS romantic fashion was built up the "reigning" family in China today. There is hardly a more human story in any nation's recent history.

Mme. Chiang Mei-ling, whose name means "Beautiful Age," is more flapperishly pretty than her delicately beautiful elder sister. Thus far she has not made the reputation for administrative capacity, self-sacrifice, democracy and tenderness to the suffering that comprise the halo about the raven-black hair of Ching Ling, but she has the Soong intelligence and is young yet, and had a natural timidity, falsely taken as aloofness, to overcome, and her position as the wife of the forceful young military dictator is rather delicate. She does not want a repetition of the situation which arose between Turkey's hero, Mustapha Kemal, and his similarly beautiful and forceful young wife, when Kemal decided there could not be two dictators of the nation.

Some say the unobtrusive Mme. Kung Ai-ling, "Bright Age," is the biggest mind as well as the sweetest and wisest of the three, and the true successor of her mother.

These women are the most cohesive force in the new Chinese nation. They are fervent patriots, although there is open political controversy between the socialistic Mme. Sun and her more conservative and plutocratic sisters and brother. Mme. Sun is head of the Chinese Red Cross, and probably commands a greater respect in China today than any other living person. The women are in large degree responsible for keeping China's officials lined up in desperate resistance to the Japanese attack on China's independence.

They are not alone in China. Space forbids cataloguing the individual Chinese women *(Continued on Page 38)*

EDITORIALS BY LORING A. SCHULER

Homeless Girls

ON A NIGHT in late March, in 800 American cities and towns, 12,681 homeless women and girls knocked at the doors of social agencies and asked for shelter. Of these, 9769 were "on the road"—wanderers who had slipped family ties, who had no jobs and no means of support. And fifteen per cent of them, or 1480, were under the age of twenty-one.

On that same night, 3155 families, including 14,187 individuals, asked for lodging. In this group about half of the 5935 adults were women, 2708 were between fifteen and twenty, and 5544 were children under fifteen—children who receive no regular schooling and whose family home is a derelict automobile.

And on that same March night, 1956 women were found among the 33,697 persons sleeping in hobo camps along the railroad tracks—"jungle" dwellers who have dropped to the lowest level of our social order.

Even these figures, startling as they are, give only a fragment of the picture of homeless women and girls moving about the country without money and without shelter. For, according to the social-work agencies, this census must be multiplied by five, or perhaps by ten, to find the actual number of women wanderers.

We have known that many thousands of vagabond boys have been roaming about the country, and Congress has considered action in their behalf. We have known that some girls were included among their numbers, but the figures gathered by the National Transient Committee reveal for the first time the thousands of women, young and old, who are learning to roam before they learn to work. And the conditions under which they are existing indicate that unless some action is taken in their behalf these girls, many of them only fifteen or sixteen years old, are on the way to becoming habitual wanderers, jungle dwellers or charges on communities far from their homes.

The census of homeless women and girls was taken on one day, so there was no chance of duplication in the count. The Salvation Army, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., National Travelers' Aid, Family Welfare, Jewish Social Service, Community Chests and Councils and the National Urban League coöperated with the National Transient Committee in the investigation, by counting the girls and women who applied for help—not merely for food, but for lodging as well. All but two large cities sent in reports. Of the 1332 smaller towns in the country, only thirty-nine were queried; and there were no returns from the thousands of very small towns, for the simple reason that such towns have no social agencies to which homeless persons can go.

Unlike the vagrant boys, the girls and women do not travel in large groups, but are going about by twos or threes, or more often alone. Nor do the girls travel so far as the boys; most of them get only a few hundred miles from home.

The majority of the 1480 girls who were counted are honestly looking for work—or they began by doing so. They have gone through school, sometimes even through college. Their home towns have nothing to offer them. Their families are unable to support them, and in these times girls are expected to earn their own living. Often there is not even house room for them, as living quarters grow smaller. So they are squeezed out of the communities in which they have grown up, and they set forth for the big cities, or for the far West, in the belief that the answer may lie there.

The motorbus is the favorite conveyance for the girl of the better type. The bus has not the alarming finality of the railroad train. She boards it near her own home and gets off where she likes. If the new community cannot provide work—and usually it cannot—the girl soon comes to the end of her resources. Then, if ever, the social agencies get her. It is, however, a sign of their courage that the girls ask for help only as a very last resort.

Hitch-hiking is a common practice among girls of a little lower level. The practice has been discouraged for obvious reasons—indeed, is against the law in many states—with the result that most of the hitch-hikers now travel by truck. The truck driver is often making a return trip with an empty van in which a stowaway can easily be concealed. He does not own the truck, and he is a ready accomplice for the runaway or wandering girl.

Girls in depressed industrial centers, such as Scranton, Akron and the New England cities like Lowell, are lured to other cities in droves by advertisements placed in their home-town newspapers. These ads promise "good wages, good positions, no waiting"—to quote from one help-wanted column.

Carloads of girls go to New York on excursion tickets, to fill the offices of employment agencies. Many times such a girl is given work, and the agency collects its fee out of her first week's wages. But then all too often the job proves to be under an employer who exploits her, overworks her or asks her to live under impossible conditions. And when the girl gives up the job she finds herself without work in a city where the resident unemployed must get first consideration. Among the 2661 girls who recently applied for help to the New York Travelers' Aid, many were in this category.

While the type of girl differs, her reason for roving is the same—she is trying to make a living. She is usually in earnest about it. She is not succumbing to the attraction of the city lights. It is this girl, with initiative, energy, courage, fearlessness, who may starve in a strange town, who may be picked up as a vagrant in a village which has made no provision for transient women except the lock-up, who may be driven into the jungle or into illicit living in order to get food.

Girls are wandering all over the country. Families, however, are still lured almost exclusively by the great Southwest. This is the Mecca of the gasoline gypsies. More than half the homeless families in the whole country are reported from Southern California. They cannot settle down; their children go to school irregularly, if at all, and it is a significant fact that the truant officers in California work on motorcycles!

These facts indicate astonishing changes in the structure of American society. Some of these changes are due to temporary conditions, but there is little likelihood that things will ever again be as they were, even after the depression is over. Women have begun to roam, like men, in search of work, in search of adventure, in search of new homes. By doing so they have raised new social problems which every community in the country ultimately will have to face. We shall try next month to tell what women in local communities may do to alleviate this situation.

Defining the News

REPORTS from the World Economic Conference in London will abound with words and phrases that have come into current use in recent efforts to end the depression. In as much as their meanings are, in the popular mind at least, exceedingly vague, here are some very brief definitions:

INFLATION—Increasing the supply of money faster than the supply of goods. This creates higher prices.

DEFLATION—Decreasing the supply of money faster than the supply of goods. This creates lower prices.

REFLATION—Another word for inflation, but with the idea that rising prices will be stopped at some previous level of prices.

GOLD STANDARD—The contract of a government to exchange its paper money for a fixed weight of gold on demand.

SILVER STANDARD—The contract to exchange paper money for a fixed weight of silver on demand.

BIMETALISM—The contract to redeem in either gold or silver at the option of the government.

16 TO 1—A bimetallic standard in which the government declares that it will exchange one ounce of gold for sixteen ounces of silver, or vice versa.

FIAT MONEY—Paper money which a government issues without any contract to redeem in gold, silver or any other commodity. A method of inflation.

DEVALUATION—Reduction in the weight of gold or silver for which a government has promised to redeem its paper money. Usually proposed as a method of inflation.

REVALUATION—A nicer word than devaluation, implying merely a change in the redemption value of paper money for gold or silver.

MORATORIUM—A suspending by law of the obligation to pay debts.

MONEY IN CIRCULATION—The difference between the amount of money which the government has printed or minted and the amount in the vaults of the government or its agencies. Hoarded money is included in money in circulation.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE—A written promise calling for the payment of money in another country.

PARITY IN EXCHANGE—When the paper moneys of two countries exchange on the same gold basis.

BALANCE OF TRADE—The difference between the whole export of goods and money and the whole import of goods and money.

CREDITOR NATION—A nation that is owed more by other nations than it owes them.

DEBTOR NATION—A nation that owes other nations more than they owe it.

TRADE BARRIERS—Financial or other obstacles to a nation's import or export of goods, such as high taxes on imports or exports.

FREE TRADE—Unrestricted, untaxed imports and exports.

EMBARGO—Absolute prohibition of imports or exports.

TARIFF WALL—Very high taxes on imports.

MINIMUM WAGE—The fixing by law of the least amount that may be paid as a wage.

PRICE FIXING—The establishing by law of prices for goods or commodities. Also called VALORIZATION.

RECIPROCITY—An agreement between two nations in which each grants special trade advantages to the other.

MOST FAVORED NATION—An agreement between two nations that each will automatically grant to the other any special trade advantages that are offered to a third nation.

"Seek Ye First"

IN OUR shakedown of values since 1929 we have learned many things. That stock which promised so much is now lying worthless in a drawer. We have learned that many erstwhile necessaries were only luxuries which we could get along without. And it appears that many people are taking more time for spiritual matters than they have for years.

It is important for the clergy to find out what these people are seeking. Is it simply escape from their troubles? Do they seek shelter from the storm? Are we coming to another era, such as religious history has seen so many times, where the church has been the fold into which the weak have fled, hoping for divine intervention in their affairs?

It is right that people should turn to religion in their troubles. The church may be a shelter for a moment, but for a purpose—to equip those who turn to her that they may return to the world to fight with courage. The church may be a hospital, but it is not a home for incurables, because there is no such word in the language of the Christian.

Great Appetites

By OSCAR OF THE WALDORF

FEW *bons vivants* are left in New York. Many, of course, have died; and I, more than anyone, regret their passing, for they were the patrons of the arts to which I have devoted my life. Some, however, are living in exile, as much in horror of a wineless America as titled Russians of Bolshevism.

About two and a half years ago, in the Crillon, in Paris, suddenly it seemed as if three decades had dropped from my life and I was again in the old Peacock Alley. Actually, its marble columns lie more than a hundred fathoms deep off Sandy Hook, where they were dumped from scows with other fragments of the old Waldorf, a jig-saw puzzle to baffle all of Neptune's people. The miracle of fancy by which I lived again in the past was accomplished by the sight of E. Berry Wall.

In spite of the years there he stood before me as unchanged as any notable in Madame Tussaud's collection of wax figures. If anything, his high poke collar was a little glossier from the starching of a Parisian *blanchisseuse;* his waistcoat was a plaid, his derby the familiar block which years ago he determined was becoming. The stoop of his shoulders was the same; his drooping mustache unaltered. Even the dog straining at a leash held in his gloved hands must have been the great-grandson of the animal that in former times knew the touch on his head of the perfumed fingers of such great ladies as Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish or Mrs. H. K. Twombley.

What a bright time we had exchanging memories! We talked of Ward McAllister, of Harry Lehr, the Bradley Martin ball, of chaperons, of canvasback, of terrapin and other vanished symbols of the society we knew. Then as Mr. Wall raised his hat and, smiling, left me, I was sad. I could imagine what thoughts filled his mind as he strolled that day in the Champs Élysées, wishing the time were 1895 and the place Fifth Avenue. No finer heaven could be created for those who shared it than perpetual existence in a world which had for its central corridor the graciously inhabited Peacock Alley.

Ward McAllister, of course, was an important figure in the years when the Waldorf was new. Mrs. Astor depended upon him in planning her functions and, to some extent, in making up her lists of guests. If it was a supper in those times, society people ate caviar and pâté de foie gras as certainly as a gathering of cows in a pasture will munch grass. Today they devour corned-beef hash on toast, between wrigglings that bear little kinship to the decorous and glamorous waltzes of the nineties. Were Mr. McAllister alive, before he would inflict corned-beef hash on his stomach late at night I think he would make his own pâté de foie gras.

It is not so difficult; I can tell you how, and if it is true that what we eat we are, why then in your own kitchen you may prepare to inaugurate a social reign as absolute as that which made McAllister a nabob.

Making a Kitchen a Throne Room

YOU should select a fat liver from a big goose. After removing the gall as carefully as if it were your own appendix, place the liver in a pan of boiling water; but do not boil it—the only purpose of this process is to cause the tissues to set. As the liver is cooling after that scalding bath, put two tablespoonfuls of finely chopped onion and a little bacon into a sauté pan to fry. Next cut the liver into pieces about an inch square and place them in the pan with the onion. Then add half a pound of raw truffles that have been cut into tiny cubes. Season with a little salt and some spices. Your own palate should be the chief magistrate in deciding this matter. Now place the pan over the fire for about eight minutes, tossing it now and then to prevent scorching.

While the delicacy in this stage is cooling, chop fine half a pound of lean veal and half a pound of bacon. Mix in with them about three tablespoonfuls of bread crumbs that have been soaked in milk and then squeezed dry. Now mince the preparation with a chopping knife until your arm is tired.

Place the mince in a basin and season again with salt and white pepper; add some trimmings of truffles, a few spoonfuls; also a few spoonfuls of liver fat, likewise chopped thoroughly. Now there is more chopping to be done. If your wrists are tired, tell your neighbor you will invite her to the party if she will chop half a pound of ham into small dice. Now butter a hot pie mold, place it on a buttered paper on a baking sheet and line it with short pie paste. Put a layer of the minced preparation at the bottom and sides of the pie mold, fill in the center with a round flat of pie paste, except for a hole in the precise center. Brush a lightly beaten egg over the top and bake for an hour and a half in a moderate oven. As soon as the pie paste begins to color, place a piece of buttered paper over it. When it is done, wipe off as much fluid fat as possible and mask the contents with a brown sauce reduced with Madeira and trimmings of truffles. Serve it hot.

A quart of brown sauce is made in this manner: Peel two large onions, cut into halves, and place them in the bottom of a stew pan with an ounce of butter. Place on these a quarter pound of lean ham in slices, then one-half pound of veal and one-half pound of beef, sliced. Put the stew pan over a quick fire and fry the contents, keeping the onions on the bottom. When the bottom of the pan is covered with a light brown glaze, prick the meat with a fork, reduce the fire and continue the cooking for half an hour longer, stirring twice during this period. Then pour two and one-half quarts of water into the stew pan, also a small turnip, half a carrot, half a blade of mace and a small bunch of sweet herbs. When this preparation comes to a boil season with pepper and salt and further reduce the fire to stop the boiling. The sauce should be kept simmering for two hours. At intervals skim off the fat and add a little cold water to replace that which has evaporated. Then skim the liquor, thicken it with flour and butter, dilute it with hot water and pass through a fine sieve.

Trouble? Of course it is a lot of trouble, but why do you suppose the Astors, the Vanderbilts and the Goulds had so many servants? Trouble—that is to say, great effort—is the price of any worthwhile entertainment. If guests are limited to a few kindred spirits they may have a memorable evening with only the simplest viands to sustain them; but the bigger the party the greater the trouble that devolves on the hostess or host. Then the uncongenial ones must be given food, drink and visual beauty in such varieties as to make them congenial in spite of themselves.

At the Waldorf when a customer produced a check book and said, "You are to have carte blanche, Oscar," it was my duty to take on my shoulders all that which I mean when I say "trouble." The recipe calls for pains of the imagination, the slavish effort of hundreds and hundreds of workers scattered over the world, daring at sea and in the mountains, rare skill and then, finally, you have a dinner party.

So it was when I arranged a dinner for forty in February, 1899, on a carte-blanche order from Randolph Guggenheimer. Many of the guests were men with ducal powers in Tammany. Mr. Guggenheimer was at the time the president of the municipal council. That time, I can tell you, I spared no effort, and if the final bill was two hundred and fifty dollars for each guest, Mr. Guggenheimer had his money's worth. I did not waste a nickel in view of the end sought; it was an extraordinary dinner.

If I say it myself I made a paradise within the Waldorf; but I should say also that Mr. Guggenheimer might as cheaply have taken all his guests to Florida, whence came some of the choice foods served on that wintry night.

The decorations were elaborate. The ladies, who had stepped from carriages that had arrived in the horseshoe entrance through the snowy streets, entered the banquet room through an arbor thick with green foliage. Indeed, their bare shoulders brushed against gigantic clusters of purple grapes. These had been fixed in place with fine wire adroitly manipulated by the fingers of florists so that none could, without close scrutiny, discover that these were, so to speak, the foster children of the vines.

The dining room itself I had contrived as a grove of rose trees, rich with blooms. They gave not alone fragrance but flutelike songs. Scores of nightingales and canaries had been released from gilt cages to a night of avian adventure. Such musical love-making! The poor birds did not suspect there was a Cinderella clause in their contracts. Soon after midnight they had to go, celibate, back to their old cages, regardless of the pledges they had made in the artificial bower.

The center of the circular table was a pool which mirrored the most costly blooms to be found in New York's flower market—orchids, American Beauty roses and lilies. With the flowers I was lavish. I have a weakness for flowers, as well as food.

It was, indeed, a feast! On this occasion I made use of a valuable secret. I knew that over in New Jersey there was a farmer who had in his hothouses some raspberry bushes bearing fruit of a light blue color. They were from the cuttings I think he had imported from Newfoundland, where, I have heard, these berries inherit their tint through an ancestry exposed for centuries to alternate drenchings of fog and prolonged sunlight. They were expensive, but nowhere else were such berries being eaten when Mr. Guggenheimer's guests ate those that I provided.

Food From the World's Far Corners

THE raspberries, light blue in color, were calculated to excite wonder, but great hotels are constantly being solicited to buy rare food in various forms—butter from millionaire's dairies, exquisitely formed and flavored fruits, game, and a wide and fascinating variety of exotic edibles.

The jungles of South America, the West Indies and Mexico are rich with foods that would be strange and delightful to civilized palates. These fruits and nuts are susceptible to cultivation, and in the future some of them will cease to be wild rarities and become domestic crops. Some day, with our improved facilities for refrigeration and with airplanes carrying freight, mangoes, cherimoyas and similar tree custards, along with a variety of tropical melons, will be offered inexpensively in all our Northern markets. How silly it is to talk of overproduction when the human race has ten thousand unawakened appetites!

Two generations ago only those persons had tasted bananas who had been to the tropics or who happened to know a seafaring man sailing between the United States and the West Indies. To create freight for a Costa Rican railroad, the banana industry was developed. I marvel to think what delicious fruits the airplanes of the future will bring from the tropics. In 1899 not one man in a thousand had even heard of grapefruit. Today it is offered in the cheapest restaurants; but I had it served to the Guggenheimer guests as a surprise. There were tree-ripened oranges, also, and the out-of-season asparagus likewise came from Florida. But the world had been combed for tempting foods.

The beluga caviar was served from the three-pound tins in which it was imported. The waiters ladled it with wooden spoons during the serving of the Russian buffet with which the dinner began. The oysters came from Cape Cod; the hundred-and-fifty-pound sea turtle that had been shipped from the Spanish Main to become a part of this feast, by an appropriate metamorphosis swam as tiny pieces in an amber sea of Spanish sherry. Then in the strangest voyage of his career, this turtle pleased not only Mr. Guggenheimer's palate but his ego as well. That was done through the exhalations of satisfaction from his guests.

The roast that night was Rocky Mountain sheep served with a purée of chestnuts; the diamond-back terrapin came, of course, from Maryland, and the ruddy ducks from the marshes of Currituck Sound. *(Continued on Page 66)*

SUNSHINE ★ A BEACH

BY JULIA COBURN

MOONLIGHT ★ A TERRACE

★ Be sure to get things that are water-wise and beach-broke. Sturdy fabrics are best. Trim lines are best. It's so much better to look healthy and athletic on a beach than lovely and languid.

★ Your bathing suit first. It sets the color note for accessories and things. The girl in white on the opposite page is wearing a suit that was the favorite at the smart Riviera resorts last summer. I saw a picture of Beatrice Lillie wearing it. The front part is all in one piece, but the back has a brassière effect. It's a bit daring, without being offensively so. She wears a "fez" cap, in yellow and white. The lady in the foreground wears a conventional swim suit, with two features new this year. One is the uplift shape in front; the other is the lastex inserts strategically placed in the back to give stretch in both directions, where and when you need it. Now, if you think *concealing* does more for your figure than *revealing*, you may want the orange suit at the top. Of jersey that doesn't hug the figure, it has diagonal tucks, a real bit of a skirt, and square neck front and back. The white piping suggests white accessories.

★ The beach dress is newly popular this year, and we will find it perfectly grand for wearing to and from the beach, for lolling when we are not swimming, and even for general running around. At its best, the beach dress wraps around or ties around or buttons around, so it can be put on in public without awkward maneuvers. The natural-linen one shown here has practically no back—its brown linen revers simply tie around the neck. And it's sanforized, so it won't play you a dirty trick by shrinking until it looks like a pinafore! You like pajamas on the beach? They will always be in fashion, we hope. The gay ones in orange, brown and yellow are of knit lisle– two piece, with really quite a lot of fit.

★ I have selected only a few of the hundreds of fascinating beach-going accessories. But go prowling for yourself, and see all the exciting little things to help your beach ensemble. Don't you like the cord sandals? Just a rubber sole and some knotted cotton cord, but so smart, especially with red toenails popping through. The striped-canvas sandal has a heel, to wear with pajamas or a beach dress. The cap on the reclining lady on the left is a copy in rubber of a French hat. Big hats are grand for basking, if you don't want to burn your face and neck. The beach bag in the left-hand corner is of orange and white combined diagonally, white rubber-lined and slide-fastened. Sticking right up in the sand is a bag of cotton tweed with gay stripes, on a wooden top. The sticks on which it stands fold right up and go inside. Grand for keeping your knitting, or even the sandwiches for lunch, out of the sand and easily accessible. The roll bag is of blue piqué with white crisscrossed stripes. It is very neat and tailored when filled—a fine idea if you must go on train or trolley to get to the beach.

★ After being a tomboy at the beach all day, it's fun to go glamorous for the dance at the club in the evening. Decide for yourself which of the costumes on this page would do most for you. Crisp white all bedecked with hand-rolled ruffles, or black net dramatically bedecked with pleated frills and a great red flower. Either one would make you feel romantic, feminine—all set for conquest!

If your summer plan includes a trip to Chicago—or any other city—get our new booklet, YOUR WARDROBE FOR SUMMER IN THE CITY, No. 1073. Send three cents.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARION STAPLES HALLER

BRINGING UP A

B·E·A·U·T·Y

BY DOROTHY COCKS

NEXT to being beautiful herself, almost the nicest thing that can happen to a woman is to have a beautiful daughter. All the bother of mothering a girl child up to her teens is repaid when you begin to hear people whispering about her, "Isn't she lovely?"

How much can you do to bring up your girl to be a beauty? A surprising lot. It is not an accident that there are so many lovely debutantes among society families every year. It is simply proof of what wise, devoted attention can do to make a girl grow good-looking as she grows up.

You can't begin too young. Almost from the moment you have a daughter, all soft and hugable, keep remembering that you can mold that softness into grace or ugliness.

Take her ears, for example. Begin in her very cradle to make them lie flat to her head. She will never forgive you if you let her grow up with them standing out! Tape her baby ears down, if necessary, with adhesive straps. Make her wear smooth-fitted caps that hold her ears close. Be watchful all during her childhood that she doesn't jam on a béret or a tam o' shanter with her ears pushed forward and out. That's one thing you can do toward bringing up a beauty.

And you can help her to grow up with nice finger nails. Don't let her bite them. Many nails never outgrow the ugly shape, the bruised matrix, that result from habitual nail biting in childhood. If admonishing does not break the habit, then paint your daughter's nails with something so bitter that she will be painfully reminded to keep her fingers away from her mouth. Your druggist will put up a harmless but horrid-tasting mixture for this purpose.

And don't let your child bite or tear or pick the cuticle around her nails. This habit makes the cuticle grow thick and horny, ugly for years afterward. It may injure the soft nail root under the edge of the cuticle, and give rise to dents, ridges or spots in the nails that she will deeply regret when she grows up to the age of manicuring. Tie up in mittens or cotton gloves the hands of a little girl who has this habit.

You can do a great deal to give your child a pretty mouth. Don't let her suck a pacifier or her finger! Besides all the reasons of health against this device, there are the reasons of beauty. Its use may make a child's lips take on an ugly form that is permanent. It distorts the shape of the jaw bones. It may give rise to buck teeth. You'll hate them when she grows up, much worse than you hate her fretting now.

Many girls grow up with poor teeth or an ugly mouth just because their mothers thought it wasn't necessary to "waste dentistry on first teeth that are doomed to fall out soon anyhow." Fillings that check decay in milk teeth help create good chewing habits and promote healthy growth of second teeth. Pulling baby teeth that are due to go, but which do not fall of their own accord, is often a wise precaution to make second teeth come in a straight, even row. Straightening first teeth is sometimes the means of assuring beautiful second teeth. Let a dentist watch the development of your daughter's teeth when they first appear.

Keep her hair clean. That is easy in her bald baby days. Be just as conscientious about it when her hair is longer, and tangled and grimy from play. Shampoo at least once a week. Brush your little girl's hair faithfully every day; brushing contributes enormously to beautiful hair growth. It exercises and stimulates the scalp; cleans the hair of dust; distributes the natural oil down the length of the hair, to keep it glossy and pliable.

One of the greatest gifts of beauty you can give your daughter is a graceful walk, a pair of healthy, normally shaped, strong-arched and untiring feet. See that your daughter has shoes properly fitted, shoes built for health as well as looks. As soon as she graduates from booties, begin taking her for footwear to a good shop that specializes in children's shoes and has salespeople trained and experienced in fitting children's feet. Don't nag her to "toe out," for we know now that placing the feet parallel and straight ahead is a natural, easy walk. But if she noticeably "toes in," or if she experiences difficulty in finding comfortable shoes, ask your doctor or nearest large hospital to suggest a pediatrist who will prescribe exercises and specially made shoes to correct faulty posture or instill proper walking habits.

FOR HER COMPLEXION'S SAKE

Much that you can do to give your daughter a lovely skin is bound up with her diet. Follow your doctor's advice about formulas and feeding during her infancy, of course. But as she grows up beyond the age of formulas, for the sake of her complexion follow these three rules:

1. Keep her bowels freely and regularly active. Probably constipation is conducive to more bad complexions than any other single cause. Regular elimination, which helps assure a clean, pure blood stream, fortifies the skin against infections.

2. Be sure that her diet is balanced and varied, and especially that it is rich in vitamins. Vitamins may be regarded in a sense as beautifying foods. For one thing, they lay the foundation for exuberant health, which is always reflected in the bloom of the skin and the luster of the hair. Charm is difficult to define, but at least one aspect of it is an attractive outflowing of vitality. And, more specifically, at least one of the known vitamins builds up resistance against skin infections.

3. Be watchful that your daughter does not indulge greedily in sweets. An excess of sugar and starch, because it may create intestinal fermentation, is an underlying cause of much of the acne (pimples) of childhood and more especially of adolescence. If or when your daughter has skin eruptions at any age, take them seriously, for they may have a devastating effect on her. They may make her dreadfully self-conscious, hateful of her own appearance, introspective and melancholy.

Growing daughters will love the booklet, LOVELY HANDS TO HAVE AND TO HOLD, which gives expert directions, with pictures for home manicuring. Send three cents and ask for Booklet No. 530. THAT LETTUCE LOOK, Booklet No. 537, answers intimate questions on good grooming, superfluous hair. And every girl and mother should consult the booklet, SIMPLE CARE FOR LOVELY SKIN, No. 523. Send three cents for each to the JOURNAL Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

EVERY HOME'S A S·T·A·G·E

CEDRIC GIBBONS

DESIGNER OF PICTURE SETS AND DECORATOR OF THE HOMES OF HOLLYWOOD STARS, TELLS HOW A WOMAN'S HOME MAY DRAMATIZE HER PERSONALITY, IN AN INTERVIEW WITH MAYME OBER PEAK

A HOME HAS much the same decorating problems as a motion-picture set. It should be primarily a background for the action that takes place in it and the personalities who live in it.

Good motion-picture settings not only express what is going to happen on those sets, but are designed as suitable backgrounds for the personalities of the players. Anyone passing by and seeing the various sets can tell about what types of scenes are to be played in them, as well as what types of people will enact them.

And so it is in planning the decoration of a home. I would have to know what kind of people are going to live in it; something about the life they lead, who their friends are, what types of entertainments they give. Certainly I would design a far different house for a young married couple fond of gay parties than I would for an elderly couple who like bridge. If the home were for a family where children and their parents live all over the house, the selections would be made for durability.

When a woman selects her clothes, she chooses those in which she looks well. Why not feel the same way about the rooms she lives in?

People can classify themselves in relation to furniture styles just as they can with other styles. Why does a woman wear a certain hat, or a man a certain necktie? Enjoying the advantage of seeing photographs and motion pictures, it is now easy for a person to visualize herself in the setting and say, "I like it"—or, "I don't like it." But always a woman should make this decision after considering herself in relation to it. Instead of wondering if a rug would fit into her room, she should visualize herself against it in her new blue or pink or red dress and ask, "Would it be becoming to me?"

Fashion magazines give a cue to the correct solution of this problem. They never try to place fashions against a moving background. Always, they put their pictures and photographs of manikins against a very simple background. And so it is with rooms. When a room is designed in neutral tones, it will lend charm to the woman and to her dress. When an object fights its background, they destroy each other. Simplicity of surroundings adds to a woman's personality; ornate and overdecorated effects depreciate the charm of the woman who moves among them.

Of course, personalities differ. Some are more dynamic than others, and thus the decorations of their homes may differ. Norma Shearer is a feminine, responsive, vibrant sort of person. Hence I have decorated her home so that the backgrounds are very simple. She does not sit in a chair with a huge design of upholstery. Joan Crawford is a more vivid, more restless personality. She can have a bolder background in her settings.

Sets are designed and decorated by experts. Under my supervision is a large staff of architects, designers and decorators. We have a department where furniture is made and upholstered, drapes made, rugs woven and pictures framed. We have also a property department, with buyers for it scattered all over the world.

Each picture averages forty sets. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio alone makes fifty-two pictures a year. Unless they are period pictures, which have to be authentic, new ideas are being introduced continually.

CORNER OF LIVING ROOM IN "MEN MUST FIGHT," M.-G.-M.

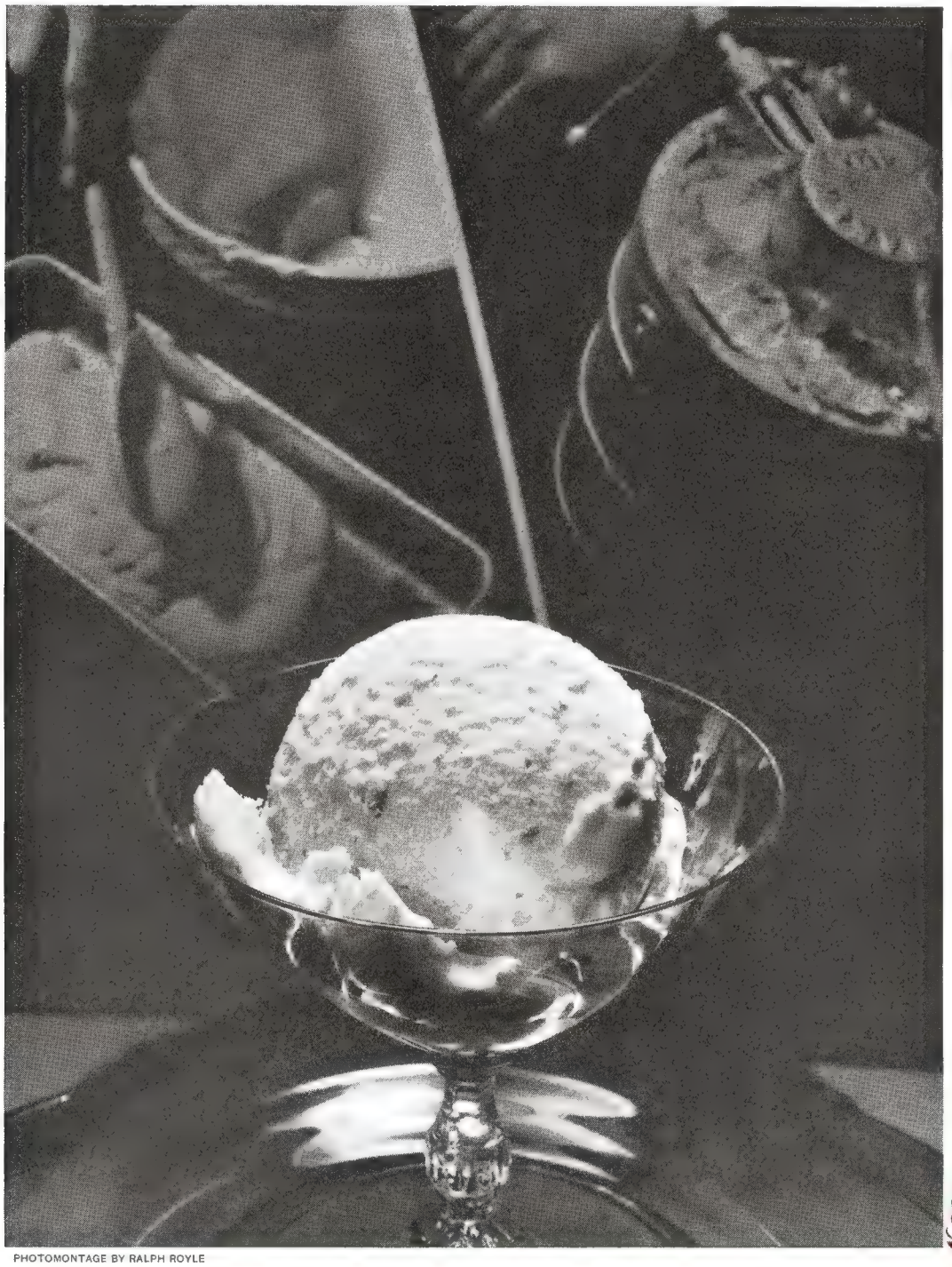
BEDROOM IN "DANCING DAUGHTERS," M.-G.-M.

A corner of the living room in the home of Cedric Gibbons and his wife, Dolores del Rio.

Of course the designer, or decorator, of a set can be much more original and spectacular than the decorator of a living room in someone's home. But many ideas are suggested that can be modified effectively. Ideas in the hanging of drapes, in new upholstery materials such as satin-glow oilcloth, in the shape and weave of rugs, and so on. If they fit some peculiar need in a woman's home, she is certain to use them.

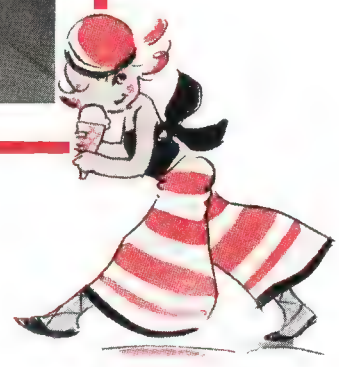
Lamps have been widely copied, particularly in modern sets. The twin beds, joined in a single, broad headboard covered in velour—used in Dancing Daughters—were reproduced in many homes.

Another bedroom in Dancing Daughters creating great interest showed a different—yet very *(Continued on Page 77)*



PHOTOMONTAGE BY RALPH ROYLE

JEAN SIMPSON PREPARES A VARIETY OF FROZEN DISHES IN THE JOURNAL KITCHEN



Frozen to Your Taste

FROZEN dishes can be so satisfying or so disappointing. Creamy, finely flavored and luscious, they are among the most popular of all our summer dishes. But coarse-grained, insipid or gummy, they fall far short of being a pleasure to anyone.

When we began using the mechanical refrigerator for freezing dishes, we ran into difficulties. It was good to be relieved of standing faithfully by the freezer turning the crank. But it was this very churning in the ice-cream freezer which gave smooth mixtures easily.

As a mixture freezes, it forms little crystals of ice throughout. Left undisturbed, each crystal will grow to considerable size. But if some measure is taken to break up the crystals as they form, no single one will ever come to be large. Constant agitation, as with the crank of the freezer, is the long-established way of preventing the crystals from becoming sizable and so keeping the mixture smooth.

Deprived of the agitator, as we are in the mechanical refrigerator, we turn to other ways of keeping the crystals small. There is a great variety of materials which will help toward this end. Any of the sirups will help, and the larger the proportion of sirup you use, the smoother the result. But unfortunately, the more sirup used, the lower the temperature required to freeze the mixture. And as a very low temperature cannot be obtained in some of the mechanical refrigerators, we must not use too much sirup, or the mixture will not freeze. The choice of sirup is based mostly upon its flavor. Corn sirup is very generally used. Honey gives a delicate flavor to some frozen dishes.

Junket tablets and junket powders will help toward smoothness. The junket powder, in any one of a number of flavors, gives one of the most easily prepared ice creams. Sweetened condensed milk is also of service in this connection. And buttermilk can be used as a base for making frozen fruit "ice creams."

Whipping any of the materials to be included will help to make the product smoother—beaten egg whites, whipped cream, whipped evaporated milk. Also the richer the mixture, the smoother it will be. Egg yolks, the fat of heavy cream, chocolate—any one or all of these will make a frozen mixture smoother.

A little dissolved gelatin added to the hot mixture will help to make the frozen dish smooth. One teaspoonful of gelatin to every cupful of milk is a good proportion—though even this mixture needs to be enriched by making it into a custard and adding whipped cream. Or cornstarch may be our means of obtaining smoothness. It is best to make a paste of the cornstarch with cold liquid, then add this to the hot milk and cook it just as if it were cornstarch pudding, then use this thickened milk for making custard.

A somewhat similar thickening can be obtained very satisfactorily, and with no perceptible flavor added to the mixture, using tapioca. To two cupfuls of milk add three tablespoonfuls of tapioca, and cook until clear and thickened in the top of the double boiler, stirring it frequently. Then gently stir this mixture through a fine sieve. Do not press it through the sieve too much tapioca will pass through.

It is well to stir freezing mixtures several times during freezing to reduce the size of the crystals. But do not stir so much that you beat out the air that you have gotten into it. The more quickly refrigerator dishes freeze, the smoother they are; so have the temperature as low as possible. Serve as soon as they are barely frozen, for if frozen too hard they are unpalatable.

The following are recipes for freezing in the mechanical refrigerator. Either tapioca or gelatin, as indicated above, can be used in place of cornstarch.

Basic Ice-Cream Recipe

2 Cupfuls of Milk
1 Tablespoonful of Cornstarch
2 Egg Yolks
½ Cupful of Sugar
⅓ Cupful of Corn Sirup
¼ Teaspoonful of Salt
1 Cupful of Heavy Cream
2 Egg Whites

MAKE a paste of a little of the milk and the cornstarch, then add this to the rest of the milk—which has been scalded—and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Beat the egg yolks, add the sugar, corn sirup and salt, and mix well. Add the hot milk gradually to the egg mixture, then return to the top of the double boiler and cook like custard until thickened. Chill the mixture in the refrigerator tray until it is just beginning to freeze around the sides; then beat the chilled custard until it is light. Whip the cream and fold into it the beaten egg whites. Then carefully fold the chilled custard into this whipped mixture and return to the freezing tray. The more air you manage to incorporate into the mixture, the better. Freeze as quickly as you can, stirring carefully once or twice as the crystals begin to form.

For the following varieties, follow the basic recipe above, making changes or additions as indicated.

VANILLA ICE CREAM. Add 1 tablespoonful of vanilla to the custard just before chilling in the refrigerator tray.

CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM. As soon as the milk has been thickened with cornstarch, melt in it 2 ounces (2 squares) of unsweetened chocolate. Before chilling the custard in the refrigerator tray, add 1 tablespoonful of vanilla.

COFFEE ICE CREAM. Add 4 tablespoonfuls of ground coffee to milk and scald it in the top of the double boiler. As soon as the milk has a decided coffee flavor, strain through a fine sieve and use this coffee-flavored milk in place of plain milk in basic recipe.

GINGER ICE CREAM. To the chilled custard, add 3 tablespoonfuls of ginger sirup and 3 tablespoonfuls of chopped ginger.

ORANGE ICE CREAM. Combine 1¾ cupfuls of orange juice with 2 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and use this mixture in place of the milk in the basic recipe.

SUMMER PUDDING. After the custard is thoroughly chilled, add ⅓ cupful of toasted, shredded almonds, ⅓ cupful of chopped maraschino cherries and ⅓ cupful of chopped candied pineapple.

Using Evaporated Milk

THE consistency of evaporated milk makes it particularly suitable for making dishes in the mechanical refrigerator.

To whip the milk, place 1 cupful of evaporated milk in the top of a double boiler. After the milk has been scalding for fifteen minutes, *(Continued on Page 37)*

Cold meals sparkle with invigorating soup!

EAT SOUP
AND KEEP WELL

THERE'S nothing like bracing hot soup to take the monotony and sameness out of the cold meals of summer. You need a hot food, too, among all the cold meats, salads, ices and frigid beverages of the summer table. They put an extra tax on your digestion which is reduced by the warm, healthful glow of soup.

Try it. Perhaps you are skeptical about it. Even if it is a new idea to you, it is well worth your while to find out how much it improves the meals at this time of year.

Serve Campbell's Tomato Soup today. Its racy, lively flavor will instantly awaken a newer enjoyment, a more eager pleasure in all you eat. And don't overlook the *convenience* of this already-cooked delight —on your table in next to no time—available to you anytime and anywhere you go these warm days!

It's Tomato Soup when you add water. It's Cream of Tomato when you add milk or cream. Enjoy it both ways!

21 kinds to choose from...

Asparagus	Mulligatawny
Bean	Mutton
Beef	Ox Tail
Bouillon	Pea
Celery	Pepper Pot
Chicken	Printanier
Chicken-Gumbo	Tomato
Clam Chowder	Tomato-Okra
Consommé	Vegetable
Julienne	Vegetable-Beef
Mock Turtle	Vermicelli-Tomato

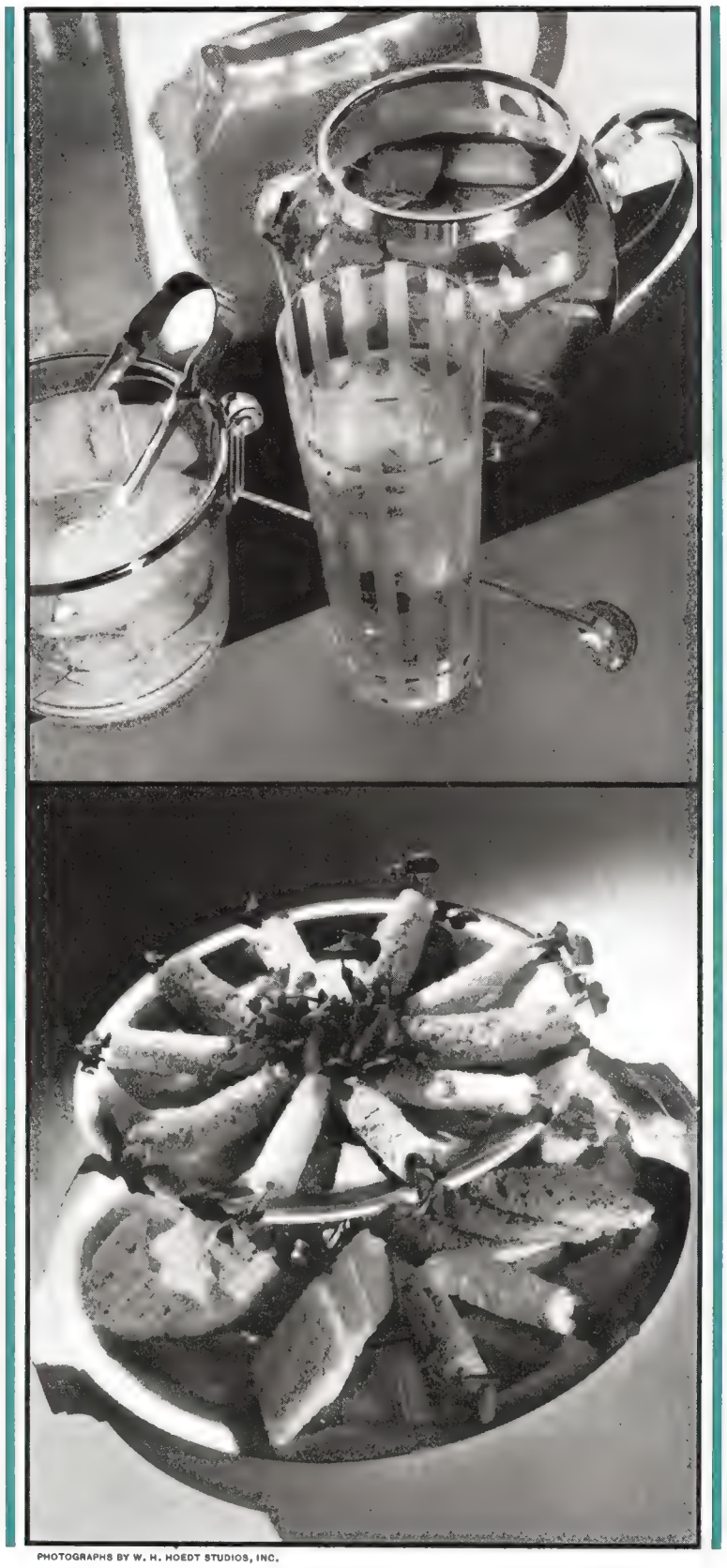
Tomato Soup—2 for 15 cents
Other kinds—10 cents a can

Sunshine all around you—
Sunshine when you play—
Sunshine in good Campbell's Soup,
Eat it every day!

Campbell's Tomato Soup

LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Summer Menus and Recipes



PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. HOEDT STUDIOS, INC.

By CAROLINE B. KING

NOTE FROM THE JOURNAL KITCHEN . . . July is verily a month of variety—new, fresh things appearing each week in rapid succession, each with its own particular appeal. Mrs. King's menus and recipes offer an abundance of suggestions of ways in which to use them to the best advantage. . . . Her menus include light meals and those that are substantial. Summer meals have plenty of cold foods in them—crisp vegetable salads, fresh fruits and refreshing beverages. But it is well to have one hot dish at each meal, whether it be a soup, an entrée, a beverage or a dessert. . . . Illustrated above is a new beverage set. The pitcher is barrel shaped, with a lip that catches ice cubes on their way out of the pitcher and prevents their making a sudden, unwelcome entry into the tumbler. The ice tub matches the pitcher, and the glass is very tall, with attractive frosted stripes. Beneath is a new two-tier tray in copper, with sandwiches prepared for Wednesday's luncheon menu.

July Fourth Midday Dinner

(UNDER THE TREES)

Jellied Ham, Water Cress and Pickle Garnish
Creamed Potatoes With Garden Peas in Ramekins
Deviled Eggs With Pimiento Strips on Crisp Lettuce Leaves
Buttered Rolls
Fresh Raspberries With Cream
Cup Cakes
Coffee Iced Tea

JELLIED HAM. Shave fine and remove most of the fat from 2 cupfuls of boiled ham. Pour 1 cupful of hot water over 1 package of lemon-flavored gelatin and add to it ½ cupful of cold water, ¼ cupful of vinegar or the liquid from sweet pickled peaches or other spiced fruit. Cool the gelatin mixture slightly and pour it over the shaved ham. Chill it thoroughly, then unmold it on a bed of water cress, garnish with sliced gherkins and mayonnaise.

July Fourth Supper

Baked-Bean Sandwiches on Boston Brown Bread
Pickles Cucumber Fingers Radishes
Cottage-Cheese-and-Pineapple Salad
Honey-Cream Sandwiches
Watermelon
Hot Coffee

HOT BAKED-BEAN SANDWICHES. Slice Boston brown bread very thin and spread with creamed butter. Heat baked beans in a double boiler. Spread a bread slice with chili sauce, then with baked beans, next a slice of crisp hot bacon, then a second layer of bread, buttered side down. If desired, these sandwiches may be double deckers, using the beans for the filling between the first and second layers of bread, the bacon and a bit of lettuce spread with mayonnaise between the second and third layers. If preferred, the beans may be mashed before they are heated. Sandwiches made from mashed beans are somewhat easier to handle, but the whole beans make a rather more appetizing looking sandwich.

HONEY-CREAM SANDWICHES. Warm 1 cupful of honey slightly, then beat it to a creamy consistency. Add heavy sweet cream, a little at a time, until ½ to ¾ cupful has been used. Beat well and spread between thin-sliced buttered white, orange, Graham or whole-wheat bread.

Sunday Dinner

Chilled Fruit Juice
Creole Shoulder of Lamb—Steamed Rice
Buttered Carrot Strips
Endive With French Dressing
Chocolate-Almond Ice Cream
Coffee

CREOLE SHOULDER OF LAMB. Have butcher bone and roll a 3 to 5 pound shoulder of lamb. Wipe it with a damp cloth and place it in an open roasting pan. Then brown it in a hot oven and season it with salt, pepper and paprika. Mix together a No. 2 can of tomatoes or a can of tomato soup, 1 chopped onion, 1 chopped green pepper, 1 tablespoonful of chopped parsley, 1 tablespoonful of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of salt and 2 cupfuls of boiling water or vegetable stock. Pour this over the meat, reduce the oven temperature and roast. Use the liquid in the pan after roasting for making gravy, thickening it slightly. The bone from the lamb may be used to prepare the broth for Monday luncheon.

Sunday Picnic-Basket Supper

Tomato Juice in Vacuum Jar
Double-Decker Sliced-Lamb Sandwiches
Celery Hearts
Assorted Fresh Fruits—Cookies
Iced Tea or Milk

DOUBLE-DECKER COLD-LAMB SANDWICHES. Cut whole-wheat, Graham or white bread for sandwiches. Spread with creamed butter and then lightly with chili sauce. Arrange the lamb, cut in thin slices, on the bread, add slices of pickle and cover with a slice of bread buttered on both sides. On this slice of bread lay crisp bits of lettuce spread lightly with mayonnaise and cover with wafer-thin slices of radish. Top with a third slice of bread, buttered side down.

Monday Luncheon

Lamb Broth With Vegetables
Salmon or Tuna-Fish Salad
Red Radishes
Dutch Peach Cake With Cream
Hot or Iced Tea Milk

DUTCH PEACH CAKE. Sift and measure 2 cupfuls of flour, then sift it again with 3 teaspoonfuls of tartrate baking powder, or 2½ teaspoonfuls of phosphate baking powder, or 2 teaspoonfuls of S. A. S.-phosphate baking powder, ½ teaspoonful of salt, ¼ teaspoonful of cinnamon and 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar. Cut or rub in thoroughly ¼ cupful of shortening. Mix together 1 egg and 1 cupful of milk, beat well and add to the dry ingredients. Stir quickly and turn into a well-greased pan. Cover the cake with quartered, peeled, fresh peaches and sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar. Bake in a moderate oven, about 375° F.

Monday Dinner

(VEGETABLE DINNER)

Tomatoes Stuffed With Chopped New Cabbage
Marrow Squash Baked in Shell
String Beans, Grated-Egg-Yolk Garnish
Creamed New Potatoes
Blueberry Pie
Coffee Iced Tea

Tuesday Luncheon

Hashed Lamb in Spaghetti Border
Old-Fashioned Sliced Tomatoes
Junket Apple Sauce
Cookies
Milk or Tea

JUNKET APPLE SAUCE. Make fresh apple sauce from new green apples, sweeten to taste and add a dash of nutmeg or cinnamon. Arrange in sherbet glasses. Dissolve 1 junket tablet in 1 tablespoonful of cold water. Mix 3 tablespoonfuls of sugar in 2 cupfuls of milk. Heat milk to lukewarm, then add ½ teaspoonful of lemon extract and the dissolved junket. Stir a few moments, and pour over the apple sauce. Leave in a warm room till set, then chill.

Tuesday Dinner

Planked Hamburg Steak, Duchesse Potato Border
Peppers Stuffed With Corn
Head Lettuce Russian Dressing
Sliced Peaches
Coffee Iced Tea

PLANKED HAMBURG STEAK. Purchase 2 pounds of beef from the top or bottom of the round and 2 ounces of fat salt pork, and have them run *(Continued on Page 38)*

BEDTIME STORIES
POLLY & GEORGIE

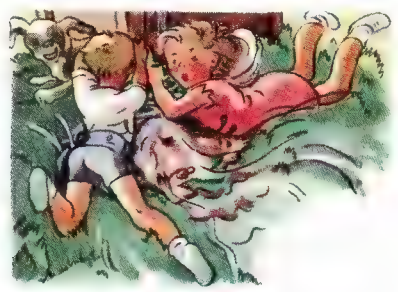
& SPOT

Last summer, Polly and Georgie and Spot went to visit Grandma on Grandpa's big farm in the country. The very first morning they were there, they went out with Grandma to feed the fluffy chicks and fat hens that were scratching around the barnyard.

Polly and Georgie liked it. But poor Spot! He'd never *seen* chickens before! He wanted to PLAY with them! When Polly and Georgie and Grandma began to throw big handfuls of grain to the little chicks and the fat hens—Spot began to bark.

And then he began to RUN. Right after a big red rooster! "Come here, Spot!" called Georgie. "Catch him, Georgie," cried Polly.

Through the farmyard they dashed—first the red rooster, then Spot, then Georgie and Polly. Just as Spot was getting close to the rooster, Georgie gave a big DIVE and Polly gave a big DIVE and they caught Spot by the *tail!*



Spot didn't mind, and the red rooster just gave a big CROW. But what a sight were Polly and Georgie! They had slid into a big mud puddle beside the farm pump—and Georgie's clean white blouse and Polly's pretty pink dress were just covered with MUD.

"We'll clean that off easily," said Grandma, with a laugh. "I've got plenty of P AND G Soap on hand." "Why, that's the kind mother uses!" said Polly. "Yes," said Grandma. "When she was a little girl I taught her about P AND G Soap and how it washes without hard rubbing."

"..but P AND G soaks his blouses white in a jiffy"

SAYS MRS. R. WARWICK
LAFAYETTE, INDIANA

Whiter clothes with a *white* soap? Of course! Here is what Mrs. R. Warwick, of Indiana, says:

"Bill, my 7-year-old, is outdoors all day long. He gets into plenty of dirt! But I just toss his clothes into P AND G suds. They are spotlessly clean in a jiffy.

"I don't have to rub hard with P AND G. It just seems to *soak* out the dirt. I use it for everything—dishes, clothes, linens and all. My curtains have been washed with P AND G for 6 years now and they are still fresh and crisp and white."

And Mrs. W. G. Plumb, of Tuscola, Ill., told us this:

"I'm certainly thankful for P AND G! It leaves clothes so *white* and clean-smelling! No yellow blurred look. No stale soapy smell. My tablecloths and napkins are still snowy-white after 6 years of P AND G washing. And they never have that harsh, stiffish feel that some soaps give."

Yes, white clothes do get white and stay whiter when you wash them with P AND G. P AND G is a smooth white cake—it never is sticky or gummy. Its rich lively suds work fast and rinse fast—you don't have to rub hard to get out dirt and soap. P AND G is safer for colors, too—and safer for your hands. It costs you so little because it is made in such large quantities. It is the largest-selling soap in the world! Save money by buying six or a dozen cakes at a time.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

P AND G
THE WHITE NAPHTHA SOAP

Takes the dirt · · ·
rinses fast · · · safe
· · · never gummy

Life in the Balance

COULD you forgive yourself, if a member of your family or a friend should die while you were standing by, helpless, waiting for the doctor? How would you feel if a life should slip away because you have never learned to give artificial respiration?

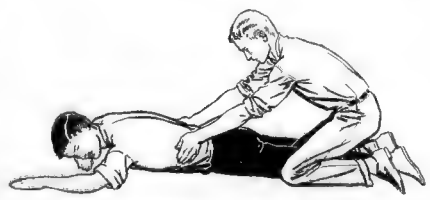
When someone is overcome by gas (illuminating, coal gas, carbon monoxide, or the gases in smoke), shocked into unconsciousness by electricity, or is nearly drowned, there is no time for guesswork or experimenting. You must get to work *instantly*—without a second's delay—and you *must know how.*

As a world-famed physiologist puts it, "Often, in drowning, electric or gas cases, the vital machine merely needs to be started again. It is like cranking an automobile when the engine has stalled and the self-starter is out of order."

Continue artificial respiration for four hours or longer if necessary. When changing operators, do so without losing count. Not infrequently the patient, after temporary recovery, stops breathing. Resume artificial respiration at once. Thousands upon thousands of lives have literally been snatched from death by this method of life saving.

In many progressive communities, fire departments, hospitals, gas and electric companies use inhalators containing cylinders of carbogen to stimulate breathing in conjunction with artificial respiration. If an inhalator is available, send for it, but let nothing interrupt immediate and continuous effort to restore natural breathing by artificial respiration.

Read the life-saving instructions under the diagrams; then practice them with a friend. Once learned, they will never be forgotten and by means of them you may save a life dearer to you than your own.

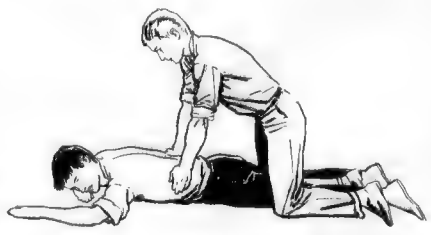


COUNT "ONE"

Do not wait to remove clothing but begin at once to apply artificial respiration. Lay the person face down on floor or ground, one arm extended directly forward. Bend the other arm at elbow and rest cheek on back of hand, mouth toward finger tips. Kneel, straddling patient's right or left leg, or both legs, at the thigh.

Place your hands on each side of back, just above the belt line, with your wrists four inches apart, thumb and fingers together; the little fingers over and following the line of the lowest rib; the tips of fingers just out of your sight.

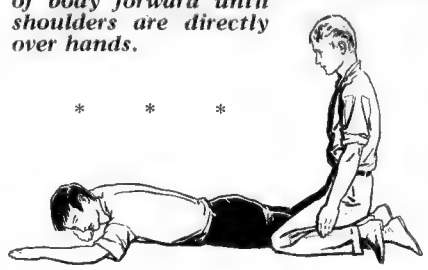
* * *



COUNT "TWO"

While counting "one," "two," (a second for each count) with arms straight, (not bent at the elbow) swing weight of body forward until shoulders are directly over hands.

* * *



COUNT "THREE" (*hands off*)

COUNT "FOUR" *and* "FIVE" (*rest*)

While counting "three" snap the hands sideways off the patient; at the same time, swing your relaxed body back to a resting position on your heels. While counting "four," "five"—rest.

Repeat these operations rhythmically, deliberately swinging forward and backward twelve to fifteen times a minute—a complete respiration in four or five seconds.

* * *

The Metropolitan's booklet "Artificial Respiration" which contains further information of value in giving First Aid to one suffering from electric shock, gas asphyxiation or apparent drowning, will be sent free upon request. Address Booklet Dept. 733-J.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ~ ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

© 1933 M. L. I. CO.

Simplify for Summer

IF YOUR usual vacation plans have been knocked into a cocked hat this year, use your ingenuity to keep cool at home and change the monotony of routine.

First, take down stuffy and elaborate draperies. If curtains are necessary for protection from one's neighbors, make some inexpensive net sash curtains which can be drawn across to break the view. If you have overstuffed furniture and can spare it, relegate it to some upstairs room until autumn; if not, cover it with slip covers, which can be made at home from inexpensive materials. Roll your rugs up in moth flakes and get them entirely out of sight. If you feel that you must have a covering on your living-room floor, buy a straw mat—those that come in squares, sewed together to make any desired size, are particularly good, and they give a delightfully cool effect to the room.

Clear the bric-a-brac off your mantelshelves; unload the tops of the bookcases; empty your living-room tables of everything in the way of ornament—even strip them of their covers. Then see, when you come home hot and tired and rather out of humor, if you don't find this sense of emptiness, of breathing space, of decks cleared for action, rather restful.

In the dining room, clear the sideboard of all unnecessary things. Use mats on the table and use paper napkins—though not the thin, flimsy kind—for breakfast and luncheon at least. And if this all seems strange to the family, that's just the effect to be desired—at least it will take their minds off the temperature!

In the bedrooms use plain white covers on bureaus and dressing table—linen towels will serve—and white curtains at the windows. Nothing will give a cooler effect than the use of a white sheet for a bedspread.

Comfortable chairs, bright cushions and a table or two for tea, magazines and puzzles are highly desirable for a successful piazza. If it is at the back or side of the house, convenient to the dining room or kitchen, you may have all three meals a day there.

Window shades always accomplish their purpose better if opaque enough to shut out the sun; nothing can make a room seem hotter than sunlight streaming through yellow shades. Awnings will make all the difference as to whether your room belongs in the temperate or torrid zone; but if they are too expensive a vine-covered lattice, three feet in front of the window, will soften the light without interfering with ventilation.

Flowers always give a room a sense of liquid coolness. See for yourself the extraordinary beauty of nasturtiums arranged loosely in a clear glass bowl. On the hottest day restrict yourself to flowers of the cooler hues—don't fill your rooms with the strong oranges and reds of zinnias and blanket flowers. Stress the blues and whites, pale creamy yellows and lavenders.

Even though winter seems to you the proper time for house plants, don't miss the effect of having a few pots in the living room and on the piazza. Huge jars of green leaves, boughs of evergreen or laurel add incredibly to the cool effect for which you are striving. Try a mass of it in the fireplace and see for yourself.

—RUTH S. BROOKS.

Saving Work

OUT of black cardboard boxes cut two covers the size of the LADIES' HOME JOURNAL; bind two sides with strips of red oilcloth three inches wide; punch holes for loose-leaf rings; you will have a book in which to preserve the pages of helpful articles.

LAY a white rubber mat, with the top surface slightly corded, in the bottom of the bathtub to prevent slipping.

STRING spring clothespins on a strong cord and attach it to screw hooks inside the clothes-closet door, and you will have a place where the children can easily hang their clothes when they take them off.

THE VALUE of heirlooms and old pictures often becomes next to nothing, due to the fact that age and previous ownership are unknown. Write such facts upon pieces of paper, paste somewhere out of sight on the articles and varnish.

MATTRESSES can be kept fresh by alternating careful vacuum cleaning with an occasional sun bath—either in the sun itself or under a sun lamp.

GIVE an inexpensive wooden chopping bowl three coats of olive oil and it will become a far more valuable salad bowl.

AFTER WASHING brushes, turn face down on bristles. Never turn bristles up. The water will soak into the holes in back of brush and rot the bristles.

A TEN or twelve inch round pie tin or cake pan is a convenience to hold spices and flavoring bottles in the kitchen closet. It revolves easily and gives one a chance to select with ease the exact thing needed. Place the tall flavoring bottles in the center. Another round pan in the refrigerator will conveniently hold an opened jar of mayonnaise, chili sauce, olives, jelly or preserves, and small quantities of left-overs. A turn of the pan brings any one of these into reach quickly, with almost no reaching over.

IF YOUR felt mattresses have lost a tuft or two you can prolong their lives by replacing the tufts before the layers of felt break apart and form lumps. Thread a six-inch upholsterer's needle with heavy twine; run it through the mattress where the old tuft used to be; tie the cord around a small wad of cotton to serve as a pad to prevent the cord from cutting through the ticking; return the needle through another spot half an inch away; draw the twine through the mattress until it is fairly taut. Slip another small wad of cotton under the cord before you tie the two loose ends securely.

WHEN FOOD is stored in the refrigerator, never use ordinary paper bags. They are not waterproof.

WHEN WASHING best glasses, spread a tea towel over drainboard. This prevents chipping or cracking.

"Harsh Laxatives cause *untold* trouble"

WHY does Dr. Jacobson, one of the leading medical experts in Denmark, make the above startling statement?

Because—to give his words—"laxative drugs in the long run weaken the intestines." As a result, the bowels "*can no longer function without help.*"

Dr. Daniel Jacobson is an authority of the great University of Copenhagen. He also heads his own private clinic. He states:—

"After many years of medical experience I recommend a remedy which overcomes constipation not harshly but gently—fresh yeast. Fresh yeast, a food, stimulates peristalsis (bowel movement). It supplies bulk. It mixes with and softens accumulated wastes in the intestines . . . making elimination easier, regular . . . more complete.

"It invigorates the whole system."

Would you like to test—for say 60 days, the effect of yeast on *your* health?

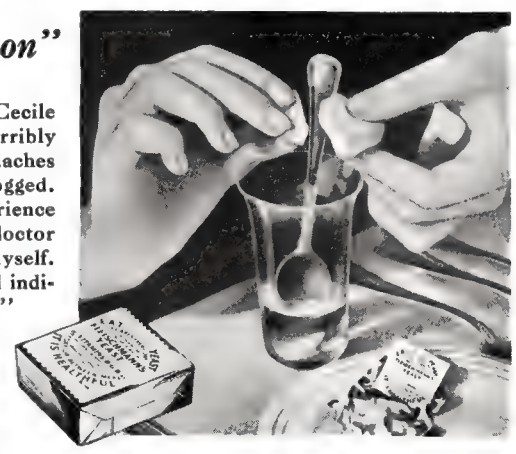
Then simply eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, regularly, before meals or between meals and at bedtime, plain or in a third of a glass of water. In a very short time—as yeast "tones" and actually strengthens your intestines—you should discover that you *no longer need* those weakening medicines . . . those habit-forming laxatives and pills!

Isn't it worth trying? Then *do* try it—now! Know the joy of a healthy body—a good digestion—a radiant skin. You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains. Write for free booklet. Dept. YA7, Standard Brands Inc., 691 Washington St., New York City.

"Yeast had done wonders for my son"

"I felt very tired," *writes* Mrs. Cecile Stout, *of Philadelphia,* "and was terribly bothered with indigestion and headaches . . . I knew my system was clogged. Remembering my son's fine experience with Fleischmann's Yeast (the doctor had recommended it), I tried it myself. It cleared up my constipation and indigestion and built up my strength."

IMPORTANT! Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in health-giving vitamins B, G and D—the kind famous doctors advise.



Copyright, 1933, Standard Brands Incorporated

YES! There's a trick to washing matelassé fabrics

I'll take you into the secret!

So many women ask me these questions—"Will the matelassé fabrics wash? Will they lose their crinkle? Will they shrink? Will they stretch?" My answer is—*"they'll wash nicely if you wash them correctly!"* And here is the simple recipe I learned by experience.

Watch the soap!

Don't use harsh soap. Don't use soap that is hard to rinse—that sticks to the crinkles and has to be *rubbed* out. Don't use hot water. Don't use soap that needs hot water to dissolve it—you might not get the suds cooled off enough!

USE IVORY SNOW. This fluffy form of pure, mild Ivory Soap is ideal for matelassés. It is not cut into hard, flat flakes, but BLOWN into swiftly dissolving soft, *round* bits. No danger of too-hot suds when you use Ivory Snow, because it melts *completely* in water that is just LUKEWARM!

Watch the rinse!

No soap spots to be rubbed out in the rinse when you use Ivory Snow! Ivory Snow has no flat pieces that can float in the suds, cling to fabrics and make hard-rinsing soap spots. Keep the rinse water the same temperature as the wash water—just LUKEWARM.

Press up-and-down and crossways!

Roll garment in a thick towel to press out the loose water. Then shake it out and pull it into shape. While still slightly damp, place on a softly padded ironing board (as for pressing embroidery) and press on the *wrong* side of the material with a moderately hot iron. Press gently both up-and-down and crossways until thoroughly dry.

KATHRYN MARTIN
Washability Expert

BIG BOX—ONLY 15¢
99 44/100 % PURE

First and Last Courses

By OLIVE BARRETT

THE old Creole cooks had a saying which their descendants have kept alive to this day. It is, "If the beginning and the end of the meal are successful, the middle will take care of itself." Thus laying a wise finger upon the hors d'œuvres, the soup and the dessert as the main props of the meal. And, indeed, these three items are invested with most of the decorative as well as the gustatory possibilities of the dinner.

The field of hors d'œuvres, appetizers and canapés is unlimited. Red caviar served in lemon or kumquat baskets, with the thinnest of radish sandwiches, is popular in all the smart clubs. If radishes are not available, use tiny bread-and-butter sandwiches, the butter creamed with a bit of onion salt. Hors-d'œuvre packages can now be purchased in all the smart food shops, such as tiny jars of caviar, spiced sausages, relishes, anchovies, and packages of wafers upon which the finished product can be served.

AVOCADO WITH CRAB MEAT. Allow a quarter of an avocado to each person, remove peel and arrange on plate. Pile on crab-meat mixture, made by tossing 1 pound of crab meat, flaked, with 1 cupful of equal parts of chili sauce and mayonnaise. Garnish with a whole ripe olive in a fluting of plain mayonnaise on top of mound. The smarter hostesses place a single scarlet blossom on the plate beside the avocado slice.

CHICKEN CANAPÉ. Mince very fine, 1 cupful of cold chicken. Season it highly with curry powder, and add enough melted butter to bind together. Arrange it around the edge of a toasted circle of bread, and in the center place a mound of toasted chopped almonds and crushed pineapple, moistened with mayonnaise. Pipe a thin line of mayonnaise around the circle to divide the chicken and pineapple mixtures. Decorate with bits of pimiento.

LIVERWURST AND POTATO CHIPS. As a complement to tomato-juice cocktails, spread potato chips with liverwurst paste and toast them at the last moment in the oven.

EVERGLADES COCKTAIL. Cut honeydew, cantaloupe or pineapple—or all together—into dice, and pour over this sirup: Boil ¾ cupful of sugar and 1 cupful of water together for five minutes. Pour hot sirup over ¼ cupful of chopped mint and let stand until cold. Strain and chill thoroughly before serving. Garnish with pomegranate seeds, bright-colored fruit slice, or berries.

SALMON BISQUE. Remove skin and bones from a one-pound can of salmon and simmer in 1⅓ cupfuls of boiling water for thirty minutes. Drain and beat the salmon with a fork until creamy. Dissolve a pinch of soda in 2 cupfuls of milk and heat in a double boiler. Blend 2 tablespoonfuls of flour in 2 tablespoonfuls of melted butter, and to this add 1 can of tomato soup thinned with an equal measure of water. Stir until blended, then add to the milk and salmon in top of double boiler. Stir until thickened, and serve with crackers buttered lightly and sprinkled with grated cheese.

JELLIED CARROT SOUP. To 4 cupfuls of boiling meat stock add 2 tablespoonfuls of gelatin which has been soaked in cold water. When mixture is cool add 1 cupful of cooked carrots cut into tiny slivers and ½ teaspoonful of nutmeg. Pour into shallow, lightly greased pan and chill. When cold and ready to serve, cut into dice and pile in bouillon cups, top with a spoonful of whipped cream, dash with paprika, and serve. Serves six.

Desserts

ANGEL PUFFS. Beat together until light, 2 egg whites, 1 cupful of sugar, 1 teaspoonful of vanilla and a speck of salt. Then add 3 bananas mashed to a pulp, and continue beating until quite smooth. Pile in puff shells, or ordinary tart shells, and bake about twenty minutes. Cool, top with whipped cream and a little of strawberry preserve, ringed with "flagstones" of broken nut meats.

ORANGE FROST. Prepare 1 package of orange-flavored gelatin by dissolving in hot water, and cool. Remove pithy segments from 1 can of Bartlett pears and mash fine with a fork. Add ½ cupful of sugar and 1 teaspoonful of almond extract. Chill the gelatin and pears separately. Break the gelatin into particles with tines of a fork until it presents a sparkling appearance, then fold in 3 or 4 tablespoonfuls of whipped cream and the pears. Garnish with whipped cream.

POSY PUDDING. By using various tints of whipped cream the possibilities of this dessert are manifold. Drain 1 eight-ounce can of blackberries and put the berries through a sieve. Return to juice from can, and add enough water to make 2 cupfuls. Bring to boiling point, and to this add 1 package of lemon-flavored gelatin. Add a little sugar if too tart and dissolve thoroughly. Chill until firm, separate with a fork into a fluffy mass, and add enough whipped cream to lighten to an orchid color. Tint 2 tablespoonfuls of the cream yellow and leave the rest white. Pile the pudding in parfait glasses, cover top with the white cream and place a bit of green cherry in center. Around the green, pipe five petals of the yellow cream in semblance of a posy.

ENGLISH-WALNUT MOLD. Sift together ¼ cupful of sugar with 1¾ cupfuls of sifted flour, ½ teaspoonful of salt and 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Beat 2 eggs into 1 cupful of milk, add 1 teaspoonful of vanilla and 4 tablespoonfuls of melted shortening, and add to dry ingredients. Add 1 cupful of chopped walnut meats coated with ¼ cupful of flour. Turn into individual molds, cover and steam forty-five minutes. Serve with a sauce made by boiling ½ cupful of water with 1 cupful of sugar until sirup spins a thread, or to 225° F. Pour sirup over 3 beaten egg yolks, stirring until thick. Add 1 teaspoonful of vanilla and cool. When ready to serve fold in 2 cupfuls of whipped cream.

Remember *Her?*

How *could I forget her!*

Of *course* she remembered Helen! Helen was the kind of girl you couldn't easily forget.

Poor thing—it was not her beauty, not her charm, that lingered in the memory, but something else about her . . .

HOW'S *YOUR* BREATH TODAY?

Without knowing it, *everyone* is subject now and then to halitosis (unpleasant breath).

Even one offense is hard for others to forgive—or forget. They do not bother to find out whether you are *habitually* guilty of this grave social fault. They take it for granted that you are, and whisper among themselves. But do they tell *you?* Never. That, of course, is the insidious thing about halitosis. You never know . . .

There is only one way to play safe. Gargle and rinse the mouth with Listerine. Do this every morning, every evening, and whenever you are going to meet others. Make it a habit as inflexible as bathing or brushing the teeth.

Then you will be *sure.* For Listerine ends halitosis promptly. It instantly corrects the *cause* of 90% of all cases of unpleasant breath—fermentation of food particles lodged in the teeth. And simultaneously—because of its deodorant power—Listerine overcomes the odors themselves.

There is no other product for this purpose that can compare with Listerine. Ordinary antiseptics can't hide, in 12 hours, odors that Listerine corrects *at once.* Clinical tests, under medical supervision, have established that fact.

So make sure you use *genuine* Listerine. You will find it most agreeable—with none of the medicinal flavor of harsh mouth washes. Listerine is the *safe* antiseptic with the *pleasant* taste.

LISTERINE
instantly overcomes
HALITOSIS

I've saved $3 for a Rainy Day

. . . on tooth paste alone

"MAYBE you think I'm not glad I changed to Listerine Tooth Paste!

"It's worked wonders for my teeth. They used to be cloudy and dull. Now you can see how white and sparkling they are. My gums are firmer, too, and my whole mouth feels swell! I've never found anything at any price that I liked so well, or gave such good results.

"And speaking of price, Listerine Tooth Paste has saved me about $3, and I've used it only a year. You see, it costs a quarter, and the difference between that and forty or fifty cents may look small, but it mounts up.

"That old saying about saving for a rainy day has a new meaning for me. It had already been raining for a couple of years before I woke up, but believe me, I've learned to watch the small items now. I'm darned glad to save $3 on my tooth paste — especially when I prefer Listerine Tooth Paste anyway!"

* * *

Smile into your mirror. Examine your teeth. If they are yellowish or lack lustre, change to Listerine Tooth Paste for a few days. Then look at the reflection of your teeth in the glass again. The difference you will see there will be almost unbelievable.

Tobacco stains and all other discoloration will be gone. Your teeth will be whiter than you ever thought possible. They will look "alive" — sparkling with highlights.

Cannot scratch enamel

The new cleansing and polishing agent in Listerine Tooth Paste cannot scratch or mar the softest tooth surface. Yet it's just hard enough to remove the tartar that clings to the teeth.

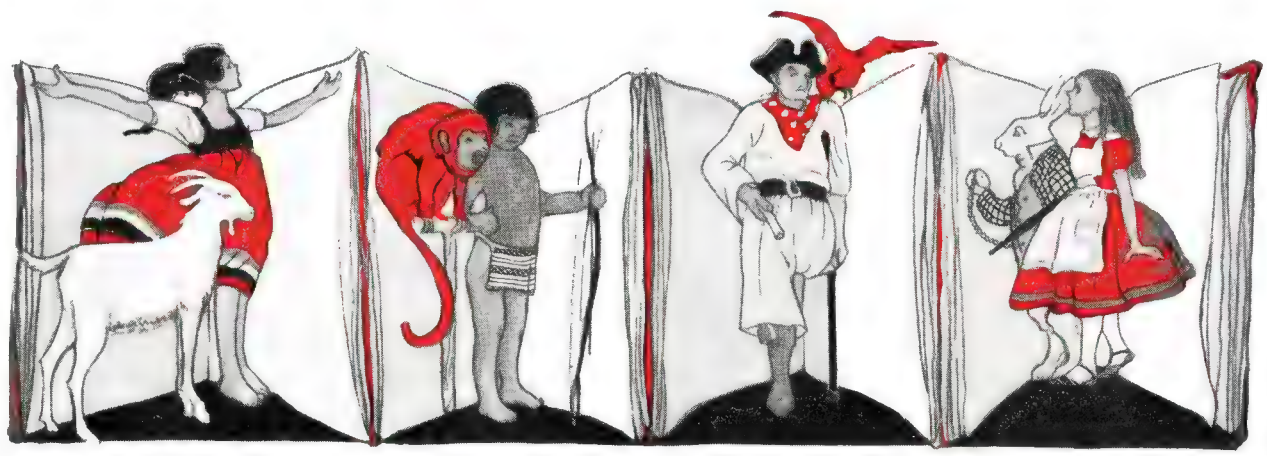
Try this modern dentifrice today. You will like the taste, and your teeth and gums will be greatly benefited. At the same time, you will be saving about $3 on tooth paste alone! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

See what you can buy for the $3 you save

Handkerchiefs	Underwear	Shoes
Hose	Bathrobe	Rubbers
Hat	Swimming Suit	Umbrella
Sweater	Raincoat	Suitcase
Gloves	Sneakers	Traveling Bag
Knickers	Moccasins	or a
Pyjamas	Slippers	Good Book

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE · 25¢

removes film faster



What Reading Does for Children

By MARION L. FAEGRE

LOUISE'S parents were loving and thoughtful, they tried to anticipate her every need. In fact, Louise was so accustomed to having things come her way that she saw nothing incongruous in the sugary stories of love's smooth progress with which she filled her reading hours. On this diet of easy reading, Louise came to think of any other kind of book as unpalatable. She made wry faces over the things she was compelled to read in school, and hurriedly gulped down the required classics with no interest and little comprehension.

Constance came from a home of less easy circumstances, but her father and mother were looked up to in their community. From the time she was very young, Connie's father had read to her travel, biography, fiction, books that a child would not ordinarily read, but which came alive to her under his enthusiasm. Constance learned early to think of books as a source of the greatest possible enjoyment, and of the public library as one of her city's most treasured institutions. Her teachers were quick to sense the rich background from which Connie could draw illustrations.

These two girls have their counterparts in thousands of American children who are building up lives in which reading plays a part "for better or for worse."

BOOKS are as Necessary to Mental Growth as are Vitamins to Physical Growth

Many parents fear that the reading of books will draw their children away from the real world, and make them unable to grapple with its problems. How have they come to mistrust imagination, greatest of the fairy godmother's gifts?

Putting Imagination to Work

THE little child is very much father to the man when he invests his world with the colors of a dream, when the imaginary world he plays in is more real than the four walls around him.

But isn't it dangerous for children to have too much imagination? Not too much imagination, but wrong use of it, is dangerous.

A child may be taught to make active, constructive use of his gift. The child who develops imaginative lying may be using it as a retreat from a too harsh world. He wants attention, and he gets it if he tells a tall enough tale. The child who daydreams away his time, with or without a book, has not the right interests. Active play, companions, his home life have in some way failed to be attractive enough to compete with the easy satisfactions he can have in a dream world.

Such instances indicate wrong handling of the child. That parent need have no fear whose child's natural desires and deep-seated needs are being taken care of with love and understanding.

The young child has every need of having his vivid imagination fed, and directed along channels of activity. Very early, stories will help him to do this. He will intensely enjoy acting out the stories he hears, like LITTLE BLACK SAMBO, THE THREE BILLY GOATS and LITTLE BOY BLUE. A little later the child's imagination makes him long to know more about other lands and peoples, so that he may visualize more clearly the dim figures of children whose lives differ from his own. Then HEIDI, WANDA AND GRETA and RED HOWLING MONKEY will be popular.

The period when the fairy tale comes into its own marks a stage when the child has mastered the art of reading and is free to bury himself for hours in the books of his choice. Myths and legends of far-off, long-ago lands are captivating, as well as Andersen and Grimm. The child becomes that other child who lived LONG AGO IN GAUL, or that hero who, sword in hand, ventured with Leif the Lucky.

Not only do such books minister to the child's love of excitement; they give an introduction to history. Whoever has approached Rome by way of BURIED CITIES, or lived with FOUR OLD GREEKS, is armed against boredom with ancient history.

For older children, MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY recreates life behind the scenes of a most romantic episode in British trading-ship history, just as LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI unfolds for boys the vanished life of a period crammed with drama.

Children will not learn to read in a home where there are no books. Where books are a part of the daily fare, children turn to them for nourishment as they do to other food. Books are as necessary to mental growth as are proteins, minerals and vitamins to physical growth. There are so many inexpensive editions of books of permanent worth, and libraries are so well equipped to help the child, that small means should not stand in the way of lavish provision of books.

If the family is constantly reading good books and magazines, the resultant flow of stimulating conversation will do much to broaden the child's interests.

Try Reading Aloud

READING aloud is a source of family fun, and a means of drawing together members widely disparate in age and interests. "If children are read to," many mothers ask, "don't they get lazy about reading to themselves?" Some children do not enjoy reading because they have never got beyond considering reading a chore. But it soon ceases to be hard work if they are properly taught and have plenty of "easy reading" material. WAG AND PUFF, PRANCING PAT, GORDON AND HIS FRIENDS are a few of the many little books that encourage the child to feel that the reading world is a friendly one.

Children may be read to so much they will refuse to make the effort on their own. Many mothers who confess to this difficulty have not put enough thought on providing books that are so fascinating that the child will not want to wait until someone has time to read to him. To begin a book aloud, and then have pressing affairs that prevent going on, has been many a mother's plan in changing this habit. But the books must be suited to the child's reading ability and taste.

The child may pass through a period of reading what his parents feel is trash; but if he is early introduced to the charms of the best, he will have relatively little time to spend on the mediocre or poor.

Many a woman has had to revise her ideas of life as made up of love and romance, a revision that has been made necessary in part by a long-time diet of romantic fiction. A diet of biography and history would have been equally enjoyed.

We cannot give children much advice that will be of use to them in crises twenty years from now, for only shiny, new knowledge will in many cases apply. But we can teach them where to go for information, for enjoyment, for refreshment of spirit and for breadth of vision. We can open up to them the world of books.

EDITOR'S NOTE—A list of books, suitable for children of various ages, has been prepared by Mrs. Faegre. This list will be sent upon the receipt of three cents. Address Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia, Pa.

MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

133,000 miles!... in all kinds of weather! Simoniz has kept this '29 car looking like new. Its owner is Mr. L. W. House, Geneva, N. Y.

SIMONIZ Gives Cars Lasting Beauty

There's one way to keep your car beautiful year after year. Simoniz it! Then you can drive anywhere—rain or shine, good roads or bad—and your car will stay bright and new looking.

Simoniz guards the beauty and protects the finish in all weather, makes it last longer and keeps the colors from fading! That's why *every* car should be Simonized! In fact, the finish must have Simoniz. Otherwise weather, dirt and ultra-violet rays not only dull and fade but soon destroy it!

Nothing compares with Simoniz! It's not like so-called polishes and other preparations that merely give a here-today-gone-tomorrow "shine". Simoniz gives lasting, rich beauty and dependable protection!

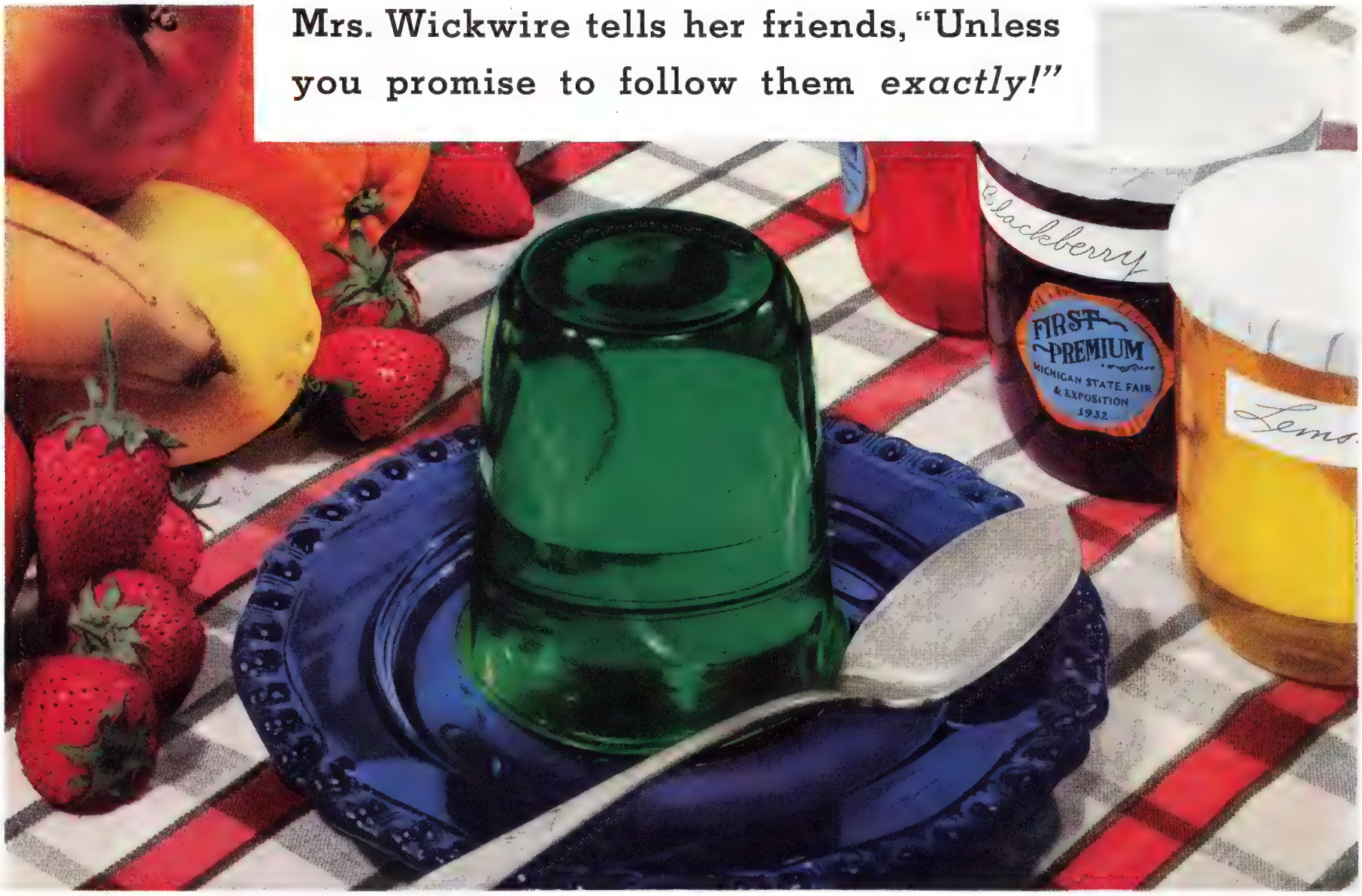
Simonizing is easy. The wonderful Simoniz Kleener restores the original lustre without any hard rubbing. Then apply Simoniz and you'll be delighted how brand new your car looks!

Always insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. Nothing takes their place! These famous products are NEVER sold under any other name. Hardware and auto accessory stores everywhere have them.

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY · CHICAGO, U. S. A.

"I Won't Give You My PRIZE WINNING RECIPES!"

Mrs. Wickwire tells her friends, "Unless you promise to follow them *exactly!*"



Michigan Jelly Champion explains how she makes a perfect-tasting jelly or jam in 12 minutes or less.

Mrs. Maggie Wickwire of Detroit who won 17 jam and jelly prizes at the Michigan State Fair last year. All her entries were made with Certo.

BY *Mrs. Maggie Wickwire*

MICHIGAN JELLY CHAMPION

"Last week my neighbor, Mrs. Morris, asked me for the jam and jelly recipes with which I won 17 prizes, including 9 firsts, at the Michigan State Fair just last summer.

" 'Yes, Myrtle,' I replied, 'I'll give you the recipes—but only if you will promise to follow them exactly!' Then I gave her this recipe for blackberry jelly.

BLACKBERRY JELLY RECIPE

4 cups (2 lbs.) juice
7½ cups (3¼ lbs.) sugar 1 bottle Certo

To prepare juice, crush thoroughly or grind about 3 quarts fully ripe berries. Place in jelly cloth or bag and squeeze out juice.

Measure sugar and juice into large saucepan and mix. Bring to a boil over hottest fire and at once add Certo, stirring constantly. Then bring to a *full rolling boil* and boil hard ½ minute. Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin hot jelly at once. This recipe makes about 11 glasses of jelly (6 fluid ounces each).

* * *

"Naturally, Mrs. Morris was surprised when she read that recipe. Only ½ minute boiling! Almost twice as much sugar as fruit juice. To her, it seemed ridiculous.

"But I pointed out that the recipe calls for a product called Certo. And it is Certo that allows me to make perfect jelly and jam so quickly—as long as I follow the recipe to the letter.

"The ½ minute boiling (even jams rarely require more than 1 minute boiling) I told her, also explains why jellies and jams made with Certo are so much more delicious. All of that fine, fresh fruit flavor stays in the jelly or jam.

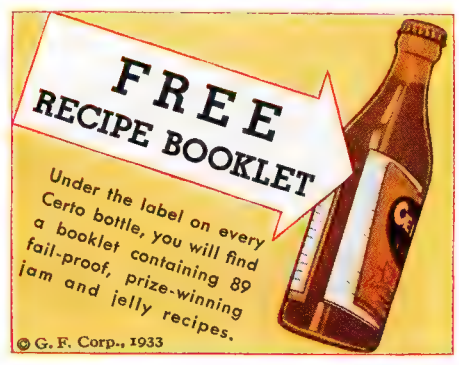
"And, since none of my fruit juice boiled away, I made half again as many glasses of jelly as *she* had been getting with her old-fashioned method, from the same amount of fruit. Then she saw for herself that you need the extra sugar to take care of the extra juice.

"Now you, too, can make perfect jelly and jam every time, if you will simply use Certo and these wonderful tested recipes. But you must follow the recipes *exactly*. There are 89 of them—covering almost every fruit—in a neat little booklet under the label of every Certo bottle."

* * *

Certo is bottled fruit pectin—a natural fruit substance that makes jellies "jell." When you add Certo to your fruit juice and sugar, just as the recipes specify, you can make perfect jelly or jam from any fruit!

Visit the Certo display, General Foods Exhibit at the Century of Progress Exposition, Chicago, June to October.


FREE
RECIPE BOOKLET
Under the label on every Certo bottle, you will find a booklet containing 89 fail-proof, prize-winning jam and jelly recipes.
© G. F. Corp., 1933

Frozen to Your Taste

(Continued from Page 26)

add 1 teaspoonful of gelatin which has been softened in 2 tablespoonfuls of cold water and dissolve it thoroughly. Then set the milk in the refrigerator to chill thoroughly for several hours or overnight, if possible. Just before time to use it, whip it with a strong rotary beater until it is the consistency of whipped cream.

Apricot Ice Cream

6 or 8 Ounces of Apricot Purée (¾ or 1 Cupful)
½ Cupful of Sugar
2 Tablespoonfuls of Corn Sirup
2 Egg Yolks
2 Tablespoonfuls of Lemon Juice
½ Teaspoonful of Lemon Rind
¼ Teaspoonful of Salt
1 Cupful of Evaporated Milk, Prepared for Whipping
2 Egg Whites

COMBINE the apricot purée, sugar and corn sirup and boil the mixture for two minutes. Add this to the egg yolks, heat over hot water until slightly thickened, then chill in the tray of the refrigerator and add the lemon juice and rind and the salt. Whip the evaporated milk, and fold into it the egg whites already beaten. Finally, fold into it carefully the apricot mixture. Turn into the refrigerator tray and freeze as quickly as possible. For prune ice cream, use prune purée in place of the apricot purée in this recipe.

Date Ice Cream

PIT one-half pound of dates, add ⅔ cupful water and stew them until they are very soft. Then prepare exactly as for apricot ice cream, using the stewed dates in place of apricots but using only ⅓ cupful of sugar. Add ½ cupful of toasted shredded almonds at the same time you add the lemon juice and rind.

Freezing in the Freezer

THE recipes to be frozen in the freezer vary all the way from ices which have nothing in them but sugar, water and fruit juices, through the sherbets with these ingredients—or sometimes milk instead of water—and egg white or gelatin to make them a little smoother, to the rich ice creams with their butterfat, egg yolks and possibly cornstarch or junket or gelatin or other materials to keep them smooth.

There is a trick well worth knowing for freezing in the freezer. Contrary to dishes frozen in the refrigerator, those done in the freezer will be smoother if they are frozen slowly. The larger the proportion of salt to ice, the colder the mixture and the more rapid the freezing. A proportion of 1 part of salt to 8 parts of ice (½ cupful of coarse salt to every quart measure of ice) is good for most recipes. But if the mixture persistently refuses to freeze with this proportion (one, like cranberry sherbet, with a great deal of sugar may) use more salt.

To save ice, chill the mixture before putting it into the freezer. And always scald the freezer before using it.

For packing a frozen mixture to keep for several hours, use a larger proportion of salt to ice—usually 3 parts of ice to 1 part of salt. This will keep the contents of the container very cold. But don't serve the dish frozen too hard, for much of the fineness of the texture will be lost.

In any of the following sherbets you can use ¾ cupful of sugar and ¼ cupful of honey in place of 1 cupful of sugar. Use this mixture just as if it were all sugar. Also, instead of using gelatin, you can add one egg white, slightly beaten, just before turning it into the freezer.

LEMON SHERBET. Boil 3 cupfuls of water and 1⅓ cupful of sugar together for five minutes; then add ½ teaspoonful of lemon rind, boil for another minute and strain immediately. Add 2 teaspoonfuls of gelatin which has been softened in 2 tablespoonfuls of cold water and dissolve it well. Add ½ cupful of lemon juice, chill the mixture thoroughly and freeze.

ORANGE SHERBET. Boil 1½ cupfuls of water and 1 cupful of sugar together for five minutes. Add 2 teaspoonfuls of gelatin which has been softened in 2 tablespoonfuls of cold water and dissolve it thoroughly. Add 2 cupfuls of orange juice and 2 tablespoonfuls of lemon juice, chill the mixture and freeze.

GRAPE SHERBET. Boil 2 cupfuls of water with ⅔ cupful of sugar for five minutes. Add 2 teaspoonfuls of gelatin which has been softened in 2 tablespoonfuls of cold water and dissolve it thoroughly. Add 2 cupfuls of grape juice and ¼ cupful of lemon juice, chill the mixture, then freeze.

PINEAPPLE SHERBET. Boil 1 cupful of water with 1 cupful of sugar for five minutes. Add 2 teaspoonfuls of gelatin which has been softened in 2 tablespoonfuls of cold water and dissolve it thoroughly. Add 3 cupfuls of canned pineapple juice, chill the mixture well, and freeze.

TOMATO FRAPPÉ. Heat 2 cupfuls of tomato juice to boiling, then add 1 teaspoonful of gelatin already soaked in 2 tablespoonfuls of cold water, and be sure it dissolves. Chill the mixture, then add 1 tablespoonful of lemon juice and 1 tablespoonful of catchup and freeze.

In Peace and Quiet

SCIENCE has recently stated that "Good food tastefully served in quiet, pleasant places goes a long way toward preventing indigestion. This is not mere poetry, but actual fact which can be demonstrated in the laboratory. . . . Beauty soothes, quiets and relaxes."

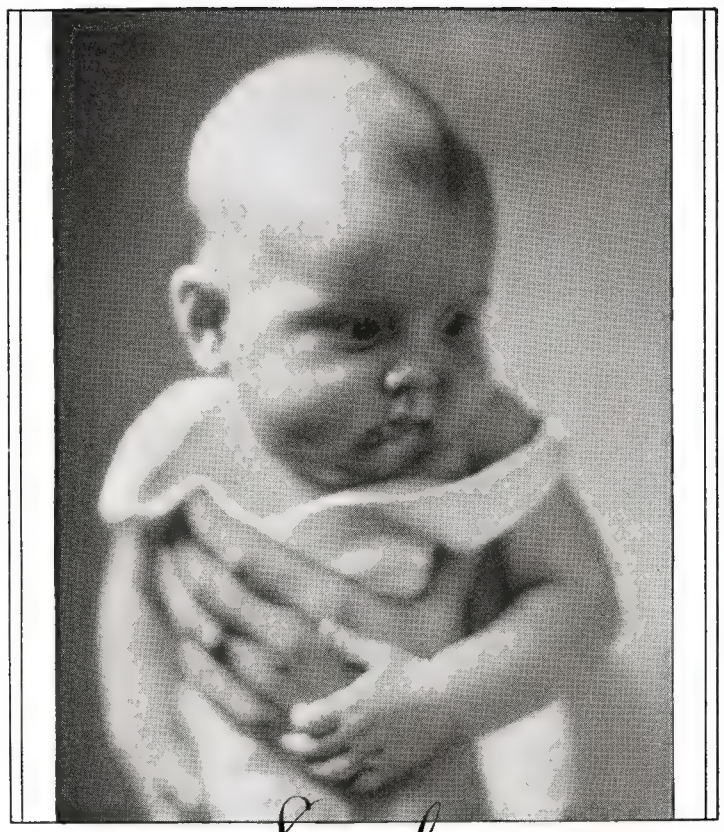
In our hurried, noisy living this might serve as a warning as well as a suggestion. —LITA BANE.

Ice Creams Frozen in the Freezer

2 Cupfuls of Milk
1 Tablespoonful of Cornstarch
2 Eggs
¼ Teaspoonful of Salt
½ Cupful of Sugar
2 Cupfuls of Coffee Cream

MAKE a paste of the cornstarch in a little of the cold milk, and add it to the rest of the milk heated. Cook until thickened. Beat the eggs slightly, add the salt and sugar, then the hot milk, and cook like custard. Chill well, then add the cream and freeze. This recipe may be made either more or less rich than the above. Some people make ice cream without eggs or cornstarch. But to do this you need to use almost all cream (thin cream, of course) to make it satisfying.

Vanilla, chocolate, coffee, ginger or orange ice cream, or summer pudding, can be made in the freezer by following this basic recipe and adding the flavors as indicated for these varieties on page 26. The basic recipes for use in the freezer and the refrigerator are different, but the methods of varying them can be used as well in one as in the other.



Such a precious handful

HE'S MUCH *too* precious to have any but the very best, safest and most wholesome milk. If he can have his own mother's milk—fine. If he can't have that—or when weaning time comes—then he must be given the very best that can be had.

Pet Milk Is Just That Kind of Milk

It's as surely safe as if there were no germ of disease in the world. It's as easily digested as mother's own milk. And every drop is uniformly rich in all the substances needed to make firm flesh, build sound bones and teeth, and give rugged health, sturdy growth and real baby happiness.

Why It Is So Good

Pet Milk is pure, fresh cow's milk, concentrated, homogenized, and sterilized. Nothing is added to the pure milk. Do not confuse it with the sweetened condensed milk that's preserved with sugar. Sterilization keeps Pet Milk fresh and sweet and makes it absolutely safe and readily digestible. Concentration and homogenization give it the uniform and constant richness.

And Here's the Proof

Many thousands of babies, everywhere, are being raised on Pet Milk. They are uniformly sturdy, healthy, happy babies.

Costs Less

And this extraordinary milk is not expensive milk. It costs less generally than ordinary milk. In many thousands of homes Pet Milk is used wherever milk or cream is needed—for baby, for children to drink, for all cooking.

Let us send you, free of charge, our booklet "When Baby Needs Milk from a Bottle." It will tell you an interesting story of why Pet Milk is so good for babies—and for children.

PET MILK COMPANY
1434g Arcade Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
Please send me, free of charge, booklets about *Pet Milk for Babies and Children.*

FREE Booklet
28 pages of the most helpful and useful information.

Name_____ Address_____
City_____ State_____
Fill in completely. Print name and address. (U. S. A. only)

Instantly – you taste the difference

Only in FRESH Mayonnaise
do you get true delicacy of flavor. (below) Microscope shows small oil beads of even size
NOT QUITE FRESH Mayonnaise
Flavor slightly "off"... (below) Microscope shows large oil beads beginning to oxidize

MICROSCOPIC PHOTOGRAPHS OF MAYONNAISE ENLARGED 1000 TIMES

Copr. 1933 by Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation

COMPARE them! . . You realize instantly that *only in strictly fresh mayonnaise can you find true delicacy of flavor.*

Kraft *Kitchen-Fresh* Mayonnaise is made in a special way, *exclusively Kraft's.* It's perfectly blended by a remarkable new method (called the Kraft Miracle Whip), to velvety smoothness.

Then, by fast service cars, it's rushed new-made to grocers every few days! Made by Kraft-Phenix in mayonnaise kitchens located strategically throughout the United States and Canada.

VISIT THE KRAFT "MAYONNAISE KITCHEN" at THE CENTURY OF PROGRESS EXPOSITION, CHICAGO

Summer Menus and Recipes

(Continued from Page 28)

through the grinder twice. Season with 1½ teaspoonfuls of salt, ¼ teaspoonful of pepper, 1 teaspoonful of onion juice and a dash of paprika. Mix well and make into a flat cake 1½ inches thick. Pan broil on one side. Meantime, heat an oaken plank until smoking hot. Rub with fat and turn the steak, cooked side down, on to it. Pipe a border of duchesse potatoes all around the meat and arrange stuffed peppers around the plank. Place under the gas broiler or on the top shelf of a very hot oven and finish cooking.

Wednesday Luncheon

(ON THE PORCH)

Molded Crab-Meat Salad
Water-Cress Sandwiches
Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Chocolate Soufflé with Whipped Cream
Lemonade

MOLDED CRAB-MEAT SALAD. Soften 2 tablespoonfuls of gelatin in ¼ cupful of cold water, then dissolve it in ¼ cupful of boiling water. To this mixture, add the following ingredients in the order in which they are named: ¼ cupful of lemon juice, 3 tablespoonfuls of vinegar, ½ teaspoonful of salt, 2 cupfuls of flaked crab meat, ¾ cupful of diced celery, 2 tablespoonfuls of chopped pimiento, 1 teaspoonful of onion juice, ½ cupful of mayonnaise. Turn into a moistened mold, and chill until firm. Then unmold and garnish with additional mayonnaise and red radishes, and serve on crisp lettuce.

Wednesday Dinner

Tomato Cocktail
Macaroni Baked in Ham Slices
Corn on the Cob
Molded Vegetable Salad With Cream Cheese
Raspberry Cream Pie
Iced or Hot Coffee

RASPBERRY CREAM PIE. Soak 1 tablespoonful of gelatin in ¼ cupful of cold water. Beat 2 egg yolks slightly and add ½ cupful of sugar, ½ teaspoonful of salt and 1 tablespoonful of lemon juice. Cook over boiling water until it is of custard consistency. Then add the gelatin, stirring thoroughly, and 1 cupful of raspberry juice and pulp. Cool, and when the mixture begins to congeal, fold in the stiffly beaten whites of 2 eggs, to which has been added ¼ cupful of sugar. Fill a baked pie shell with the mixture and chill. Just before serving, spread over the pie a thin layer of slightly sweetened whipped cream and garnish with a few whole raspberries.

Thursday Luncheon

Corn Fritters Maple Sirup
Cantaloupe Cup Cakes
Iced Tea Milk

Thursday Dinner

Cream of Celery Soup
Hot Tomato and Ham Sandwiches
Cheese Sauce
Cucumber Salad
Cherry Upside-Down Cake
Coffee Tea

Friday Luncheon

Cheese Fondue
Fruit Salad Toasted Crackers
Tea Iced Malted Cocoa Drink Milk

Friday Dinner

Jellied Consommé
Eggplant en Casserole With Bacon and Cheese
Parsley Potatoes
Pickled-Beet Salad
Lemon Sherbet Cookies
Hot or Iced Coffee or Iced Tea

Saturday Luncheon

Puffy Omelet With Summer Sausage
Bran Muffins Radishes
Blackberry Mold Top Milk
Tea Milk

New Women in a New China

(Continued from Page 19)

educators, lawyers and social reformers, publicists, actresses and even bandit chieftainesses who in large part are giving rebirth to the nation. Behind them stand the mass of Chinese women students, who are fearless and sensational when they go in for mass demonstrations and agitations.

So mightily have Chinese women of all classes demonstrated their position, that the new constitution of the land where women legally, but never actually, were the most kept "in their place"—and where, according to the Confucian code, the man could divorce his wife for not bearing him sons or for loquacity, but the wife had no rights whatever in the courts—gives women absolute equality, politically, legally and domestically.

This gives rise to both tragedies and farces over China today. Women of the backward classes who have no desire to exercise their new rights and do not understand them are being pushed to do so by young judges and officials. An epidemic of breaking the now illegal childhood betrothals sweeps the land, causing much heartache and lawsuits between old-fashioned fathers. Village women are divorced or forced to procure a divorce by young husbands who have met more equal mates in the colleges or cities. The whole social fabric is being rent.

Physical culture is a brand-new fad in China, and its spread is giving some anxiety to the men. The modern Chinese girl is probably even more free than her Western sister today in casting aside all inhibitions and experimenting with life, but she has stuff like steel wire in her and will be the mother of a generation for the world to reckon with.

Even the great mass of peasant women who work beside their husbands, brothers and sons in the rice fields and on the threshing floors, and the women in the myriad shops of city and village who have much to say about the small businesses, are far from the supine individuals of popular conception.

We have clash and contrast enough in our womanhood of the West these days—grandmother and flapper, society girl and business woman—but it is as nothing to the feminine variety and turbulence which are the spice of life in present China. The contrast reaches from the woman of the mud-floored farmhouse to the sophisticated law student; from the secluded lady of the ancient courtyard to the Parisian-groomed, handsome wife of the diplomat and industrialist, C. T. Wang, whose only English is bridge terms; from the courtesans of the interior towns, distinguished by their greasy thick braids, to the perfumed, high-slit-gowned taxi dancers of Shanghai; from the harem widows of the deceased bandit king, Chang Tso-lin, to the sisters Soong—Bright Age, Felicitous Age and Beautiful Age in Mother Soong's dream for China's womanhood.

You'll do it better on *DATED* coffee

Coffee is a sure stimulant. It conquers fatigue and dispels the "blues." You can count on it to make you gayer, keener, fitter. But *never* drink *stale* coffee.

How about those people who never get tired . . . who play a hard, fast game . . . and can work all night? They seem to thrive on coffee.

But there are always a few people who say coffee upsets them, gives them headaches, keeps them awake.

Why doesn't coffee pep up these folks, too? Science has solved the problem.

In every pound of *stale* coffee science discovered nearly half a cupful of rancid oil. If you go on putting *stale* coffee into your system, you are likely to suffer various ills.

But, if you are a normal, healthy grown-up, there's no reason why you shouldn't enjoy as many as 5 cups a day of *fresh* coffee.

These findings led Chase & Sanborn to institute *Dated* Coffee. The date of delivery to your grocer on every pound. And no can allowed to stay on his shelf more than 10 days.

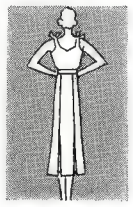
Ask for Chase & Sanborn's *Dated* Coffee tomorrow. You'll enjoy its delicious freshness and rich, full flavor. You'll benefit, mentally and physically, from its instant, safe pick-up.

Copyright, 1933, by Standard Brands Inc.

The First Clothes of Summer

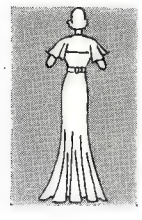
1124

1124. Get into the tub silk that's your most becoming color, and you'll look as fresh as a daisy. Shantung, seersucker, broadcloth, a blister or rough or crinkle weave in cotton crêpe—these are all equally lovely for a dress you can play tennis in or wear for your morning junketing. The dress is designed for sizes 16 to 42.



1125. The tennis frock that won by a tie—for tied shoulders give a close-fitting neatness to the waist. The inverted pleats are released just below the knees to give a kick to your game! Blue or candy-pink linen or one of the new shantung linens; or piqué, plain or printed, will be smart. The dress is designed for sizes 14 to 38.

1126 1127 1128



1126. There's only one way to keep cool about this dress—get into it. Printed chiffon in black or navy or brown with exotic choux, flowers large as cabbages, in soft rose, bright blue or lime green. If you like cotton, printed dimities, lawns, cotton sheers or voiles are charming. The dress is designed for sizes 14 to 40.

1127. If you're a girl who likes dots, here's how to combine them. A silk crêpe with a red dot makes the flattering draped neckline and bow, and the rest of the dress has black dots. Double cape sleeves, three front inverted pleats, a belt. Wear with it cotton or crocheted washable pull-on gloves. The dress is designed for sizes 14 to 42.

1128. It's chic to repeat the flower of your dress print with two chiffon flowers worn at the neckline in front. Printed chiffon makes this simple and cool and extremely smart frock with its capelike sleeves. The softer types of flowered or embroidered cottons make cool, summery frocks. The dress is designed for sizes 14 to 40.

Time it—*faster!*

Test it—*tenderer!*

Taste it—*richer!*

THE NEW JELL-O

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

No boiling water... that's the secret!

Mystic Fruit Layers

NO STEAM STEALS FLAVOR . . .
NO BOILING HEAT DELAYS SETTING
. . . IN ANY NEW JELL-O RECIPE!

1 package Orange Jell-O
1 cup warm water
1 cup canned pineapple juice and water
1 slice canned pineapple, cut in pieces
1 cup fresh strawberries, halved

Dissolve Jell-O in warm water. Add pineapple juice and water. Arrange pineapple on bottom of mold. Pour on Jell-O, being careful not to disarrange pineapple. Add strawberries, cut-side up. Chill until firm. Unmold. Garnish with whipped cream, if desired. Serves 6.

• • •

Note that it is unnecessary to wait until Jell-O is partially firm before adding strawberries. The fruits will *arrange themselves* in layers, as the pineapple is heavier than Jell-O, while the strawberries are lighter. Just try it and see!

YOU make the New Jell-O without boiling water . . . with water only slightly hotter than lukewarm!

What difference does it make? All the difference in the world . . . in flavor . . . in setting time.

Whenever you pour boiling water over crystals of ordinary flavored gelatin, a cloud of steam rises. Flavor is floating off into the air! But no steam rises from the warm water with which you dissolve the New Jell-O. All the richer, fruitier flavor is retained in the finished dessert.

Here's tenderer texture, too . . . a more melting, luscious quality in every delicate spoonful.

Fastest Setting Ever Known!

What an amazing change in the time required for setting! With no boiling heat to cool away, the New Jell-O can be placed in the refrigerator right away—and instantly it starts to set! Jell-O now is a real emergency dessert. You can make it in the late afternoon . . . and have it beautifully set in time for the evening meal.

Better—but No Change in Price

There's no change in recipes when you use this New Jell-O, except that you no longer need boiling water. The same low price—your favorite Jell-O desserts, salads, and relishes are thrifty as ever.

Look for the six gay new packages at your grocer's, a different color band for each flavor: Strawberry, Raspberry, Cherry, Orange, Lemon, and the new favorite, Lime. A patented inner seal, exclusive with Jell-O, seals each flavor in—keeps it fresh.

Get all the flavors . . . keep them in a bright row on your kitchen shelf. You'll want to have Jell-O so much oftener now!

Send for recipe booklet, "Try the New Jell-O," popping with new ideas for desserts, salads, and main dishes. Mail the coupon today.

GENERAL FOODS, BATTLE CREEK, MICH. L. H. J. 7-33

Please send me . . . free . . . a copy of your booklet, "Try the New Jell-O."

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

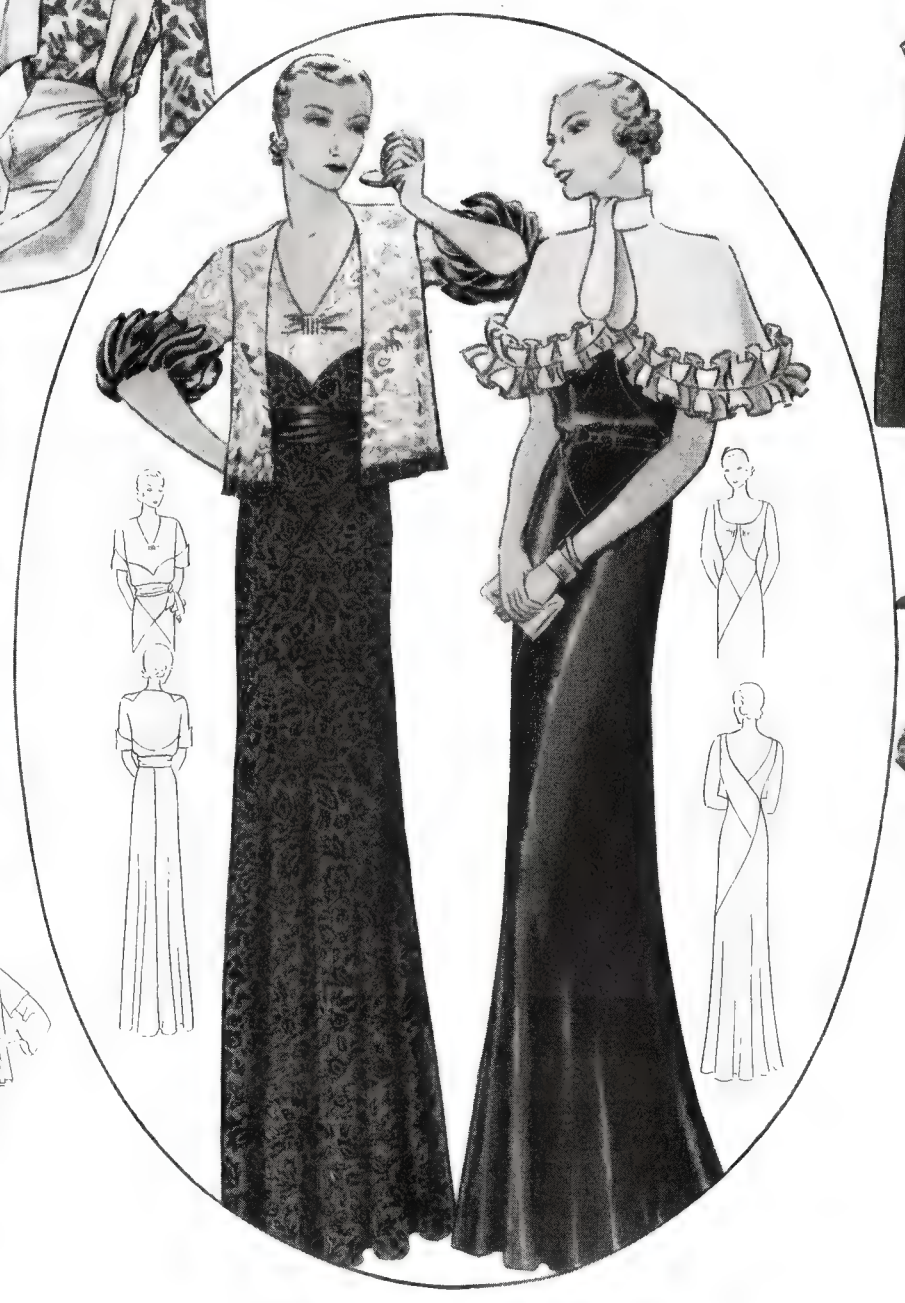
(Fill in completely—print name and address.) If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Ltd., Cobourg, Ont.

New for Now

FROM BRUYÈRE—A summer ensemble, 2224, with knee-length dressmaker coat in the color of the skirt or the print. New scarf collar arrangement and three-quarter sleeves. The costume is designed for sizes 14 to 40.

"PARIS IN THE MORNING" is Chantal's name for this wrap-around dress, 2222, with a trick white-piqué collar. Smart slenderizing lines, trim shoulder and fitted tailored sleeves. The dress is designed for sizes 14 to 44.

Bruyère
2224



Chantal—2222

Agnès-Drecoll
2223

Agnès-Drecoll—2221

BLACK AND WHITE lacquered lace together, in a graceful dinner gown, 2221, from Agnès-Drecoll. The sleeve ruchings are ciré satin; the skirt, which may be shorter, is on the bias. The gown is designed for sizes 14 to 44.

A LIGHT COLOR goes over the top of a jacket frock from Agnès-Drecoll, 2223. The collarless jacket has cape-shouldered sleeves; the pull-through bow ends in two colors are flattering. The dress is designed for sizes 14 to 40.

Agnès-Drecoll—2220

A BLACK-SATIN evening gown, 2220, distinguished for almost any type of woman. From Agnès-Drecoll. The shoulder cape may be white sheer crêpe or white piqué with ruchings. The gown is designed for sizes 14 to 44.

THE ONE-PIECE summer print dress, 2219, that you can wear on the street. Only Schiaparelli could design the ingenious yoke front, flattering to slender figures that need filling out. The dress is designed for sizes 14 to 42.

Schiaparelli
2219

Patterns may be obtained from stores selling Authentic Paris Patterns, or by mail, postage prepaid, from Authentic Paris Patterns Bureau, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Dresses and Jackets, 75 cents; Evening Dresses, 75 cents; Coats, 75 cents; Dresses, 65 cents.

Such a lovely, snowy, tempting *way to glorify a cake!*

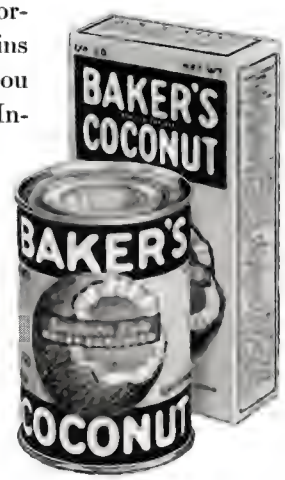
WHAT A MIRACLE-WORKER is coconut! Coconut can make even the simplest cake so lovely, so glamorous, that all the table chatter will come to a little hush of sheer pleasure, at the sight of it!

Everyone wants a second slice, with plenty of that luscious, creamy-moist coconut atop it!

Note those words—"creamy-moist." For *only* with creamy-moist coconut does a cake reach perfection! That's why it pays to get Baker's Southern Style—coconut that's packed fresh and sweet from the shredder, in a tin. Open it up, and there's coconut so creamy and meaty-tender and full-flavored, you'll get a little thrill of pride in tossing it, in snowy, creamy drifts, on your cake.

Send only 5c (see coupon) for a half-size can, and see for yourself!

And when you want carton-packed coconut, get Baker's Premium Shred. Its triple-sealed package *keeps* it tender and nut-sweet. Coconut that isn't packed the sanitary, flavor-saving Baker way—in tins or cartons—*can't* give you such coconut goodness. Insist on Baker's.



Don't miss the fascinating Baker's Coconut show in the General Foods exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair.

Baker's Coconut

LEMON COCONUT CREAM CAKE

Make three 9-inch layers of your favorite white cake. Put layers together with Lemon Coconut Filling (recipe below). Cover top and sides of cake with boiled frosting, or other fluffy white frosting, and sprinkle thickly with Baker's Coconut, while frosting is still soft.

LEMON COCONUT FILLING

2 cups confectioners' sugar
Grated rind of 2 lemons
½ cup lemon juice
½ teaspoon salt
2 eggs
2 cups Baker's Coconut

Place sugar, lemon rind and juice, salt, and eggs in top of double boiler. Beat slightly with rotary egg beater. Place over boiling water and cook 5 minutes or until thickened, stirring constantly. Remove from fire, add coconut, and cool. Makes enough filling for three 9-inch layers.
(*All measurements are level*).

FREE! New recipe booklet of 117 coconut treats!

GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich. L. H. J. 7-33
Mark X for choice

☐ Please send me . . free . . the wonderful new 40-page coconut recipe book.

☐ I enclose 5c for a half-size can of Baker's Southern Style Coconut and booklet.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(*Fill in completely—print name and address*)
If you live in Canada, address General Foods, Ltd., Cobourg, Ont.

LINES to a Lady

TELEPHONE LINES . . . putting her in instant communication with a larger world—broadening her interests and extending her influence—rendering more simple the important business of managing a household. No item of home equipment contributes more to her security, happiness and efficiency than the telephone.

Quickly, and at small cost, you can talk with almost any one, anywhere . . . in the next block, the next county, a distant state.

There are times when being "in touch" is vital, urgent . . . a sound in the night, a whiff of smoke, a sudden illness. There are times when mere convenience gives the telephone its important place in daily life . . . to shop from your home, to chat with a friend, to greet a son or daughter away at school.

To make this possible, the Bell System provides millions of miles of wire and an army of trained employees. They stand ready to answer your call; they offer the service of a friend.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

It's Up to the Women

Edited by **CATHARINE OGLESBY**

THIS summer the problem of keeping children active at things they should do during vacation—as well as assuring for parents some degree of peace of mind—is more poignant than ever before. From Long Beach, California, comes the story of a community activity which offers a suggestion to women's groups in cities from coast to coast. A circus—but it's something new in circuses. It's greater than the greatest show on earth, because it is first and foremost for the child, yet it is the result of the coördination of practically every organized group and mercantile interest in the city, with the P. T. A., the leader, willingly taking its stand in the ranks.

"A circus has universal appeal. So have children. Unite these two and city factions amalgamate through common interest," says Charles H. Hunt, who, as Coördinating Director of Municipal and School Recreation, so successfully worked out this plan which he originated for Long Beach, California, eight years ago.

"We have a city director to guide the adults and a playground director to lead the children," he explains. "Their programs run parallel until the end of the summer vacation. It is the general fascination of the circus idea which supplies the appeal that blends and unites the two.

"Our children's circus is just as large, has the identical mechanical set-up and is presented in the same form as a professional circus. Because of its size, scope and amusement-providing qualities, it offers a place for each type of city talent, from child actor to adult mechanic and interested spectator."

The coördinating director is elected each year by the joint vote of city commission and board of education. Adult groups start work several weeks previous to school closing. Business houses donate the few supplies necessary. Scrap lumber, burlap sacks, old canvas and paint are the main materials. These articles, stacked conspicuously about the playgrounds, with convenient packing-box workbenches, are "sure bait" for the hand-minded child.

Children who like to act alone can take the parts of tigers, lions, ostriches or apes. Or they may serve as ringmaster, announcer, ballet dancer, acrobat or clown. Those who prefer to work in groups find satisfactory places in such animals as the thirty-legged dragon or huge-bodied, prehistoric dinosaur. A camel, rhinoceros, giraffe or zebra requires a child for each pair of legs. Here pals and buddies have a chance for real partnership.

Hippopotamuses are born in the school sewing department. Rare birds are hatched in the wood shop. Orang-utans are playground trained and fed. There is never lack of variety where children are allowed full freedom of expression.

Basic patterns are furnished by the leader, if necessary, but child creations are always given preference. The stimulus of individual expression thus encouraged adds not only spice to the program but solves many a problem as creative ideas take form.

Through the entire summer, the children work out and train for their parts, while at the same time adult groups are preparing grounds, mechanical set-up and the more difficult details of production.

"See if you can't get through a little early today and grade up that circus ground for the youngsters," the city street-department boss suggests.

"O. K.," is the prompt answer. "We'll fix her up whether we get through early or not." Then they fix up not only the ground but the huge hippodrome track, five sawdust rings, two raised platforms, bars, mats, nets and bleachers. Somehow, everyone seems ready to help children have a wholesome, good time.

The city electrical department always finds men to see to the lighting effects. Spotlights glare on the center ring. Red flares blaze at the ends. Blue-green shafts from powerful arc lights rotate over the whole. Strands of varicolored bulbs, hung in curves from center pole to edge of bleachers, give the effect of a circus tent's curving canvas top.

City aid does not have to be paid for. Department service is exchanged for use of school equipment. All through the year the street and light department football squads have practiced on the school sport field. The men of the city bus corporation provide the children with free transportation to the playfields and circus grounds in exchange for one night a week in the high-school plunge.

The municipal director encourages private organizations to participate also. The Women's City Club has its clog-dancing lessons in the school gym, and reciprocates with sewing bees to make the more difficult circus costumes. The bakers' baseball team meets the Japanese fishing-boat ball team on the school ball grounds. In return, they supply bread and fish for the children's supper on the Big Night.

The position of the Parent-Teachers Association becomes an important one under the circus program. When ambitious politicians wished to start something different, P. T. A. members spoke at open forums and city mass meetings against changing from that which had proved good.

The head playground director is manager of the circus proper. He makes large, brightly colored charts of the circus grounds for each playground group to study. On the circus night, chalk lanes are drawn on the ground backstage; the children wait until their numbers are called and dash into their ring. They know they are to provide five minutes of entertainment characteristic of the part they chose. What they do and how they do it is up to them.

People who play together stand together. Parents and children, adult city groups and adolescent school groups, all play together in Bungling Brothers and Hindpaws Circus. You, too, can apply California's plan and build a unified city through unified recreation.

Programs for 1933-34

PROGRAM chairmen and their committees are faced this summer with their greatest challenge and opportunity. Never was the world more interesting. Never were there such fascinating subjects for study. And it is up to the women to take an understanding part in the rebuilding and rehabilitation of our economic, social and cultural structures.

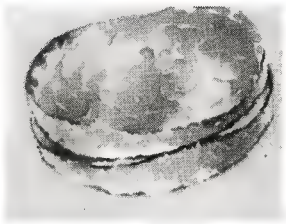
The JOURNAL is prepared to offer to clubs and other organized groups of women valuable assistance in the preparation of their programs for next fall and winter. Current information to coördinate with three programs of study will be ready early in September:

1. HOMES OF EUROPE AND AMERICA. Based on a comparative investigation of living conditions and family life, which is now being made in various European countries by Anne O'Hare McCormick, distinguished author and journalist. A series of articles will be published in the JOURNAL, and collateral current material will be supplied to supplement a club's own program on international relationships.

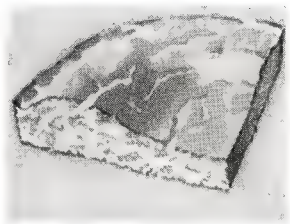
2. THIRTY YEARS OF LITERATURE. Based on the autobiography of Edith Wharton, which will be published in the JOURNAL beginning in the early autumn. Mrs. Wharton's many friendships with the great literary figures of our recent times afford a rich opportunity for an outstanding program, to be used in connection with a program on creative leisure.

3. MASTERPIECES OF ART. A study program of the great masters, including beautiful reproductions of outstanding examples of their art. Of particular value for schools, church study activities, and cultural clubs.

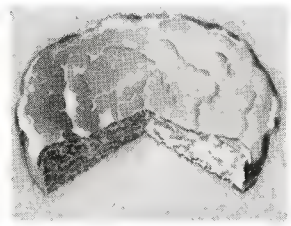
A detailed outline of these programs has been prepared and will be sent upon receipt of a three-cent stamp. Address Club Program Editor, Service Bureau, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.



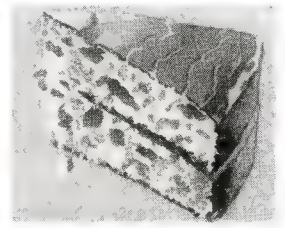
UNDERSIZED CAKE—Carefully measured...right sized pan . . . correct oven temperature . . . and still your cake humps, and is little and flat! Do you know the cause of this trouble?



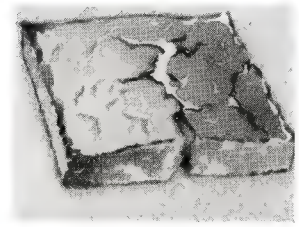
FALLEN CAKE—You think at first of too much butter. But you used just what the recipe called for. The amount of sugar was right...and the baking time. What *can* be wrong when this happens?



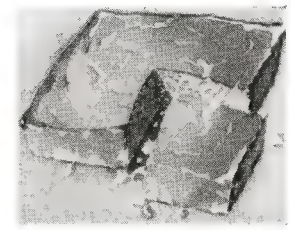
RUNNING OVER PAN—You didn't fill the pan too full? And you're sure the oven was hot enough? Then look for another cause—the one Mrs. Barton suggests in the article quoted here.



COARSE TEXTURE—It might be the wrong kind of flour or shortening, insufficient creaming and mixing, or too slow an oven. Oftener, the whole difficulty lies with one little ingredient.



CAKE FALLS APART—Every experienced cook is apt to say "Too much butter!" when this happens to a cake. But that's not the only possible cause! There is another just as common!



DRY, CRUMBLY CAKE—Your oven was hot enough . . . the baking time right. Then there must be another reason why your cake is crumbly and dry. Let Mrs. Barton tell you what it is.

"There are 6 Common Cake Troubles"

says *Frances Lee Barton*

"Yet one simple secret may overcome them all"

How puzzling they are . . . these troubles that haunt your oven and leave you staring with disappointment at the results of all your careful effort!

They happen even when you've made sure that butter, eggs, sugar, flour are of finest quality and accurately measured! Even when you are sure that your baking temperatures are just right and your pans are of the right shape and size.

Let Frances Lee Barton, friendly voice of the General Foods Cooking School of the Air, put her finger on one thing you may have overlooked.

"How about the baking powder?" asks Mrs. Barton. "You may be using too much or too little . . you may be measuring this potent ingredient carelessly . . or you may simply be using a baking powder that is inefficient!

"It is hard to realize how much this one ingredient —used in such small amounts—can affect the success of your cake! But if you doubt it, make a few tests for yourself in your own kitchen.

"Start with a can of Calumet and a Calumet recipe, carefully worked out to take advantage of Calumet's economical proportion. Follow the recipe *exactly*—and watch your cake difficulties disappear!

"After that you may want to review all the recipes that have been giving you trouble, and try them with Calumet's proportion. One level teaspoon per cup of sifted flour is the amount required in most recipes.

"The small proportion recommended for Calumet is made possible by the wonderful efficiency of its Double-Action—the surest protection, we find, for any baking mixture. Both actions are *timed*—the first begins in the mixing bowl—the second or reserve action when the batter reaches the heat of the oven. Together they give your cake just the leavening it needs—*when* it needs it. And what perfect, tender, velvety cake you get!"

The Calumet Baking Book is free—mail the coupon.

DO YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW to plan meals from left-overs? . . . Save money on marketing? . . . Cook a busy-day dinner? . . . Pack good lunches? . . . Entertain with ease and success? Then you'll find that the new General Foods Cook Book will pay for itself ten times over! An entirely different *kind* of cook book, based on meal-planning. Over 600 recipes—95 menus—31 photographs. Washable covers of yellow and blue. At book and department stores, or send $1 with coupon at right.

FAVORITE CARAMEL CAKE (*2 eggs*)

2¼ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
2¼ teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
¾ cup milk
1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs and beat well. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased 9 inch layer pans in moderate oven (375° F.) 25 minutes. Spread caramel frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake.

May also be baked in greased pan, 8 x 8 x 2 inches, in moderate oven (350° F.) 50 minutes. (*All measurements are level.*)

SEND FOR FREE CALUMET BAKING BOOK!

Frances Lee Barton, L.H.J.—7-33
GENERAL FOODS, Battle Creek, Mich.

( ) Please send me the FREE Calumet Baking Book.

( ) Enclosed find $1 (check or money order) for which please send me the new General Foods Cook Book.

Name_____

Street or R. F. D._____

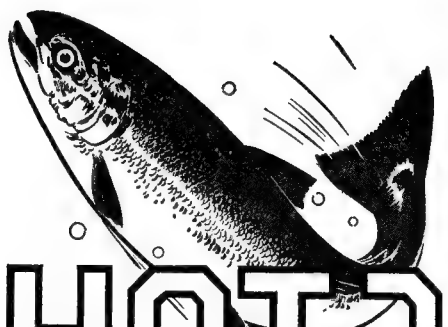
City_____ State_____

(*Print name and address plainly*)
This offer not good in Canada

CALUMET

THE DOUBLE-ACTING BAKING POWDER

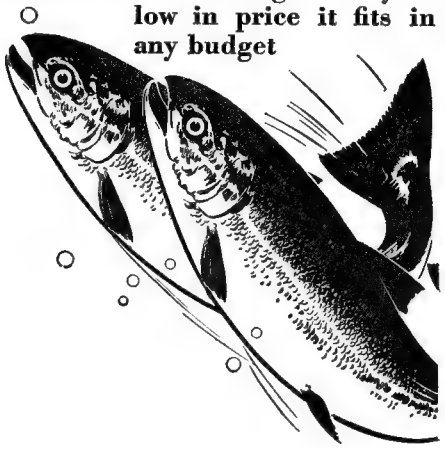
Don't miss the fascinating Calumet show in the General Foods exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair!



HOT?
-try this dish to-night!

Cool to serve . . . cool to eat . . . yet packed with nourishment and health-protection

. . . and right today so low in price it fits in any budget



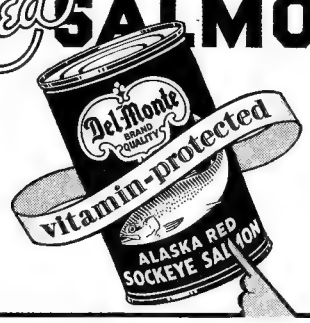
When summer weather takes the edge off appetites — that's when you'll appreciate DEL MONTE Red Salmon *most!*

That's when you'll especially welcome its appetizing, deep-sea flavor . . . its easy-to-serve convenience.

But no matter *what* the season, DEL MONTE Salmon is a great food for your table. High in protein values. Supplies calcium and phosphorus for sound teeth and bones. Supplies iodine. Rich in the sunshine Vitamin D. "Vitamin-protected".

What's more, DEL MONTE is the finest salmon you ever tasted. Yet now it costs you so little more than *other* varieties, it's a shame to ever miss this brand.

DEL MONTE red SALMON



WHY DEL MONTE BRINGS YOU ONLY RED SALMON

For your protection, you should know that red salmon is only one of 5 distinct varieties of canned salmon. It is especially prized for its rich red color, fine flavor, firm flesh and high oil value. It is outstanding in iodine and vitamin content. That is why DEL MONTE brings you *only* this superior variety.

Some Reminiscences

(Continued from Page 9)

On the eighth of January President Wilson spoke to a joint session of Congress, outlining a peace program based on the celebrated fourteen points. The League of Nations made its formal appearance, and also the Polish Corridor. The following October father discussed them point by point in an article in the Kansas City Star. It gives, with just possibly some degree of heat, the opposition view. In the opinion of many, the world is still suffering from the peace in which they played their mischievous part.

On the twenty-second of January father and mother arrived for the four-day visit about which there had been so much planning. There was the same continuous stream of people through the house that there had been the last time he stayed with us. At one moment I leaned over the banisters and counted thirty-three newspaper correspondents, fairly stacked in the hall. The house was a rallying point for all those Republicans, and some Democrats, who were dissatisfied with Wilson's conduct of the war.

Nick had a men's dinner at which were a score of Republican politicians, to discuss party plans. Mother and I were sent out to dine at Mr. White's. When we got back I stopped to talk to John King, Medill McCormick and Jim Wadsworth, who said the dinner had been a great success, that many backbones were stiffened.

All the next afternoon father occupied the rooms on the lower floor, to consort and consult with politicians; in the library upstairs personal friends ,congregated, some of whom I from time to time maneuvered downstairs to see father. The course of the visit was interrupted by father's having a severe attack of indigestion. I had to send for a doctor, who put him to bed before dinner, but the next morning he seemed quite well again, ready to see the seventeen or eighteen men who came to breakfast, and carry through another continuously occupied day.

John King, who was Penrose's henchman, was in and out all the time, doing the sort of work that really counts. Mother and I went to the Senate to hear Senator Chamberlain, of Oregon, speak—I think on the subject of a War Department investigation.

Father spoke at the Press Club, attacking the War Department, and alluding to what Wilson had said in one of his books—that an important function of legislative bodies was investigation. He and Nick went to a men's dinner at Senator Lodge's, and the final day of his stay he had breakfast with the New York delegation in Congress. He lunched with ex-Senator Jonathan Bourne, of Oregon, and others, a more profitable party than was the Lodge dinner, while mother and I lunched with Mr. Henry Adams, who looked sadly little and old.

That afternoon a lot of people came in, including foreign ambassadors and men from some of the missions, justices of the Supreme Court, many personal friends, and "Ma" and Billy Sunday. Then father and Nick went to Medill McCormick's to another political dinner, mother and I going to the Franklin Roosevelts. That night father went back to New York.

We were well pleased with the result of the four days. Though John King and other dyed-in-the-wool politicians had the nomination in 1920 very much in mind—I rather think I was one of them—father was not in the least occupied with that thought. He had come to Washington as the result of the request made to him by Smoot and Madden in November.

There was a real demand for him to take a position of leadership in relation to the conduct of the war and in anticipation of the changes that would have to be faced after the war. In a letter to Mr. William Allen White he tells the formula that he used to those with whom he was conferring—"I am not in the least concerned with your supporting me either now or at any future time; all I am concerned with is that you should so act that I can support you."

In February, father became desperately ill from an infection that was the result of his Brazilian trip. They were anxious and terrifying weeks, which I spent in New York in order to be near the hospital. As he got better, he took a hand in the selection of the chairman of the Republican National Committee. John Adams, of Iowa, who was a candidate, unfortunately had on his record a pro-German speech, made before we went into the war, which father felt made his selection impossible. I was told off to do considerable telephoning on the subject in the interest of Will Hays.

One of the humorous aspects of Washington at war was "spy fever." I have not the vaguest idea how many authentic cases there were of enemy agents' destroying plants and getting information as to the shipment of goods and troops. Espionage laws and laws restricting free speech were of course passed as soon as we were at war. Later they were made more drastic, and spy fever raged.

People were approached and asked to keep their ears open and to report seditious utterances and suspicious activities. If sedition meant criticizing the President's conduct of the war, and opposition to demands such as that Congress should give him power to control exports and imports after the war, many of us would have speedily found ourselves behind bars.

I think the idea of reporting criticism of the Administration soon languished, but the spy hunt was rapidly in full cry. Listening devices, I have been told, were put in the houses of individuals whose sole claim to being suspect lay in the fact that they were not unnaturally interested in meeting and talking with the people who were doing big jobs—the "important people" who were so much in demand at dinner tables in war Washington.

I personally know of not a single case in which anything was ever proved. In fact, when they were gone into I think it would have taken a pretty inveterate spy hunter to continue to feel suspicious.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mrs. Longworth's last article in this series will appear in the August Journal.

Ambition

OH, JUST you wait till I'm grown up, and just you wait till I'm a
Big man, and see what I will do to ev'ry single Lima
Bean there is in all the world. I'll buy 'em all and dig a
Big hole and bury ev'ry bean and wish the hole was bigger.

—NEWBOLD NOYES.

A YOUNG WIFE'S DIARY

I was packing the sandwiches and salad for our picnic when Jim came into the kitchen. He laughed when he saw Colman's Mustard on the table and said he guessed I'd sooner part with him than with my Colman's. Well? Wouldn't he want to part with me if my food lacked the keen, lively flavor that only Colman's can give?

JANE'S French Dressing adds zip to any salad! Place in a quart jar 1 cup salad oil, 1 can tomato soup, 1 cup vinegar, 2 tbsps. sugar, ½ tsp. Colman's Mustard, 1 tbsp. French's Worcestershire Sauce, 1 tsp. salt, 1 tsp. black pepper, ½ tsp. celery salt, 1 tsp. paprika, ½ tsp. French's red food coloring. Shake until well blended.

Free Recipe Cards for dishes men like. Write to J. & J. Colman (U.S.A.) Ltd., 3098 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.

Colman's Mustard

SHELVADOR

PATENT NO. 1,898,922

Net contents 3½ cu. ft.; Shelf area 8 sq. ft.; with **Shelvador**. . **$89.50**

Net contents 4½ cu. ft.; Shelf area 10.6 sq. ft.; with **Shelvador**. . . . **$99.50**

Net contents 6 cu. ft.; Shelf area 11.5 sq. ft.; with **Shelvador** **$130**

Western Prices Slightly Higher

The greatest improvement in refrigerator cabinet design since the invention of the ice box. Just open the door . . . and THERE it is! An exclusive patented feature of the Crosley—an exceptional electric refrigerator, at the new low prices.

Prices include freight, delivery, installation and one year's free service. Send for descriptive circular.

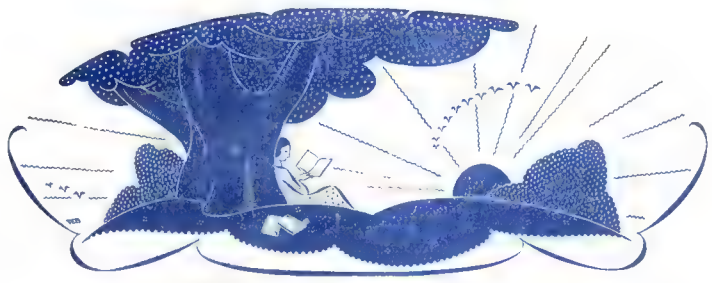
The CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
CINCINNATI, OHIO

New CROSLEY Electric REFRIGERATOR WITH SHELVADOR

Be a Hotel Hostess

Enjoy Your Work! Good positions in hotels for women as Hostess, Housekeeper, Manager, etc. Train at home, in spare time. One Lewis student writes: "Business Manager and Hostess in this Fraternity House. Have attractive suite in addition to salary, thanks to my Lewis Training." Write for **Free Book.**

LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS, Station GL-501, Washington, D. C.



Previews of New Books

By VIRGINIA KIRKUS

SUMMER spells mental relaxation, and the harbingers of the summer crop of books give a wide range of choice in light reading that, even so, stresses Quality. Why frown on entertainment that is gay and light-hearted and adroitly handled? It's an art that should be cultivated.

Foremost among the group is G. B. Stern's new novel, LONG LOST FATHER. Delectable froth, it proclaims its author in holiday spirit. An entertaining tale of London's leading *restaurateur*, and of what happens when his daughter, deserted in her pram eighteen years before, crosses his path, and each determines to pull the strings of the other's career by way of affectionate discipline.

I found Pamela Frankau's WALK INTO MY PARLOR utterly charming, just sophisticated enough to blend the bitter with the sweet, a gay and sparkling book in which a delightful youth who knows his technic, and scruples not to use it, comes up against a young divorcee, whose technic is as good as his—or better. A passage at arms, for which neither has been prepared by past experience, has its quota of tears and laughter, and the dénouement is completely satisfactory.

Another novel that falls into the same category is FAÇADE, by Theodora Benson. Again an English setting, in which we meet smart Mayfair, the race-track crowd and the feverish expatriates of the Riviera, told from the inside. Personally, I felt it less appealing than the Frankau book, a bit mocking and cynical at times, but very good entertainment, exhilaratingly fresh in viewpoint, and with a wisdom beyond the author's twenty-six years.

For the reader who prefers the more familiar setting this side the Atlantic, there is Jane Abbott's new novel, MISS JOLLEY'S FAMILY. I'm not damning it in labeling it with the much-abused word "wholesome"—for it is sometimes a refreshing change from sophistication, and this story is essentially modern in spirit and in plot.

The mantle of Anthony Hope seems destined to fall on the shoulders of a newcomer, Richard Hoffman. For those who like their romance with all the trappings, his first novel, THE PRODIGAL DUKE, will prove a success. The excusable weakness of a youth in pursuing beauty and a pair of lovely ankles leads to the discovery of a dead man at the wheel of a taxi, to an abduction, and to his not unimportant share in a conspiracy to put the rightful heir on the throne of a small principality.

Our own more virile but less glamorous West affords the setting for MONTANA RIDES, by Evan Evans. Actually a "Western" written to a new pattern, a pattern of the Mexican border, of a question of identification, of thrilling escape.

And now for a book that is sheer delight for anyone who cares for horses and hounds, and who quotes Somerville and Ross as the high-water mark of the sportsman's library. COLONEL WEATHERFORD AND HIS FRIENDS, by Gordon Grand, is a well-nigh flawless collection of stories of the hunting world, illustrated in delightful pencil drawings by J. Alden Twachtman. A book that takes one over the hills and far away from the humdrum of the daily round.

Escape of another kind is found in the pages—1200 of them—of ANTHONY ADVERSE, by Hervey Allen. The story of a foundling left at the *crèche* of some Italian nuns, and of a life that spanned the troubled days of the French Revolution, the Napoleonic period and in America—the growing pains of a young nation.

For relief, turn to Beverley Nichols' latest, FOR ADULTS ONLY, a hilarious series of dialogues between the none-too-patient modern parent and the much-too-persistent modern child. Don't take it in one dose, or you'll lose the fun of it. The perfect book for your guest-room bedside table—after keeping it on your own for a few loose moments.

But if you want to insure your guest's complete wakefulness, put Mary Roberts Rinehart's new mystery, THE ALBUM, there as well. She has adroitly blended all the essential ingredients—an ax murder, a headless corpse, and sidelights on the psychopathic twists and snarls hidden under the placid exterior of the city's most exclusive residential section.

Another candidate might be the new Walpole, ALL SOULS' NIGHT, a collection of short stories and sketches, delightful but relatively unimportant atmospheric tales, with enough of an eerie quality to explain the title.

There are two new biographies—both candidates for popular favor. First ALWAYS A GRAND DUKE, in which the Grand Duke Alexander rounds out his own story, brilliantly begun in ONCE A GRAND DUKE. The finished manuscript reached his publishers almost on the eve of his untimely death. In it he tells of the years of struggle against poverty, where fabulous riches had been taken for granted, against loss of prestige and the temptation to gamble on a title, and of his solution of the problem. Interesting sidelights on world figures—Otto Kreuger, Alfred Lowenstein, the Emperor of Abyssinia, the Shadow Emperor of all the Russias, Queen Alexandra and many others—make this a revealing picture of a passing period in history.

In sharp contrast, read GAMBLER'S WIFE, in which Malinda Jenkins tells a story that rivals many a book of lurid fiction. At eighty-two she looks back over a life that varied from running a saloon to owning stables where famous race horses were trained. Her husband was a professional gambler, and—an adventurer at heart—she faced with humor and philosophy the good breaks and the bad. A human-interest document that gives our frontier in the raw, from Alaskan gold fields to the Mexican border, and that shows us, at first hand, the people who supplied the nerves and bones and sinews of a new civilization. The spirit of the woman is evidenced in the telegraphed answer she sent to the offer of Jesse Lilienthal to collaborate with her on the story—"Glad to see you forenoon. At races every afternoon."

Saving money *in the* kitchen doesn't mean dull meals *in the* dining room!

More and more women are making this money-saving discovery: It isn't what you *have* in the kitchen, but what you *put on the dining-room table* that captures the family's appetites! And these same women are guilty of making guests believe that their husbands' incomes are larger than they really are!

But Knox Sparkling Gelatine is the real guilty party. For it is Knox that transforms simple fruits, vegetables, and meats (even *left-overs*) into wonderful new dishes. Women enjoy saving money using *Knox* with left-overs, making expensive meats or out-of-season vegetables and fruits last for a *second* meal! No stalk of celery, no cucumber, no "dab" of canned pineapple in the ice-box escapes the woman who has learned the magic of Knox Gelatine. For dinner, you'll see these ever present left-overs on her table in some delightful dish like the one below. The recipes below are examples of how wisely and easily Knox saves money on food because it goes further and makes better-tasting dishes.

Knox advertising is never exaggerated. For instance, a package of Knox *does* make four different desserts or salads of six generous servings each, while ready-flavored brands make but one—and we invite comparison in the taste of any dish made with Knox Gelatine compared to any other made by ready-flavored gelatin dessert preparations. Send the coupon today for the FREE recipe books.

Peach Charlotte *(6 Servings)*

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water ½ cup boiling water
1 cup sugar 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
1 cup fresh or canned peaches, cut in small pieces (or apricots may be used)
¼ teaspoonful salt Whites 3 eggs
Lady fingers or stale sponge cake

Crush peaches, add sugar, and let stand for about half an hour. Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Cool slightly, add peach mixture, lemon juice and salt. Cool, and when mixture begins to stiffen, beat until frothy, and then fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into mold that has been lined with stale lady fingers or strips of stale cake. Chill, and when firm, unmold and garnish with whipped cream and sliced peaches. Other fruit may be used, but with canned fruit, use less sugar. Peach Charlotte is very attractive served ice cold in sherbet glasses.

Summer Salad *(6 Servings)*

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water 1 cup boiling water
¼ cup mild vinegar or lemon juice
¼ cup sugar ½ teaspoonful salt
1 cup left-over vegetables

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes, and dissolve in boiling water; add sugar, salt, and vinegar or lemon juice. Cool, and when it begins to thicken, stir in vegetables cut in small pieces (a good way to use left-over vegetables). Use cooked beets, string beans, peas, carrots—or celery, peppers, cucumbers, shredded cabbage, thinly sliced radishes or grated raw carrot. Turn into small molds or cups which have been rinsed in cold water, and chill. To serve, unmold on lettuce and serve with salad dressing. This salad is a good accompaniment to cold meats.

KNOX *is the real* **GELATINE**

KNOX GELATINE, 27 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N.Y.
Send me **FREE** books, "Food Economy" and "Dainty Desserts and Salads".

Name ..... *City* .....

Address ..... *State* .....

The "Hidden Name Test" Jury Finds

1 The "Hidden Name Test" was made with seven leading cleansers. The cans were unlabeled and identified only by numbers.

2 Test cans were delivered to hundreds of homes. Women were asked to use them equally for one week.

3 Each brand was tested for scouring pots and pans.

4 Each brand was tried on cleaning tile and enamel, washing woodwork and porcelain.

Cleans Easier-Works Faster-Won't Scratch

The "Hidden Name Test" is convincing—but not as conclusive as your own tests. Get a supply of New Sunbrite Cleanser today and let your own experience prove that it is the first choice for every household task.

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Institute

5 At the end of a week, each woman filled out a questionnaire telling which cleanser was her first, second and third choice and giving the reasons for her selections.

6 When the results were tabulated it was found that New Sunbrite Cleanser had won more points than any other cleanser.

Congo Ivory
Oasis Green
Mirage Orchid

Mail four New Sunbrite Cleanser labels and 10c with coupon to Swift & Company, 4291 Packers Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, for regular 25c DeLuxe refillable cover, made of rust-proof, solid brass. Check color wanted. 885

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

© Copyright Swift & Company, 1933

So What? . . .

By GRACE HIGGINS

SO WHAT? Sling white paint on your last year's garden chairs. Hop on a bicycle to bring home the bacon and see your pet husband off for town. Squat on a high red-plaid Miss Muffet tuffet under a droopy tree, and crochet yourself a ravishing new hat—say, a yellow fez or a white bicycle sailor—with fifteen cents' worth of twisted crêpe paper (cut into strips against the grain) and four or five stray hours.

Out with the pushcart you bartered from the banana man for your old beads and bracelets, grand in its bright paint and silly signs about hot dogs and such. Pile it with the makings of a buffet supper, and into the garden with it.

Or wheel out the old baby carriage and re-form it into a refreshment wagon with paint and awnings and imagination. Stack bright trays on a folding metal table, cafeteria fashion.

Pick up a flowery china plate and hurl it at your husband's head. He won't howl. The lovely glaze deceives. For it is from this year's crop of paper plates, and practically perfect.

A custard-pie movie? No. Just you girls doing your stuff this nice, new, natural summer. You may buy no tickets and swim in no snooty hotel pool. Yet you can do all the new, simple, childlike things that are the fashion. See if you can't!

Take a page from the pretty gardener. Assemble work gloves, a duster, polish, all you need for your daily upstairs work, in a garden basket. See if you don't feel picturesque and work fast.

Get yourself a red carnation and wear it with everything—almost. Smarter than the orchid, gayer than the gardenia. Red badge of courage and of fashion. Stick one on your man, too, even on his tux. For you'll be seeing them everywhere.

What's Up for Kitchens

NEWEST and coolest for kitchens is all white. Or white with a little grace note of black or of color.

A display manager in a big store painted her workshops gray. Then she cut up broomstick handles as long as her forearm, painted them red, and screwed them on vertically for cupboard handles. They looked new and crisp and modern. Try them on your closets. And how would you like a pair of big metal mixing spoons to hold back your kitchen curtains? Place them bowls in, holes in the handles, hung on the curtain hooks.

Whir Your Wheel Toys

ETHEL BARRYMORE'S actress daughter skinned her knee one day at a roller-skating party in front of swanky Central Park Casino. And zip! The vogue got into the papers. Run a roller-skating party in your own park. For a prize, get the new skates for the daring—just two wheels, one fore and one aft. Feels like skiing. The roller-skating costume is pull-on and cardigan sweaters, skirt and, under all, handkerchief-linen trunks that are called "Go Boom"—just in case. Bermuda began the bicycle. Now suburbs bloom with them. Nice to ride, while they still look snobbish as a station wagon in your town. No upkeep. No gas. No parking worries. Grand for errands, gadding, picnics. Even for tours, English fashion, on roads more romantic than traveled.

Games for Big Shots!

FATHERS with more vacation than money find sons an excuse for making ship and airplane models. The makings cost little. And simple microscope sets designed for your offspring will soon bring back your old-time prowess with the humble grasshopper and herbarium.

A thriller is the new fingerprint game. All you need to get sister's beaus, or the lawn-mower-borrowing neighbors, on record. Mix your own murder mystery outdoors, with near-by caves and hideaways and islands.

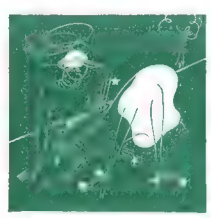
Then, magic has spread! Start dad and sonny off with a toy-shop set and watch the directions make parlor wizards of them.

When they have devoured books on it they'll probably turn pro on you. Unless dad gets a raise for amusing customers at the office while the big boss plays golf.

You Board Bird, Beast and Fish

TROPICAL fish satisfy your South Sea Island complex, and your love of thrift. They multiply with a mathematics your money in the bank ought to catch sometime. And the last dog shows proved you will soon be wanting pugs (along with the love birds and canaries). Amiable souls, so ugly they make *you* look prettier.

Let your dog decorate for you. Cut his life-size silhouette, active and perky, from stiffish cardboard. Wind him about with cotton chenille in his native color. Cut here and there according to his shagginess. Tether him on a braided-cotton leash. Then plaster him flat against your wall outside your bedroom door. Or outside your cabaña. Amusing, effective, and not so silly as it sounds. Funnier in pairs.



Get the copper cooker with the canary that whistles when the eggs are done. Or the frog that keeps the birds amused in your portable shell bird bath. The white-pottery pig you fill with little white onions for a buffet supper. The silly flat pottery fish you use for fish plates. Paint the baby's bathtub-toy fish with dead white paint and use them as tie-backs for the bathroom curtains. Animals all, and the age loves them!

Junior's new throw-away paper bibs carry their own clasps, do not leak through and are easy to take to grandma's. Take down the shabby shade curtains and put up pretty plaid or plain paper ones for a thin dime. They don't look like paper, either. Stop worrying over moths and hang the family wardrobe in the new upright, collapsible, mothproof closets.

The Coveted Cool Look

THE first summer breeze sets you sighing for Venetian blinds. They make even a wife with a good job look languorously lovely and in need of protection. Best in white, so the trees and vines may cast the cool shadows you remember in grandmother's parlor. Venetian-blind screens are a good white oasis in dining room or bedroom too.

Good news if the wooden blinds cost too much for you—see the effective new washable-fabric Venetian blinds. Accordion pleated. You roll them up from the bottom or down from the top.

Real frail sea shells on the edge of sea-blue fish-net curtains for a bathroom.

Frosted-glass table tops for summer parties. White flowers and low white bowls. Mirror luncheon sets or linen.

A long, narrow mirror in the center of the table. On this, a row of small iridescent glass bubbles filled with gardenias; for a wedding or shower repast.

White-piqué bedspreads bound with a thin line of red. White linen with white or red ball fringe for a dressing table. White chintz with red wooden fringe, like children's kindergarten beads. Plaid seersucker lining tufted white-cotton curtains. Organdie and piqué flowers as tie-backs for organdie curtains.

Cabañas and Camps

CABAÑAS are too much fun to leave to people with beaches. White-canvas curtains with blue anchors appliquéd. Dressing table brave in red, red paint and straight seamanlike skirt of white canvas, blue stars, and red rope lashings. Porthole windows. A ship's lantern for moonlight bathers. Now can't you translate that into a camp bathroom? Or a powder room from a downstairs closet? Happy the guest that may gaze at her peeling nose in this nautical atmosphere! Cover a keg with canvas and red rope for her seat. And the star and anchor cottons you may find by the yard.

Eat camp meals outdoors off lengths of the brightest, clearest striped mattress ticking you can find. More for cushions.

Collect all the books your friends can spare and sell them on a pushcart right on the beach or the main street of your town for your favorite charity. Fun to buy, with the Left Bank glamour. You might add a cart with flowers next week, or with homemade pies, and if it works have a market day once a week or so.

This Low-Cost Leavening Gives Best Results

Successful cooks have found for years that the ideal leavening is sour milk and Baking Soda. From chocolate cake to raisin rocks, from waffles to biscuits, Arm & Hammer Baking Soda is essential to the best results.

There is no secret about making these delicious things to eat. You, too, can enjoy a gratifying success when baking: simply write for the free book offered below, and carefully follow the recipes it contains . . . they have been tested in our own kitchen by an eminent cooking authority.

To get the best Baking Soda, ask for either Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand, which are identical in quality and in cost. This dependable product is pure Bicarbonate of Soda, of United States Pharmacopoeia standard. It is obtainable everywhere for a few cents a package . . . get a supply from your grocer today.

Whenever the need for Sodium Bicarbonate is indicated, Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand Baking Soda can be used with confidence. Both are pure Bicarbonate of Soda, of United States Pharmacopoeia standard.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc. E-30
10 Cedar Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me Free Book describing uses of Baking Soda; also set of Bird Cards in natural color.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Please print name and address

ARM & HAMMER and COW BRAND BAKING SODA ARE BOTH *PURE* BICARBONATE OF SODA

Full natural flavor

for the first time in packaged American Cheese

pasteurized

You'll taste the difference immediately when you sample the *new* Kraft American Cheese! You're bound to—for it is the *first* time you've ever had *full*, natural flavor in packaged, pasteurized American!

By a new discovery Kraft is able to do what all cheese makers heretofore have found impossible. Now, with an exclusive method, they blend choice, time-mellowed Cheddars and *hold all their natural zest and richness!*

Remember, only Kraft can give you this rare delight. When you buy American cheese for sandwiches . . . to go with pie . . . or for richer au gratin dishes, be sure to specify Kraft.

Kraft American and Kraft Pimento, pasteurized for purity like your daily milk, are sold in air-tight packages with gay new labels that celebrate this crowning achievement! Or, if you wish more than a half-pound, you may prefer to have a cut from the foil-wrapped loaf plainly marked "Kraft".

Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation, 400 Rush Street, Chicago, Illinois. Kraft American is made and known in Canada as Kraft Canadian Cheese. Offices in Montreal, Quebec.

The World's Finest Cheeses are made or imported by . . . .

KRAFT

VISIT THE KRAFT "MAYONNAISE KITCHEN" at THE CENTURY OF PROGRESS EXPOSITION, CHICAGO

This is sharper!

Kraft Creamed Old English is sharp with the zest of fine, aged English-type Cheddar. Rich, sweet cream, added, makes it smooth and "spreadable". Serve it spread on crackers, either plain or toasted

This is milder!

Kraft Velveeta—for lovers of fine mild cheese! Hidden in its mellow flavor are the health-protective elements of many foods. It's digestible as milk itself. Approved by the Food Committee of the A. M. A. Let the children eat all they want!

Copr. 1933 by Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation

Thirty-Day Princess

(Continued from Page 7)

wearing—a dinner gown of black with most amazing little shoes. And even the shoes were a fit. She held out her foot to admire. There is something about shoes. They seem to give the final exquisite touch. Your gown may be lovely; your jewels may be splendid; but, after all, it is the shoes which give the final, essential touch of class and distinction. Nancy looked at herself in the long mirror and approved. She descended again to the library, and three important and elderly gentlemen caught their breath as she stood in the doorway.

"Here's My Highness," she said.

THEY stared at her. She was a princess; her little head upon the slender, gracious white column of her neck was held regally. Her exquisite body, tiny, perfect, nevertheless bore itself with a confidence and dignity which, it seemed to those men bent only upon the making of money, could have derived only from generations of birth and breeding.

"My compliments, Miss Lane," said Danvers, and he arose and bowed.

"You forget yourself, sir," she said. "I am Miss Lane only to my friends. To business acquaintances I am Your Highness."

"You should always be Your Highness," said Morton with sincerity.

"Get the ambassador," Gresham ordered. "And you, young woman, keep your tongue between your teeth. Go in that next room till I call you."

Nancy did not move, nor did she speak; she merely stood and looked gravely at the grizzled veteran of a thousand financial battles.

"Will you be so good as to step into the next room until I call—Your Highness?" he asked.

She inclined her head and walked past them with odd, exciting, stiff little steps that managed somehow to make themselves more attractive than what we sometimes call grace. Her little shoulders were erect and her back square. The eyes of the three men followed her until she passed through the door, and Danvers sighed.

THE ambassador from Tharos entered—a short, pudgy little man. "Messieurs," he said with a bow, "it is tragic. It is a calamity of the first order." He spread his hands hopelessly. "Who could foresee this fever of scarlet?"

"Tharos," said Gresham, "sent over a princess to help us sell your bonds, and now we can't use her."

The ambassador wrung his hands. "It is appalling! It is of fate the most ironic."

"That doesn't help the situation. No princess, no bond issue. Haven't you got another princess?"

"But there are no more princesses. The Princess Catterina Theodora Margharitta is all. It is a fact. It cannot be escaped. We come to the end."

"Like fun we come to the end," said Gresham. He jerked his head to Danvers and the door through which Nancy Lane had disappeared.

Danvers arose, walked across the room and said, "Will you come in now?"

Danvers stepped aside as Nancy stood in the doorway. The eyes of the three Americans were not upon her, but upon the broad, bearded face of the ambassador. They saw his jaw sag and his eyes widen. They saw him take a step forward and heard him gurgle beneath one of his chins.

"Your Highness!" he exclaimed. "But you have this dangerous fever of scarlet. It is madness. I am of a responsibility. You must be in bed, with many doctors. You ——"

"So you think she'll do?" asked Gresham.

"It is a madness. It is a wickedness. Not even for this fifty million dollars that my country needs with such soreness."

"You know the princess pretty well?"

"Since she is one day—one hour—old I know her. It is why I stand aghast. All in my country love the little Princess Zizzi—even the ol' Baron Lippiscu, which is myself, love this little princess. So she must come to not any harm."

"I guess that settles it," said Gresham. "Take a closer look, Baron. Over here, when we need a princess, we just reach into the bag."

"I do not understand."

Gresham jerked his head again, and Danvers led Nancy across the room until she stood face to face with the ambassador, and he stared at her with eyes that gradually began to waver and to grow big.

"Your Highness," he exclaimed, "it is the fever, *hein?* Or what is it that it is? I quiver. I am all of a bewilderment. So like the little princess, but also different." He frowned at the Americans. "Who is this young lady?" he said with suddenly narrowing eyes.

"For the next thirty days," said Gresham, "this is the Crown Princess of Tharos."

"Impossible! Oh, so very utterly impossible."

"No princess, no bonds," said Gresham. "And here's a perfectly good princess. Pass in a crowd, won't she? You had to take a close look before you knew? Well?"

"BUT, messieurs, the complications. The newspapers. If this imposture is discovered!"

"Who's going to discover it? Everybody knows the princess got off the boat. Everybody knows she's here. And if her own party and ambassador sponsor her, who's going to have a doubt?"

"But the little things that come from custom! The so-small things that breed themselves in the very bones of royalty."

"America won't miss 'em," said Gresham. "We take our royalty at long distance."

"Does she know Tharos? She will meet those who have traveled there."

"That's your job. And she can read up in a guidebook."

Suddenly the baron launched upon Nancy an avalanche of hysterical French, the burden of which was a demand to know who she was and how she dared be so impertinent as to look like his princess. She drew herself up to her full height of sixty inches and replied in the same language.

"You forget yourself, Baron," she said coldly. "You have heard what these gentlemen have said to you. It is my wish that you carry out their plan. At once. You have my leave to set about it immediately." And then, not graciously, but imperiously, she extended her tiny hand, palm downward, and quite before he knew what he was about the ambassador bent over it and touched her fingers with his lips.

THEN he started back aghast, his jowls purple, his eyes round as onions. "It is wonderful. I would not have believed. She compels me to kiss her hand as if she were my princess." And then he chuckled, and then he laughed. "This so-insane country; this so-incredible people. Even a princess, as you say, you can produce from a silk hat. How is it you say? You have make a won. You have achieve the victory." He turned again to Nancy.

"Your Highness," he said unctuously, "in all things you can rely upon the ol' Baron Lippiscu. Oh, thees land of insanity! Oh, thees so-beautiful joke on ever'body! Oh, these so-crazy millions of people that buy a bond because they look at a princess—and on them is the joke all the time."

The baron was as nearly doubled up with laughter as the rotundity of his middle would permit. "And I make the wager," he said, "she does not even know the name of her papa."

"It is Michael," she said. "But, Baron, you'll have to tell me a lot of history and biography, and what not. Have we any nice family scandals?" She faced Gresham: "When do I make my first public appearance?"

"Tomorrow night," he said, "I am entertaining in your honor."

"While I'm learning all about Tharos," she said with grave face, but shining eyes, "you'd better read a book on etiquette. Your manners really are atrocious. We princesses are particular, so if you don't want to be snubbed you'd better be pretty nice."

III

NANCY rather enjoyed the ordeal of presentation to her *entourage*. She considered the expression of the young Count Passeria, who was an equerry or an extra-special sort of secretary; and she saw the quivering of the nostrils of the Countess Bratianu and of the Baroness Saviar as it was brought home to them that they must put in a whole month of pretended obsequiousness to a little nobody who had been an actress. The situation gave promise of excitement.

"It is understood by all?" asked the ambassador.

"Perfectly," said the Countess Bratianu with an inflection.

"In public," added the Baroness Saviar.

Nancy smiled sweetly. "Let's not get funny ideas," she said. "For thirty days I *am* the princess. Not only when I'm in the show case, but when I'm at breakfast or cleaning my teeth or pulling on my stockings. I can very well understand how the situation may irk you, but control yourselves. I have pretty definite ideas of how a princess should be treated by people who are just countesses and baronesses, and so on. And it will be nicer if we understand one another right at the start. I mean to say that, as we put it in this barbarous country where there is no aristocracy, for thirty days I am in the driver's seat. This goes for all of you, servants and nobility alike: The first of you who conducts herself toward me either in public or in private as if I were not actually the Princess Catterina Theodora Margharitta will think there's been an earthquake in the palace. Am I clear?"

"Yes," said the baroness.

"Yes what?" asked Nancy softly.

"Yes, Your Highness," said the baroness.

"NOW," said Nancy graciously, "you may all go out and play—except Baron Lippiscu. We're going into conference."

They filed out thoughtfully and Nancy twinkled at the ambassador.

"I rather enjoyed it," she said.

"And also me, Your Highness. In the beginning I am afraid. Now I am not afraid. I anticipate. I quiver with anticipation. But always with a face of the gravest."

"Now," said Nancy, "let's have geography and history and family skeletons, and a couple of local customs. I don't have to learn any native dances, do I?"

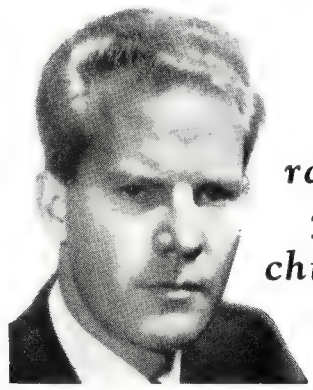
So the good baron embarked upon a long lecture peculiarly informative and calculated to equip Nancy for any emergency which might arise. She listened intently and asked questions of such acuteness that the baron admired. And they laughed together at this and that and had a very good time indeed. So much so that at the end Nancy said to him:

"The bars are down to you—in private. You may call me Nancy, and I'll call you Uncle Pete."

"I am gratified," he said.

"You'd better be. And now clear out, because I'm dizzy. I want to digest all

To PUZZLED Fathers



of rather young children

IF YOU'VE had to exchange a charming wife for a tired mother who spends endless hours in the kitchen dutifully scraping, stewing and straining vegetables for your child—you'll be glad to read this story.

Five years ago Mr. Dan Gerber faced the same situation, and knowing a great deal about vegetables he set out to solve this problem. The result was Gerber's Strained Vegetable Products—now widely prescribed by physicians everywhere.

MRS. DAN GERBER *with* PAULA GERBER *at the age of 5 months. Paula began to eat Gerber's Strained Cereal at 3 months, and had her first Gerber's Strained Vegetables at 3½ months.*

Gerber's Strained Vegetables are not medicinal. They are simply fine, fresh vegetables—an essential part of baby's diet—prepared so that their minerals and natural food elements can be best utilized by small stomachs. We can prepare them better than can be done at home because—we raise our own vegetables, so there's no uncertainty about their crisp, garden freshness—we have special straining and cooking equipment to effect maximum conservation of true flavor and natural food elements (vitamins and minerals.)

Strained, uniform, unseasoned—*ready* to warm and use as the doctor directs.

Gerber's Strained Cereal is an infant cereal—not an adaptation of a general purpose cereal. The combination of whole wheat, hulled oats and added wheat germ, long-cooked in whole, fresh milk, produces an ideal blending of important food values—and a flavor so appealing that many babies who resist ordinary cereal, eat Gerber's Strained Cereal with relish.

The rich food values of the bran are first cooked into the cereal. Then the harsh bran hulls are strained out. Thoroughly cooked, it's ready to warm and use.

The Gerber Products enjoy the acceptance seal of the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association which not only accepts the products themselves but the things we say about them.

Helpful Booklet FREE—*Send Coupon*

Strained Tomatoes
Vegetable Soup
Beets-Carrots-Prunes
Spinach-Peas-Green
Beans—4½ oz. cans

Strained Cereal
10¼ oz. cans

Ask your doctor

15c at Grocers and Druggists

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN.

Gerber's

9 KINDS OF STRAINED FOODS

GERBER PRODUCTS COMPANY
FREMONT, MICHIGAN
(*In Canada*) Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Windsor, Ontario

Please send me free copy of booklet, "Baby's Vegetables and Cereal and Some Notes on Mealtime Psychology." (Enclose 10c if you would also like a picture of the original Gerber Baby drawing by Dorothy Hope Smith.)

Name .....

Address J-11

Experts Say that PERSTIK is the Safe, Sure, Effective "Lipstick" Deodorant

NEW— PERSTIK contains a New Substance which Gives Positive Protection Against Odor

Thousands now use dainty Perstik because it is easy to use and *instantly* banishes odor. Just a few strokes over the armpits—that's all you need, for all-day protection.

Perstik is gentle to your skin . . . it cannot possibly irritate — you may even use it after shaving. Perstik is stainless, and harmless to fabrics—you can slip right into your dress. And Perstik is easy to carry in your purse.

Perstik is so neat and nice and SAFE, it has won favor with over 6,000 New York City doctors' wives and with the beauty advisers to more than 10 million women. Even fashionable London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna now *rave* about Perstik.

Take No Chances

Don't risk the use of cheap, ineffective imitations when genuine 50¢ Perstik gives you months of positive protection. Genuine Perstik contains no lard, cocoa butter or other greasy ingredients. Genuine Perstik will not harm the most delicate body tissue—it can be used freely on sanitary napkins. Be sure you get genuine Perstik, in the *new improved* black-and-white case.

Ask for *genuine* Perstik at your department or drug store. If, by chance, you don't find it there, write Perstik, 469 Fifth Ave., New York.

Genuine PERSTIK has the name right on the cap

Awarded the Good Housekeeping SEAL OF APPROVAL

Perstik
THE "LIPSTICK" DEODORANT
Trade Mark Reg. Patents Pending

this, and take a little nap, and powder my nose."

Nancy took her little nap, and it spoke eloquently of her nerves that she slept quickly and peacefully. After a while she awakened, rang for her maid, allowed herself to be dressed. She descended to the library, which she was delighted to find untenanted, selected a book and appropriated Regulus Gresham's favorite chair in which to read.

Presently she was disturbed by the entry of a liveried servant who conducted a visitor. "If you will be so good, sir, as to wait here, I will notify Mr. Gresham that you have arrived."

"Thank you," said a rather tall young man with that sort of light curly hair which looks particularly well with a football uniform. Nancy scrutinized him over her book. He was quite handsome in an athletic, Anglo-Saxon way, and she guessed he would be stubborn and that his sense of humor might be tinged with the ironical. He advanced well into the room before he saw her, when he halted abruptly. "I beg your pardon," he said.

"Do you really?" asked Nancy.

"At least it was better than standing dumb," he said.

"A fraction better. Now is it correct for me to ask you to sit down? It really isn't my library, you see."

"You were here first."

"In that case, you may sit."

HE MOVED a bit closer and then halted again, this time with an expression of dismay.

"Your Highness!" he exclaimed.

"It is My Highness," she said. "Nevertheless, sit down."

"But ——"

"No international complications will be caused. Suppose you tell me who you are. Princesses are privileged to ask questions."

"My name is Madison—Potter Madison."

"Ah, the renegade."

"Eh, what, Your Highness?"

"Who makes war on his class," said Nancy. "I've heard about you," she said severely. "At home I'd clap you in a dungeon or something. You go about making speeches and stirring people up."

"Your Highness," said Mr. Madison, "it's merely because I'm sick of seeing my countrymen gypped by European states."

"I don't know whether that's lese majesty or not," she said thoughtfully. "I'll have to consult the ambassador."

"You asked for it," he said.

"I suppose you're a Communist, or something."

"Certainly not."

"Your Highness," said Nancy softly.

"Your Highness," said Potter, flushing.

"Just a matter of good manners," she said. "I'm not really fussy."

"You—you speak English amazingly well," he said.

"For one of the ruling class I'm quite intelligent. And very inquisitive. I ask questions."

"Why not?"

"Are you rich?"

"Yes, Your Highness."

"How nice. Then why do you dislike other people who are rich?"

"I only dislike the methods they use to become rich."

"Such as?" she asked.

HE SMILED wryly. "Such as bringing to this sternly republican country a beautiful princess to induce people to buy bonds they otherwise would avoid."

"Do you really think me beautiful?" she asked.

"Yes, Your Highness."

"You needn't be so formal about it. I could do with a few details and adjectives."

"You are quite unlike what I thought a princess would be."

"But I'm a very original princess. I'm quite famous for it. It's why the home folks call me Princess Zizzi. Zizzi is a sort of slang word that means something like feather-headed—only nicer. It can't be translated exactly."

"What do you do to earn it?" he asked.

"Almost anything I want to. I give a great deal of trouble to premiers and councils of state and people like that. They scold me."

"But adore you," he said.

"Now that was nice. It marks a decided improvement. I must tell Nikko about you."

"And who is Nikko?"

SHE raised her brows. "Prince Nicholas, to whom I am affianced. A very dull man with a long upper lip, but quite a person as princes go."

"You are going to marry him?"

"So the premier says."

"But do you—er—do you love him?"

"What a question. If your courting was done for you by the council of state, would it stir your deepest emotions?"

"Personally I think it frightful," said Potter.

"I've an idea part of the proceeds of this bond issue is to pay the costs of the wedding. So you really mustn't interfere with it. You wouldn't want me to have a shabby, second-class wedding, would you?"

Before he could answer, Gresham burst into the room as he always burst into places. His entrance was rather the charge of an irritated bear than the coming of a human being.

"Well, well," he roared, "what's it about? What do you want?"

Nancy arose from her chair and stood very straight and unwavering and dignified.

"I do not recall," she said coldly, "that you requested an interview."

Gresham scowled and thrust forward his chin. "This is my library ——"

"Which I am occupying," said Nancy. "When I require your presence I will send for you."

"What's that? What's that?"

"I think I spoke clearly."

"Listen here"—he paused and choked over the words—"Your Highness. I've got business with this young man. He came here to discuss things. My time is valuable."

"I fear your business will have to wait," she said. "I will send for you when I have quite finished talking with Mr. Madison."

FOR a moment there was some doubt as to what would happen. Gresham stood quivering, his granite face outthrust. To be ordered about in his own house; to be dismissed like a servant—and by a little actress out of some unknown stock company! His patience was tenuous at best, and this was putting more strain upon it than it ever had endured. But it did not break. He made a savage sort of noise in his throat and stamped out of the room.

Nancy waited until he was well away and then, in a little voice which was far from steady, she asked, "Didn't you think I was nice to do that?"

"It wouldn't matter that he is the most powerful banker in America?"

"Not to me," said Nancy, "when I was right in the middle of an interesting conversation."

"Being a princess has its compensations."

"Simply stacks of them," she said. And then, "Didn't he look funny? I thought maybe he'd explode."

"Probably he'll take it out on me," said Potter.

"I'll tell him not to."

"Thank you, Your Highness, but I fancy I can take care of myself."

"You don't like Mr. Gresham?"

"Oh, but I do. He's such a frank, out-and-out, straightforward old buccaneer. No bones about it. You can really respect him. It's the other sort of folks I can't endure—the kind that pretend to be something they're not."

"Oh," said Nancy a bit faintly.

"That's the one thing I can't forgive," he went on—"making believe you're what

Wise Parents

Wise parents—fastidious parents! Their children are well-bred—the "nice people" of tomorrow. Traditions—fine, sound traditions—run strong in these families.

Children who come from such parents recall, as one of their earliest nursery memories, the soothing, invigorating cleanliness of Pears' Soap. And in their turn, they will pass on to *their* children the delightful habit of relying on Pears' to protect the health and beauty of the skin.

Pears' has been for generations the choice of fastidious people. It costs so little more, you are amazed at its modest price. Get a cake of Pears' today! At all drug and department stores. Unscented, 15¢. Scented, a bit more.

Today's well-bred people have the same friendly feeling for Pears' that their forbears had when the slogan of the day was:

Good morning! Have you used Pears' Soap?

Easiest way to REMOVE HAIR

Simply apply Delatone and wipe away all superfluous hair. White, fragrant, economical. Used by millions of women for 25 years. Delatone Cream 50c and $1, Delatone Powder $1 at drug and dept. stores. 10c tubes at 5 and 10c stores. Descriptive circular free. Write Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company, Dept. 197, 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Ill. Also makers of Nul Deodorant. Ask your dealer.

DEL-A-TONE
The Best Hair-Remover

KEEP COTTONS CRISP TRY THIS FREE

This modern way to hot starch ends mixing, boiling and bother as with lump starch. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. It restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness. No sticking. No scorching. Your iron fairly glides. Send for sample.

THANK YOU

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 682, Keokuk, Ia.
Your free sample, please, and "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

.....
.....

you're not—just to make money. Deceiving people for a few dollars."

"But suppose you needed the dollars very much?"

"No excuse whatever."

"But a woman would be different, wouldn't she? I mean the same rules wouldn't apply?"

"Even more so," said Potter dogmatically.

"It wouldn't depend at all on circumstances?"

"Certainly not."

"You're very hard," she said.

"I'm fair," he said.

"And self-righteous."

"I am not self-righteous."

"You are—disgustingly. You're a—a—Pharisee."

"I don't see," he said, "why you should get in a temper about it."

"It was necessary. Who gives you the right to judge? Were you ever hungry and out of a job? Were you ever stranded away off somewhere without money to get home? Did you ever realize what it was to—to be a failure in your profession—with no future—and to be almost in despair about it? Did you? Did you?"

"No, Your Highness."

"AND then supposing somebody came along and asked you to pretend to be something you were not—and offered you enough money so you knew you never could be afraid of starving again. Not enough to be rich, or even comfortable—but just enough to invest and get an income that would keep you from ever having to go without a meal again. What about that, Mr. Pharisee? What about that, Mr. Holier-than-thou?"

"It's just the same. It's selling your integrity and compromising with your conscience."

"How old are you, Mr. Madison?"

"I am twenty-nine, Your Highness."

"Very young, and disgustingly bumptious, and abysmally inexperienced."

"While you, Your Highness, are aged, modest and well-versed in the unpleasant things of life."

"We seem to be getting nowhere, except to quarrel," she said.

"Shall I call Mr. Gresham?"

"Yes. I find you are not amusing."

"I have a reputation for being dull."

"Well earned. Very well earned," she said sharply.

He arose with impressive dignity, but she halted him. "If you will ring the bell," she said, "a servant will call Mr. Gresham. I really could not have so sterling a character running errands for me."

There ensued an uncomfortable silence during which Potter looked sulkily gloomy and Nancy studied him under bent brows. Mr. Gresham entered less stormily than before.

"May I really use my library for a few moments now?" he barked.

"Your Highness," corrected Nancy. And she smiled up at him in her most sparkling and disarming manner. She walked past him to the door, where she paused. "Mr. Madison is coming to my party tomorrow night," she said.

"Impossible," said Potter.

"You will see to it," said Nancy, "that Mr. Madison is included among the guests."

"Yes, Your Highness," said Gresham, with grim irony.

IV

THE newspapers promptly forgot the impressively regal name of the Princess Catterina Theodora Margharitta and called her Zizzi. This was after her first escapade. There was nothing drab or dull about this sample of visiting royalty, and there was plenty of color and unexpectedness. So she became news. Within seventy-two hours of her arrival she was known to the public from coast to coast as a combination of a princess out of a fairy tale and an incorrigibly naughty little girl—in a nice way—who gave a great deal of trouble to people whose duty it was to keep a protective eye on her movements. She was unpredictable, and she had a way of saying things. Americans love a phrase maker if the making is in character and seems instinctive; and the princess seemed to have an amazing command of colloquial English.

Her first interview with the press, granted on the afternoon preceding the glittering function at which American society was to be presented to her, gave promise. After careful coaching by Baron Lippiscu and Regulus Gresham, who laid their commands upon her and were present to see that she carried them out, she almost threw Gresham into convulsions, and endeared herself to a dozen reporters.

"What," was the inevitable first question, "are your impressions of America?"

"IT IS," she said with suspicious gravity, "the land of the free and the home of the red finger nail."

"Your Highness doesn't approve of red finger nails?"

"I would as soon paint my ears blue."

"What do you think of American men?"

"I'll be able to tell you that when they let me see one under sixty," said Nancy.

"Is it a fact," asked a tabloid reporter, "that there is considerable resentment against your father, the king?"

"Why should there be?"

"On account of a certain lady."

"Oh, that!" Nancy beamed on them. "Isn't papa the cunning old skeezicks! Fancy! At his age."

"Your Highness!" expostulated the shocked ambassador.

Nancy shrugged her shoulders and gurgled. "You told me I must please Americans," she said, "and next to bragging about their own virtues they love scandals in others." She twinkled upon the reporters. "You really ought to hear some of the things they whisper about me!"

"Is it true you are going to marry the Prince of Wales?"

"Now there's an idea," Nancy said admiringly. "No. Eddie is much too smart to make a good husband. And can you imagine the King of England being Prince Consort of Tharos! It would be as if you offered your own Mr. J. P. Morgan the vice presidency of a country bank. You see, Eddie will be a wholesale king, while I'll just be a little retail queen. Oh, no. I'm going to marry Nick. He's so nice and dull."

"Your Highness!" exclaimed the baron, while Gresham might be heard to grind his teeth savagely.

"You believe in dull husbands?" asked the tabloid reporter. "Perhaps because their eyes are not so sharp?"

"You work for one of these undersized papers?" asked Nancy.

"Yes, Your Highness."

NANCY clucked and then uttered what might or might not be a *non sequitur*. "Even in the palace," she said, "we have some difficulty keeping insects out of the drains."

"Do you read the Daily Follies, Your Highness?" asked a young woman.

"Whenever," said the princess, "I have three cents to spare."

"Then perhaps you have noticed we are conducting a contest with a prize of five thousand dollars to be awarded to the girl under twenty-three who writes in two hundred and fifty words the best characterization of the modern young woman."

"Oh, yes, indeed."

"Your Highness, the judges made the award last night. My boss told me to ask you if you would present the check. It wouldn't take a second. We would bring the girl here and you hand her the prize and we take a picture."

"Why not?" asked Nancy. "And who, may I ask, is the fortunate young person?"

"Her name," said the reporter, "is Nancy Lane. I believe she's an actress or a chorus girl or something."

"Awk!" said Nancy.

"I beg your pardon, Your Highness?"

"It's the humidity," Nancy said, and then smiled an exceedingly mischievous smile at Regulus Gresham. "I assure you there's nobody I would rather present a

Remove film . . . don't let it ravage teeth and gums

THIS can't happen to me, you think. But it can. Film spreads over teeth without your knowing it. In film are particles of food—the nesting place of germs. Hourly these germs do their work. Before you realize it, another tooth has been destroyed.

What is film?

Film is the sticky *mucin* in saliva. It forms in coats and patches. Bits of food stick to it. Some cause stain—others can't be seen.

In this moist, warm film live millions of tiny germs which cause tooth decay. They multiply. They decompose food particles. They produce strong acids that first break through enamel, then destroy the part beneath. Soon the tooth is too far gone to save—and that's the result of tooth decay.

Other germs are found in film that spin like corkscrews. They are associated with dread "trench mouth." Still others are linked with pyorrhea. And all of these are incubated in the coating dentists know as *mucin plaque*—and we call film.

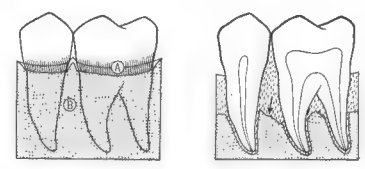
"What must I do to fight film?"

To fight film use Pepsodent instead of ordinary tooth pastes. Why? Because the true value of a tooth paste is determined by its polishing material.

The new polishing material in Pepsodent is one of the great discoveries of the day. It is twice as soft as polishing materials in common use. Its power to remove film stain is revolutionary!

When tempted to try cheap and ineffective tooth pastes, remember the one safe way to fight film is to use the special film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent. Use it twice a day and see your dentist twice a year.

How *Film* leads to Pyorrhea!



1 A tooth on which film (A) has begun to form along the gum line. (B) is jaw bone. Tooth firmly seated in socket.

2 The bacteria in film, and irritation from tartar have resulted in a "pyorrhea pocket." Note how bone has started to break down. Teeth become loose.

3 The pyorrhea pocket grows. Teeth are very loose.

4 Pyorrhea is spreading to other teeth. Teeth are lost.

Pepsodent—is the special film-removing tooth paste

Your Beauty Demands This Wonderful New Face Powder

Hides Tiny Lines and Wrinkles
Prevents Large Pores
Stays on Longer

You simply cannot look your best with a shiny face or a coarse skin with large pores! Like millions of beautiful women, you can conquer these faults with MELLO-GLO, the new wonderful French process face powder which banishes unsightly shine and prevents large pores!

MELLO-GLO is the purest face powder known. It is sifted through close-meshed silk until its texture is so fine that it spreads with surprising smoothness. It not only goes on evenly; it stays on longer.

MELLO-GLO hides tiny lines and wrinkles. There is no pasty or flaky appearance, no drawn feeling or irritation. Just exquisite rose-petal beauty that feels as lovely as it looks. Its delightful fragrance is enchanting.

MELLO-GLO will lend animation to your face, the fresh bloom of youthful beauty. No wonder women are raving about it and insisting upon MELLO-GLO at toilet goods counters the country over. You will not be disappointed with the purest and finest face powder that can be made. Fifty cents and one dollar at all stores. Tax free.

Canadian Agents, Lyman Agencies, Limited, Montreal

MELLO-GLO COMPANY (Dept. 11)
Statler Bldg., Boston, Mass.
Please find 10 cents enclosed. Send me sample of MELLO-GLO Face Powder.

Name_____

Address_____

Kindly write here name of your favorite store:

substantial check to than this Nancy Lane."

"Then we may bring her to you tomorrow—say at ten?"

"I shall be delighted," said Nancy.

Presently the interview came to an end, after Nancy had expressed her authoritative views upon the international debts, eugenics, socialism, dieting, cosmetics, unemployment, art, literature and such other minor topics as the reporters felt would elevate the mental tone of the American public. Regulus Gresham found it difficult to wait for them to leave.

"You infernal little idiot!" he shouted.

"To a crown princess? Naughty, naughty."

"Didn't we tell you what to say?"

"Yes, but it was so dull. This was much more fun, and the dear people will love it. You really don't know much about people, do you?" She leaned back in her chair, crossed her very sightly legs and laughed with gay, youthful thoroughness. "Oh," she said when she could speak, "can you imagine it? Bringing me out here tomorrow so I can present a five-thousand-dollar check to myself! But wasn't I smart to win it?"

"If you aren't careful," said Gresham, "you're going to get us all in hot water!"

NANCY leaned forward and her little mouth was firm. "If," she said, "you address me again other than as Your Highness, or use a tone you would not use to the scarlet-fever young lady upstairs, I shall leave this house and go to a hotel. And I shall give it out that your conduct made impossible my continued stay under your roof." She nodded her little head three times emphatically. "And see how you'll like that."

Gresham studied her a moment with quivering jowls; then he relaxed and shook his massive head. "I believe you'd do it," he said with grudging admiration.

"Like a shot," said Nancy.

"And"—he was very careful to add "Your Highness"—"I may be wrong in supposing you also contemplate a course in blackmail following the event."

"Oh, no," she said airily. "I'm not mercenary. But I like good clean fun. For thirty days I'm going to be a princess."

"Do you think you are acting like a princess, Your Highness?" Gresham asked with grim irony.

"I'm acting my idea of a princess," said Nancy, "and it's just too bad if real princesses disagree. Maybe I'll set a new style."

Gresham tried to be placating, which was no easy task for a man who had ruled by barking through a long and predatory life. "Now look here, Your Highness, there are going to be a lot of important people here tonight. And, after all, you're being paid pretty well ——"

"I'll try not to disgrace you—much," said Nancy.

Nancy might well be excused if she contemplated the evening with some trepidation. It is one thing to face a man or a half-dozen men, but to be made the focus of the eyes of a couple of hundred people, most of whom were so lofty socially that one never heard of them at all, was quite another. What she did not know was that your true aristocrat is the easiest of all created beings with whom to get along. But even in a determined little person like Nancy there was a certain awe of names—or was until she reviewed the situation.

SHE remembered that she was not Nancy Lane but Crown Princess Catterina Theodora Margharitta, bearing upon her broad white brow the authentic glamour of a crown—and that she brought to America a reputation for being the infant terrible among royalties. With a glint of her eyes she realized that there would be disappointment if she failed to produce a sample of her terribleness.

So, as she allowed herself to be dressed by maids supervised by a sulky countess and a resentful baroness, she quite regained her self-assurance and looked forward with pleasure to what might come.

And it was pleasant and gratifying and flattering. It was especially flattering to note the eyes of the ladies as they appraised her beauty and the way she wore her gown and how she carried the famous jewels of Tharos. It was evident that the tribute of the men was not to her rank—not to the lineage and position of the princess who lay quarantined in the room abovestairs—but to the features and figure and grace and wit of Nancy Lane.

SHE was conscious of a slight disappointment as the evening grew older. Small matters can assume suddenly an importance in the eyes of the young, and especially of young women. Until that moment the existence of Potter Madison had been of slight moment to her. True, he was nice to look at and nice to talk to, though a shade on the serious side—and he was young enough so that their brief conversation carried with it a lift that always must be present when two young and splendid and unattached young people encounter each other. Nature has seen to that. But beyond that he had been only another man until he failed to obey her royal command to present himself this evening. She found herself resenting his absence. She found herself wishing for his presence. She really was commencing to get herself into quite a state of mind when she saw his blond head above the press as it made its irregular way toward her.

"I thought," she said severely, "you weren't coming."

"Your Highness missed me?"

"You practically ruined my evening, and now you may dance with me—and you'd better be a good dancer or I'll complain to the Secretary of State."

"He's a very good friend of mine."

"You're a serious young man, aren't you?" she asked.

"Only during business hours," he said.

"But were you ever expelled from college, or sued for breach of promise, or arrested for disorderly conduct?"

"I was heaved out of two prep schools," he admitted, "and they let me stay in college because my father gave them a new quadrangle or something. I once punched a policeman, and I can arrange for the breach of promise if it is a prerequisite."

"NOT at all. Quite unnecessary. Now listen carefully. I'm on exhibition. An escapade is expected of me. Can you think of one?"

"You might put a pin in Gresham's chair."

"Not good enough. It really ought to be a little risqué."

"I must decline to compromise Your Highness."

"But would you mind if I compromised you, Mr. Madison?"

"I'm a politician. I could be compromised by a hat-check girl and get away with it, but to be compromised by a princess would be fatal to my career."

"Then I'll do it," she said. "I hate politicians. Um. . . . Let me give this serious thought. Have you had any experience evading secret-service guardians?"

"None."

"I have—lots. Once I evaded a whole regiment of lancers. Now, if I was to slip upstairs and put this collection of family jewels in the safe, and get into a wrap, could you take me off some place?"

"You're surely not serious."

"Are you afraid?" she jeered.

"But ——"

"I heard them talking about a place called Gaston's," she said. "What is it?"

"It's a sort of glorified road house—a night club over on the main road three or four miles from here."

"You remember the French windows giving off Mr. Gresham's library?"

"Very well."

"In exactly seven minutes you are to be standing just outside them."

"But, Your Highness!"

"If," she said, "you won't come I shall go alone. I'll—I'll steal a car. I mean it."

In something less than seven minutes she slipped down the stairs and darted into the library. Tingling with excitement, she let herself out of the window as Potter stepped out of the shadows.

"My car is waiting," he said as he offered his arm and led her across the lawn. "Gaston's," he said to his driver.

A drive of less than a quarter of an hour brought them to this famous Long Island place of night entertainment. They entered and presently were shown to a table beside the floor. It was a heterogeneous company that occupied the place: little parties of nice young people occupied some of the tables; odd-looking old men with overdressed young women; unpleasantly youthful old ladies with dapper youths; sleek men with cautious eyes and heavy-faced men wearing ungracefully unaccustomed dinner jackets; these and a dozen more varieties ate or danced or drank.

THEN, through the front door, burst a party of four men and four girls who evidently had not wasted their evening before arriving. Boisterously they demanded tables, and the shrill voices of the women were pitched upon an unpleasant note. In one of the men Nancy recognized a mediocre leading man with whom she had played part of a season and whom she remembered with acute displeasure. With something like dismay she watched as they checked their coats and came into the hall of entertainment; she lowered her head and turned away her face, but the precaution was in vain.

"Well, if it isn't little Nancy!" called stridently that voice which so often had set her nerves on edge.

There was but one thing to do; she must pretend not to hear that greeting, to know it was addressed to her; and she was surprised to hear her own voice, how unconcerned it was as she spoke to Potter.

"A bit noisy, these newcomers—what?" she asked.

The man Wollcott persisted across the floor rather unsteadily and stopped with palms spread upon the table top.

"Well, how's the kid?" he demanded.

Nancy raised her brows at Potter, shrugged her shoulders and left the situation to him—with some interest.

"That will be all," said Potter quietly.

"Says you. Ain't Nancy and me old friends? Ain't we, Nance? Say, tell this bozo we're old friends. Don't go high-hat on me."

"My friend," said Potter, "this lady never saw you before. You are being unpleasant. Suppose you rejoin your party."

"Maybe you and some football team would like to make me. Eh, Nancy?"

HE REACHED out to touch her shoulder, but Potter saw to it his fingers never reached her soft skin. Mr. Wollcott nursed his jaw and looked up from the floor. He bellowed to his friends, who came belligerently.

"Excuse me," said Potter to Nancy, and before the trained phalanx of waiters could intervene he resorted to that time-honored method of defense which is sudden attack—and all that remained for the waiters was to drag out roughly and unsympathetically four men whose desire for war had altogether forsaken them.

Then Potter turned to Nancy. "I think we're a bit conspicuous here," he said.

"It would seem so," she rejoined, and got to her feet. "But it was dandy while it lasted. You don't want to hit anybody else?"

The proprietor, profuse in his apologies, was beside them, but Potter brushed him aside and almost brusquely bundled Nancy into his car.

"Well," he said shortly, "you've had your escapade. . . . Now what was that man up to anyhow? Called you Nancy and acted as if he'd known you for years. Must have been pretty tight."

"I don't believe," Nancy said pensively, "he was ever presented at court."

"And Your Highness' name is not Nancy."

"But it's a nice name," said the princess.

(To be Continued)

"Supper—St. Regis Roof"... A COLOR SNAPSHOT TAKEN BY COURTESY OF THE *ST. REGIS HOTEL,* NEW YORK

EXTRA PROTECTION... Women insist on having things fresh—so they like the way the air-tight *welded* Humidor Pack keeps their Camels always fresh—and the way it protects them from absorbing powder and perfume odors.

Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

"The tobacco in CAMELS is certainly much the best"

Women are quick to discriminate between flavors. They are trained to it. Most women can tell instantly whether a sauce has been made with cream or with milk, whether lemon or vinegar has been used in a salad dressing.

So they are sensitive to the difference in tobacco quality. That is why so many women are turning to Camels. For even the most intensive heat treatments and all of the other special processes cannot make raw, inferior tobaccos taste as good as the expensive, naturally mild tobaccos in Camels.

Making a cigarette is like making any dish — the choicer your ingredients the more delicious its flavor.

Leaf tobaccos for cigarettes can be bought from 5¢ a pound to more than $1.00 a pound, but Camel pays the millions more that insure your enjoyment. Give your taste a chance to appreciate Camels.

IT IS A FACT, WELL KNOWN BY LEAF TOBACCO EXPERTS, THAT CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

VALUE....

BEYOND FASHION'S FONDEST FANCY DWELLS IN THIS *Charmed Circle*

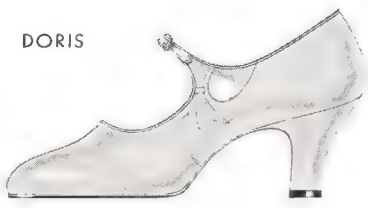
If you are proud of your power to discover value—step into the *charmed circle* that surrounds your footsteps when you wear Vitality Health Shoes. You'll find shoe-value with a wholly new meaning in terms of Smartness, Fit, Economy and Vitality. Authentic smartness! Height of style! Fit that literally lets you forget your feet! And Vitality, from a "vitalizing principle" of shoe construction, that leaves you fresh and tireless after hours of standing and walking. As for economy, these prices prove it. $5—Extreme Styles $6.

VITALITY SHOE CO. • St. Louis
Division of International Shoe Company

$5 EXTREME STYLES $6

LORETTA

DORIS



CARMEN

For children and for older girls and boys, there is a complete line of charmingly styled Vitality Health Shoes assuring youthful foot health. Genuine solid leather construction is a strong guarantee of lasting shapeliness and long wear.

VITALITY *health shoes*

SIZES 2 TO 11 • • WIDTHS AAAA TO EEE

Rickrack Comes Back

HERE'S a new idea—use rickrack braid as a decorative trimming for your summer furnishings, and give your home a smart new dress. You can use rickrack all over the house to good effect as decoration.

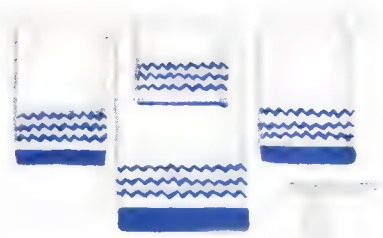
In the sketch at the top of the page we've suggested a corner of a summer living room. Doesn't royal blue and white make the coolest and smartest effect imaginable? And the white sailcloth used for boxed couch cover and curtains is as practical as it is inexpensive.

Use rickrack in your sun porch on draperies and chair covers; use it in the bedroom for spreads, vanity-table valance and curtains. Use it in the kitchen or breakfast nook.

MAKE table linens of heavy basque linen trimmed with rickrack to match your china and glass. You can use three graduated tones of one color or three harmonizing shades. Make square napkins to match.

At the right you can see how effective it is when combined with bands of color on bath towels and face towels. But don't stop there—put stripes on your shower curtain too.

The braid comes in all the most gorgeous colors, and you can get no end of brilliant color combinations. Go as severe as you like with one color and white, or use gay peasant colors. All you have to do is zip the braid up on your machine.



GO TO YOUR GROCER AND GET
A PACKAGE OF BISQUICK AND A BOX
OF STRAWBERRIES TODAY

NOW! SIMPLE TO MAKE
OLD-FASHIONED

Strawberry Shortcake

LIKE YOUR HUSBAND'S
MOTHER USED TO MAKE!

JUST ADD CREAM AND SUGAR

To This Amazing New Food Invention To Have The Real Old-Fashioned Rich Shortcake Biscuit!

Note Coupon For Betty Crocker's Remarkable New Recipe Book FREE

NOW have *real* old-fashioned Strawberry Shortcake—the kind your husband says his mother used to make—the real old-fashioned *rich* shortcake biscuit!

Due to a new and unique scientific development from the millers of famous Gold Medal "*Kitchen-tested*" Flour—shortcake biscuit making is now so simple *even a child* can't go wrong.

The name of this marvelous new food invention is Bisquick—B-I-S-Q-U-I-C-K. And the way it acts borders on the miraculous.

For *rich* shortcake biscuit, simply add a little cream and sugar to Bisquick . . . stir . . . cut out . . . and put in oven. All of which takes less time than to make a cup of coffee—90 seconds by the clock! (For plain biscuits, simply add water or milk.)

That's all you do. There's no trouble. No mussing. And—no failures!

The "knack" or "trick" of perfect biscuits is made *into* it. By an amazing, newly discovered process of mixing the shortening and dry ingredients.

The shortening itself is a marvelous new type which, mixed with other special ingredients, keeps fresh and sweet long after ordinary shortenings turn rancid.

And Shortcake Bisquicks, the name for these new-day creations, are perfect for Strawberry Shortcake. Gold brown topped, tender white inside, they are delicious in themselves yet contrast wonderfully well with the sweet berry taste. Too, the rich Shortcake Bisquicks do not soak up the juice and become mushy. But keep their fresh, flaky crispness.

Get a package of Bisquick and a box of strawberries from your grocer today. Follow the simple recipe on the package. And—look for a kiss and a compliment from your husband.

Accept New Recipes Free

Just off the press! Betty Crocker's amazing new recipe book, "101 Delicious Bisquick Creations," beautifully bound, illustrated in color, gives 101 different recipes from distinguished hostesses, movie stars, internationally famous chefs and other authorities for using Bisquick. Covers all types of shortcakes, muffins, fruit rolls, meat dishes. Wonderful to have—sent for ONE Bisquick Box Top FREE. Or, for 25c. Mail coupon now.

GOLD MEDAL FOODS, INCORPORATED
of
GENERAL MILLS, INC., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Copr. 1933, by General Mills, Inc.

MAIL FOR FREE BOOK
CLIP COUPON NOW

Offer Good Only Within Continental Limits of U. S. A.

BETTY CROCKER, Minneapolis, Minnesota

Enclosed please find ONE TOP which I have torn from a package of Bisquick for which please send Betty Crocker's new "101 Delicious Bisquick Creations."

Name.....

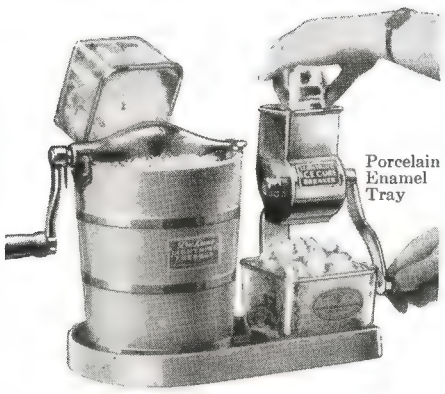
Street or R. F. D. No......

City..... *State*..... *1213*

NOTE: If you do not send Bisquick Box Top—send 25c in coin or stamps

LHJ-7

When you bake biscuits at home, by all means use BISQUICK. It is so easy and you are sure to avoid disappointments. . . . The easiest way, however, when you want delicious bread, rolls, cake or pastry, is to simply *order them from your baker direct or through your grocer.* With truly professional skill, your baker transforms wheat, our basic cereal food, from nourishing, body-building grain into tasty, appetizing, wholesome, mealtime delights. Get acquainted with your baker and his products. . . . Wheat provides an infinite variety of tempting, delicious baked foods which add health and joy to every meal.



GIVE THE LITTLE CUBE A BREAK . . . *and make*

BETTER ICE-CREAM at HOME

YES!—*from ice cubes!* . . with DeLuxe "Lightning" Unit. Neat, easy, quick . . . less cost. Drop cubes into breaker, pour the *chipped ice* (with salt) into freezer, turn crank—and have your own delicious ice-cream! Tested Recipes, given with each Unit.

Unit, $7.75. At leading dealers. For free folder, write NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia, U.S.A. Maker of "Yankee" Tools.

DELUXE "LIGHTNING"

FREEZER and BREAKER UNIT No. 1104

Tomato Juice

should dress for dinner

TOMATO JUICE is so good to look at and so good for us—let's dress up the taste a bit and make it the perfect drink. Easy to do: just add half a teaspoon of Lea & Perrins Sauce to each regular portion (a teaspoon to a full 8-ounce tumbler). Then the taste becomes as delightful as the color—and the two together almost *guarantee* you a better appetite. Try it at your restaurant—and try it at home tomorrow night.

FREE—A new 50-page book gives 140 ways to add new life to dishes men like. Yours for the asking. Write a postal to Lea & Perrins, Inc., 226 West Street, New York.

LEA & PERRINS *Sauce*

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

Ideas for Your Home

The Andrews' Idea

MY SALIENT reasons for buying an old house were the den, the barn and the steep back stairway, which reminded me of younger days; for my wife, the living room and the dining room—which need explaining.

The living room and the dining room were small, dingy and dark-walnuted. Between the two were ugly doors that slid into place. My wife liked these two rooms because she had vision.

"We'll knock the partition down!" she exclaimed. "We'll make the two rooms into one, and have the loveliest living room in the world. Look at those three great big bay windows and those other big windows ——"

"What about a dining room?" I interrupted.

My wife sighed, then patiently turned to me. "We'll build one," she announced.

We did. We not only knocked out a partition to make a thirty-by-fifteen-foot living room, set five traps to catch double that number of mice, but we built a dining room.

Not at first. For weeks we were busy at other matters, such as spraying tons of water on six thicknesses of wall paper throughout the three downstairs rooms and the four upstairs rooms, pouring paint remover and fanatical energy on floors and woodwork, plastering big holes and small ones, crawling into any available corner at night to sleep, with a sponge in one tired hand and a dozen red blisters in the palm of the other.

That job done, we plunged into the building of our new dining room. Not that we couldn't find a place to build this new dining room. Providence and a Victorian builder had made provision—a narrow strip of lawn running along the southeast wing of the house. It wasn't where to build, but how to build, that troubled us. Long evenings were devoted to drawing plans on the backs of old envelopes.

"You have your gable runnin' the wrong way," advised the carpenter to whom I showed the final draft.

"But the house needs drawing out, it's too squatty, needs drawing out," I explained, spreading my arms wide to show just how it would look.

"You've got the floor two feet lower than the other floors."

"Swell, isn't it? My wife's idea. You come down three steps with a wrought-iron railing—like this!" I dipped my hands in the air, twisting them once or twice to show the kind of railing I had in mind.

"Oh, I see," he said. "You're goin' to hang the radiator on the wall ——"

"Hang the radiator! What on earth ——"

"Hot water won't run down; it's got to run up!" he explained patiently.

The radiator was finally hung in the wall, behind a grille.

None of your usual dining rooms, this. Rather something on the order of an old baronial hall, or an English taproom, or a Colonial inn. We weren't exactly sure what it would turn into.

One evening after I had come home from work my wife caught my arm, dragged me through the pantry, and thence through a hole in the gaping wall.

"Going to be great, isn't it?" whispered my wife, over my shoulder.

The immediate impression was that of a large packing box hastily nailed against the side of the house. This—my baronial hall, my Colonial inn!

Then I fell to worrying about the furniture. How far out into the room should the steps come? How long should our table be? How wide? Out into the dead of the night, with a candle and some string, I would creep. I stuck four pins into the floor and made my table out of string. I sat at the head of the table, at the foot, on the benches. I carved an imaginary turkey to see if there were elbow space.

Within six months we were ready to stretch our legs. And check out the last ten dollars of the nine hundred and sixty the entire venture of making a stuffy old house into an exciting home had cost us.

We had our dining room and living room just as we wanted them. The hole over the guest room patched. New washers installed in all the old-fashioned, but still serviceable, water faucets. And I have a den all to myself.

In fact, I have so much that I don't recognize myself these days. No more a renter! I have a mansion which I am buying through a very fair monthly arrangement with a local building-and-loan association. No more a renter! All I do is to think about what I am going to do. That is a grand feeling.

—HENRY V. ANDREWS.

Modernizing Unused Doorways

IF YOU have an unused doorway between two rooms in your house, why not make good use of it? Remove the door and doorstops from the opening. On the side not to be used, remove the trim around the door frame and fill the opening with wall board, flush with the plaster of the wall. Fill the cracks neatly and paper or paint the spot.

The depth of the niche will be between five and six inches. For the bookshelves and cupboard shown at the top of page, the shelves should protrude an inch or so, and have rounded corners. Stock doors, for the lower portion, can be bought inexpensively from your lumber dealer. Their installation can easily be figured out on the job. —EFFA BROWN.

Inside and outside the Andrews' remodeled home.

The Miracle *of the* Match

Light and Heat *Instantly!*

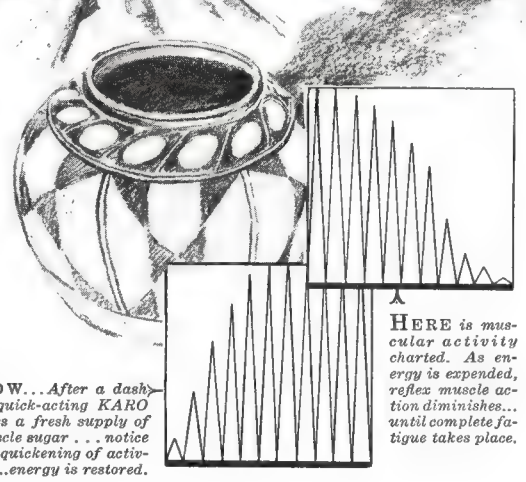
In the same way...Food either acts S-l-o-w-l-y or *Quickly*...

SLOWLY...ever so slowly...the savages coaxed fire from their crude implements. As the dry stick was twirled in its notch, the friction caused heat. Then followed a smoky, smouldering combustion and...FLAME!

Today how different! A flick of a match and INSTANTLY flares forth the fire we need. Quick, convenient, indispensable! Each little match imprisons a wealth of light and heat...at our command, its flame bursts forth to serve us.

Curiously enough, the "Miracle of the Match" quite clearly demonstrates what also happens when we wisely select quick-acting foods to give us INSTANT energy. For there is just as great a difference between "slow-burning foods" and foods which give us quick energy as between the old fire-making implements and the modern match.

The impulse which governs all physical and mental activity is energy. Whatever we do demands energy. Even in sleep our bodies expend energy. Energy is the *main-spring* of activity. To keep our systems supplied with this vital energy, we need QUICK-ACTING CAR-BO-HY-DRATES.



NOW...*After a dash of quick-acting* KARO *gives a fresh supply of muscle sugar . . . notice the quickening of activity...energy is restored.*

HERE *is muscular activity charted. As energy is expended, reflex muscle action diminishes... until complete fatigue takes place.*

What are "Quick-Acting" Carbohydrates?

In plain language, "quick-acting carbohydrates" are to the body what high-speed gasoline is to a motor.

To provide an abundance of these QUICK-ACTING CARBOHYDRATES we must eat or drink a food which contains them in concentrated form. Fortunately, these quick-acting carbohydrates are the most easily digested of *all* carbohydrates. In fact, they are readily digested, transformed into body sugar and utilized by every nerve, muscle, gland and tissue in the body.

Karo Syrup is this kind of quick-acting carbohydrate. In Karo Syrup is an abundance of Dextrose, the normal blood sugar of the human system. Immediately Karo reaches the stomach, its remarkable energizing elements are utilized in the quick revival of poor circulation, of fatigued nerves, of flagging muscles.

In recent years, the medical profession has discovered these facts about Karo Syrup. As a result, Karo is widely recommended for infant feeding, for growing children who need just the kind of *quick-acting* energy Karo supplies and for active men and women.

"Throughout Infancy and Childhood...from Childhood to Old Age" covers the entire range of Karo's contribution to the health and vigor of human life.

Every grocery store in America sells Karo Syrup. It is delicious in flavor and very economical in price. Below are several of the many, many ways, Karo Syrup can... and should... be served as a daily ration.

Both Red Label and Blue Label Karo are equally effective in quick-acting results. Karo Syrup is rich in Dextrins, Maltose and Dextrose.

Iced Tea sweetened with Karo is delicious and refreshing...a cooling, energizing beverage.

Karo gives a new, delicious flavor to fresh fruits. Enjoy it with fruit cocktails, salads.

Satisfy youngsters' between-meal hunger with Karo on sliced bread ...quick *energy.*

Medical authorities recognize Karo as an ideal food for infants...Ask your *doctor about it.*

As a delicious sauce for desserts, Karo improves flavor and adds quick *energy value.*

FREE!

"The Miracle of the Match" is a startling book which tells you in simple language why quick-acting Karo Syrup gives instant energy... also dozens of new recipes for serving Karo in many delicious ways.

Write to: CORN PRODUCTS REFINING Co., Dept. L-7, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Sta. New York

No after-lunch DROWSINESS

Why come back from lunch feeling drowsy? Choose a refreshing lunch, and be yourself. *Bounce back to normal* with an ice-cold Coca-Cola, the natural partner of so many good things to eat. • An ice-cold Coca-Cola is more than just a drink. It's a very particular kind of drink—combining those pleasant, wholesome substances which foremost scientists say do most in restoring you to your normal self. Really delicious, it invites a pause, a pause that will refresh you.

Back to work with a fresh start

© 1933 COCA-COLA CO., ATLANTA, GA.

The Sub-Deb . . . *Edited by* ELIZABETH WOODWARD

TALLYHO! Tallyho! We're off to a picnic! Mount your bicycle and get going! If your trusty steed is a trifle rusty, oil it up. Blow up the tires and dust off the seat. Bicycling is being done even by the fat and forty these days.

They tell me that riding a bicycle is like swimming—if you once learn how, you never forget. Last time I mounted my "Bouncing Bet" I careened madly downhill into the starboard side of a soft white cow. But I rode, anyway!

So get a bike, get your crowd together, and set off into the country for a picnic.

Have you ever been to a picnic where everybody remembered to bring everything? That's a rare picnic indeed! "Oh, I thought you were going to bring the forks!" . . . "Do you mind if I put this plate of sandwiches on your coat—I don't want those four-legged beasties to get them before we do." . . . "You should have brought more than one paper napkin apiece; I'm all over jam!"

How efficient everybody would think you were if you brought out your picnic bag complete with everything to match. You can make one for yourself for next to nothing. Miss Efficiency, in the picture at the bottom of the page, made hers out of unbleached muslin and orange-and-white polka-dotted calico.

The bag itself is about fourteen inches wide and ten and a half inches deep, with a wide scalloped border at the bottom and two handles of calico. Into the bag you can fit a cloth, half a dozen or more napkins, a holder for your silver, a towel and a soap pocket. Everybody will laugh at the soap pocket, but just watch them use the soap.

The cloth should be one yard wide, and one and a half yards long, with a twelve-inch scalloped strip of calico through the center. The napkins are about thirteen inches wide and sixteen inches long, made like the cloth with a scalloped strip in the center. Fringe the edges of the cloth and napkins. The towel is the size of an ordinary hand towel, with two narrow strips of calico trimming one end. Fringe its lengthwise edges.

Make a little envelope purse about five inches wide and three and three-quarters inches high, line it with white oilcloth and sew on a narrow calico binding all around the edges. It will hold a guest-size cake of soap nicely. For your knives, forks and spoons make a long, narrow envelope with a deep flap like the flannel bags your mother keeps her best silver in. Make the pocket of calico and stitch it up so it will hold your silver. Then you can fold over the flap, roll it up and tie it with the two long calico ends.

This picnic outfit can be made in any of your pet gay colors. You can get silver, with colored handles to match, which would be just right to keep in your picnic bag. You can get paper plates, cups and napkins, too, to match.

With all this splendor, picnics can be really quite splashing affairs. Gone are the days of soggy sandwiches and battered cake. A picnic meal outdoors can really be a source of delight and a joy forever.

Cover some old cardboard and tin candy boxes with paper to match your picnic bag and carry your food in them. Gather together all the little jars you can find, and into them put the makings of sandwiches. Let everybody dive in and make their own. Deviled eggs won't go gooey if you pack them away, wrapped individually in waxed paper, in a flat, thin box with cardboard partitions like an egg crate.

Get your picnic outfit ready. Get things all together. Then you can whisk them out, fill them up with eatables and dash off to a picnic at a moment's notice. Your gay outdoor meals will be the talk of the town.

Spur-of-the-Moment Parties

WHEN the crowd drops in at my house we call it a "gathering." Gay people, lively music, something amusing to do and something good to eat. You'll be having impromptu gatherings like these too. And it's simply death and destruction to your good reputation as a hostess if you can't supply that something amusing to do. It's good business to have a store of things all ready to spring when the crowd assembles.

So in my inimitably good-natured way, I snuck off into a dark corner to think about things. And the result is a lot of informal party ideas for your page and for a new booklet.

Find out the name of someone who can supply you with a hayrack or a truck at a moment's notice, and keep his telephone number on your cuff. Pile all the crowd in for a hayride on a gorgeous moonlight night. Wind up with a moonlight swim somewhere and a feast.

An impromptu swimming meet at the local swimming hole is riotous fun. Have relay races riding on barrels; backstroke races in fancy costume; sidestroke races carrying a raised parasol. If you've a list of events, you can get up a meet in a minute.

If your family goes in for amateur movies, why not show them in the garden some evening? I can't imagine a more enjoyable way to go to the movies in the summer than to sit in a comfortable chair in a fragrant garden under the stars.

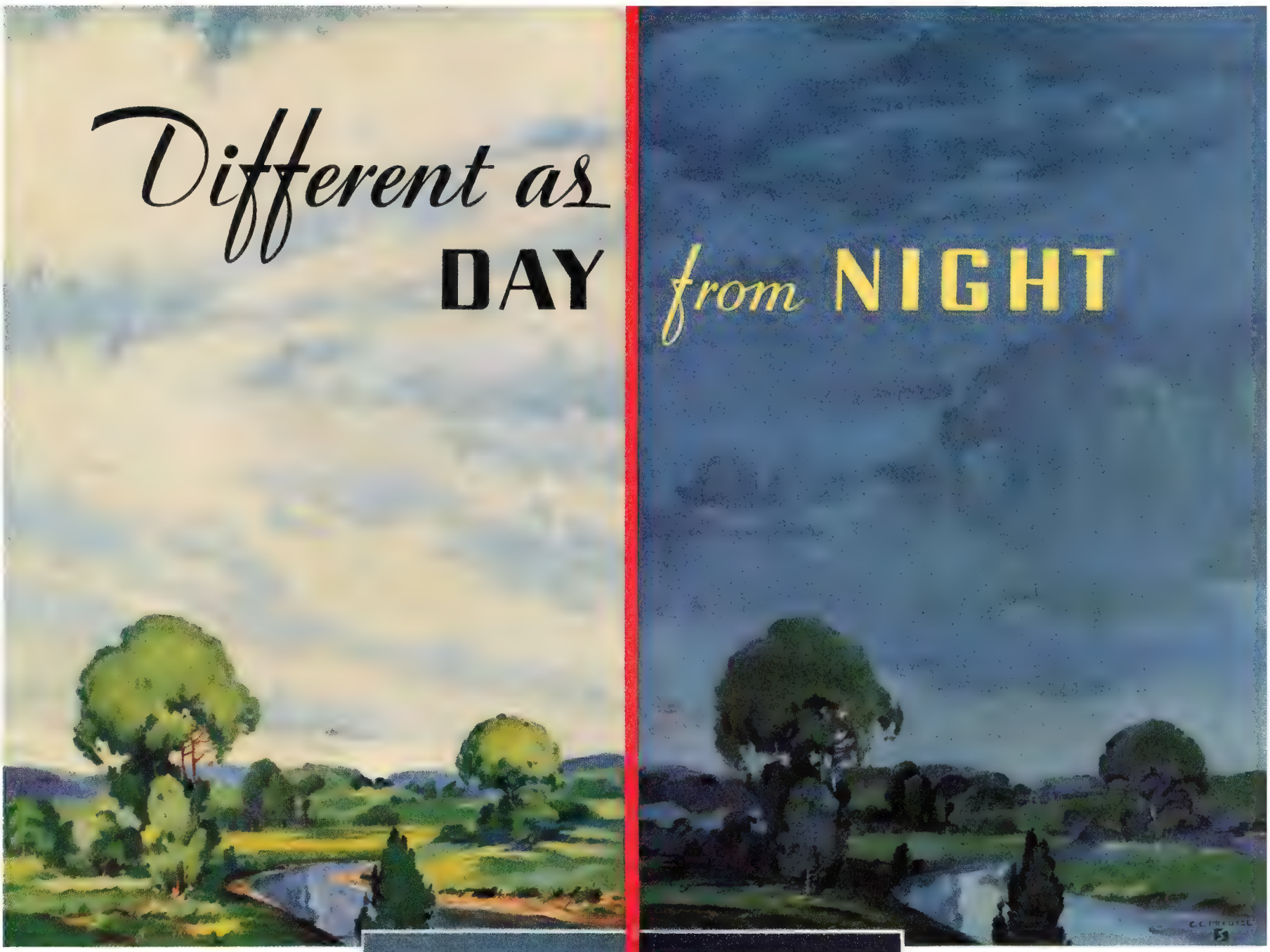
Give a boy a big bandanna and a frying pan and watch him swell with pride over his own culinary ability at an open fire. Just let him loose and your party's made! Have an old-fashioned beach party. After a swim the crowd will be ravenous. Dozens of roasted potatoes, ears of corn and chops will do the disappearing act! If you have a barbecue in your back yard, use it for all you're worth. If you haven't a barbecue you should have!

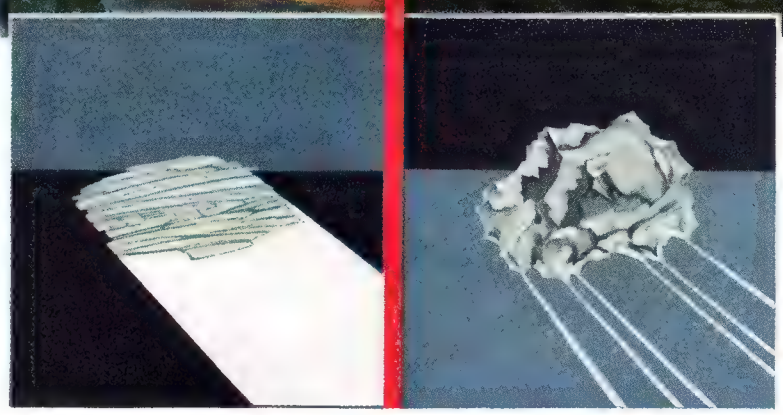
Have tricky new treasure hunts and scavenger parties. Make a party of the cool drinks and cookies you serve to the mixed-doubles foursome after a rousing game of tennis. Put some imagination behind the refreshments you serve to your Sub-Deb Club members after an afternoon at bridge.

I hope your Sub-Deb Clubs will thrive during the summer on the parties you have. Keep together and have loads of gay times and tell me all about them. Line up some new members so you'll be ready to start out again in the fall. I'm making some awfully exciting plans for you!

If you want to make this the best summer ever, with loads of swell doings that don't cost much going on all the time, make yourself chairman of the entertainment committee! Here's to oftener and sweller gatherings! You'll find out how to have all these parties and more in my new booklet — PARTIES IN A JIFFY. Send a three-cent stamp to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, Pa., and ask for booklet No. 1076.

Different as DAY from NIGHT





OLD DUTCH CLEANS LIKE THIS. The flaky, flat-shaped particles cover more surface, contact it completely; remove dirt with a smooth, clean sweep and *do not scratch* . . . as illustrated by this diagram of a greatly enlarged Old Dutch Cleanser particle.

ORDINARY GRITTY CLEANSERS SCRATCH LIKE THIS. Avoid them. Their chunky, sharp-pointed particles are inefficient and wasteful; they scratch the surface and leave hiding places for dirt and germs—as illustrated by this diagram of a greatly enlarged gritty particle.

■ and it's this difference that makes Old Dutch cost less to use. Unlike ordinary cleansers, Old Dutch contains no wasteful, scratchy grit; its flaky, flat-shaped particles are more efficient because they cover more surface, go further and do much more actual cleaning per penny of cost. There's nothing else like Old Dutch because it is the only cleanser made of pure "seismotite," scientifically recognized as the finest cleaning material.

Old Dutch is safe and perfect for all your cleaning from porcelain, tile and enamel to kitchen utensils and floors. It saves money, time and labor because you get a full package containing billions of active little cleaning units that clean quicker, clean more things, bring healthful cleanliness, do not clog drains — odorless and removes odors. There is no substitute for the quality and economy of Old Dutch Cleanser.

* *

The Old Dutch Holders (blue, ivory or green) are convenient and attractive. Send 10 cents and windmill panel from an Old Dutch label for each holder to Old Dutch Cleanser, Dept. H 809, 221 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois.

© 1933 The C. P. Co.

People May Talk

(Continued from Page 15)

determined little corporal, she led her stolid army of one in a savage and needless campaign.

II

THROUGH a steady drizzle of spring rain the battered yellow roadster skidded to a histrionic stop by the curb. Barr McHarrod sighed in relief, and stretched his arms. Involuntarily he poked at the windshield wiper which had failed him, and then remembered that he needn't worry about it any more. He had not slept the night before, nor eaten that day, except for a sandwich snatched in the early morning at a roadside stand. As he crawled stiffly out of the little car, the silvery rain against the street lamp seemed to flash recurring red signals — S-CURVE, SLOW, DANGER, U. S. 131, STATE HIGHWAY. Then he could see his own name in electric lights. He blinked, laughed and wiped out the hallucination by diving into the rumble seat for his fat pigskin bag.

In spite of the drizzle he stood a moment, looking at the modest, neat house and wondering what he would say to Valerie. That very first moment might be so awkward. He had come only on impulse. Impulse, he discovered, was easy to act upon, but difficult to enact. "I might use that in a play," he thought, "if I could phrase it cleverly." All at once he opened the bag and took out a clothes brush. Burdened with brush and bag and topcoat, his hat at a precarious angle, he slid over the wet pavement to the kitchen door at the left. A fat, ruddy woman answered his knock.

"Is the lady of the house in?" Barr asked glibly, one foot intruding by some special instinct across the threshold.

The woman began doubtfully, "Yes, but she's ——"

"I'm the brush man," said Barr. "I'm delivering the brush she ordered. One-forty-nine due on it."

AS THE door swung wide he promptly entered. "Exit Servant!" he commented to himself as he stood alone in the kitchen, feeling happy, excited, warm again, and hungry. He saw his surroundings as a stage setting. Woodwork freshly painted green. Crisp red-and-white-checked curtains. A plant with red blossoms on the window sill. On the green porcelain stove a sizzling bean pot just from the oven. . . . Smell of salt pork and molasses and Boston brown bread. "Dear God, dear God," murmured Barr prayerfully. Then at right center Valerie entered with Servant close behind her. Barr swallowed, almost forgetting his lines.

"Why," he thought in surprise, "how little she is, how thin and how very red-haired! . . . Madam," he said, proffering the brush, "I'm sorry I'm so late in delivering this. A dollar forty-nine due. Check or cash?"

"Check," said Valerie, gravely taking the brush. "Won't you come inside?"

They went through the dining room into the living room, and there she stopped with her arms hanging limply at her sides. Her face was white, and her brown eyes seemed enormous. He bent to kiss her and found that she was trembling.

"Valerie," he said, "don't tremble."

"I won't, Barr. But let's sit down. And do you want to touch a match to the grate? . . . Lovely. The wood was laid just right, wasn't it? Please forgive me for trembling. You see, I was so surprised; I didn't know you were coming."

"But I wrote you that I was coming! At least I think I did. The drive from New York was so long I'm still a little bit woozy. Valerie, the most amazing things have happened."

"Oh, Barr, first I want to congratulate you ——"

"On the which?" He could feel his face, illumined by the firelight, assume a curious, remote expression. This was the hard part. Would she believe him? Were the motivation and the dénouement credible?

"On your marriage, idiot."

Barr made a sudden, reckless dive into volubility. "Everything was set for a big wedding—a church one with ushers and bridesmaids and what not and white ribbons. You know the kind?"

"I don't," said Valerie, "but go on."

"Lilies of the valley too," said Barr thoughtfully.

"And old lace?"

"Sure! Great-grandmother Grainger's old lace. You really can't imagine how old lace can be, Valerie. Well, anyhow, my play is going to be produced. I got contracts and an advance and everything."

Valerie's eyes met his in a bright, level gaze. "You were talking about the wedding," she reminded him.

"THERE wasn't any wedding. Two days before, Clarice and I quarreled. She wanted me to get her a part in my play and I said I wouldn't even speak to the producer about it. I told her she couldn't act, and she can't."

"No woman," said Valerie, "ever forgives a man for saying she can't act."

"Exactly! And I wanted to say something she would never forgive. I was pretty fed up. I took a whirl at the society stuff, but I'm not built for it, Valerie. I think, honestly, what I wanted was just atmosphere for my play. . . . But anyway, Clarice called me up the next day and I was so afraid of a reconciliation that I bought a secondhand car and beat it. It's really a swell little car—I wish you could see it, but it's raining too hard. Windshield wiper went on the bum, though. I made it from New York in thirty hours' actual driving time. What do you think of that?"

"I think it's wonderful," said Valerie. All at once she began to cry and laugh at the same time, with shaky laughter and steady sobs.

Barr found her behavior inexplicable. He wondered if she had been a friend of Clarice's and thought he had treated her abominably. Nevertheless, he took Valerie into his arms and kissed her wet eyes.

"There! There!" he said gruffly. "I have millions of things to tell you, and I hope you won't go on acting silly and hysterical. Forget all this personal stuff and listen about the play."

Over her shoulder he saw a tall, thin woman in a gray mackintosh, standing in the doorway and regarding him with a shocked, austere expression.

BARR released Valerie and rose. "Still raining?" he inquired cheerfully. Valerie sprang to her feet.

"Why, Mrs. Rundquist," she said, flushing and trying to arrange her hair. "Won't you sit down?"

"No, thank you," said Mrs. Rundquist coldly. "I merely ran over to see how you were getting along, with your folks gone and all."

"I'm getting along fine!" Valerie told her with overdone enthusiasm.

"So I see," muttered the good neighbor. And with a stiff nod of the head she left the doorway.

There was a moment of silence and then Valerie exclaimed in a weak voice, "Oh, gosh!"

"A very repressed woman," said Barr airily. "It probably did her good to see me kissing you. . . . But about my play ——"

"Barr, we've got to eat supper. Aren't you starved? I'm only having baked beans and cold ham and brown bread."

He followed her eagerly to the dining room. Mrs. Fry served in rigid silence, not even replying to his voluble flattery of her cooking. After supper he went to the basement and carried up more wood for the fireplace. The play appeared inevitably from the pigskin bag. While Barr read it aloud they were very cozy. The rain hammered a delicate pattern of sound against the windowpanes, and the logs in the fireplace added a warm staccato.

After he was through Barr fell into an abashed, emotional silence. Valerie began to talk. She was relaxed and merrily loquacious. Her criticism was gentle, shrewd, even epigrammatic, her praise candid but restrained; she felt that for once in her life she was being sophisticated, even glamorous. Sitting on the couch, Barr listened avidly. Then he began to look steadily at the leaping fire in the grate. After a while he rested his chin on his hands. It was some time before she noticed that his elbows had sagged.

She hastily crossed the room and pulled one hand away from his eyes. He crumpled limply against the pillows at her slight touch. He was asleep.

"Poor darling," she whispered. "You're so tired, so dead! Oh, dear, dear Barr." She kissed his forehead, and stroked his tumbled hair and warm neck and cheek. Then she sat on the edge of the couch, touching his hand and watching his face to be sure that he was really there.

After a while she cautiously pulled off his shoes, loosened his necktie and collar, and bringing a steamer rug from the sun porch, she tucked it about his limp body. Windows open, lights off . . . Valerie went upstairs, singing, to bed.

III

DANNY ROURKE leaned over the kitchen sink and, breathing heavily, doused his face with soapy water from the gray-enamel basin.

"Come now," his wife called. "Eat your oatmeal while it's hot."

"And I've got to be hurrying too," he said between generous spoonfuls. "It's not like when Mr. James was there to fire up. He said I was to be early and get the furnace going before the little lady came downstairs."

"Well, it's a cold spring," said Margaret Rourke. "And I've no doubt they'll need the furnace into May. Myself, I'd rather have this cookstove for honest heat." She poured herself a second cup of tea and said hesitantly, "Danny, haven't you changed your mind about Florence and Pete?"

He was a mild man, often timid, but now he bristled and struck the table with the palm of his hand.

"I have not!" he replied loudly. "She's too young to be marrying—her only eighteen and not through with business college."

"But, Danny, she'll be through the first of June. And Pete's a good boy. You know he's doing well with his brother in the garage. And they'd even picked out a little house down on Stuyvesant Street ——"

"They'd no business to be picking out houses!" he shouted. "I've said she can't marry now, and that's an end to it! I'm surprised at you, Maggie, for being so old-fashioned. The high-up educated people don't go marrying at eighteen. Look at Vannery James—she's twenty-one if she's a day. And after her college she wasn't too proud to go and work on the Gazette and make a career for herself."

"It didn't last long," said his wife. "She's not working there now, I notice." She added irrelevantly, "What a name! I wonder how they happened to pick it?"

"IT ALWAYS twists my tongue," he admitted. Then he went on fiercely: "No doubt she has a higher position in view. She's one of them modern girls with an eye to a career, not a home body to be dragged out with the drudging of cooking and babies."

Margaret Rourke stared at him with formidable blue eyes. "Dan," she demanded, "am I dragged out?"

For a moment he felt panic, and then by instinct he dealt nimbly with the question.

"Not you, Maggie," he answered. "But you're a fine, strong woman, and more power to you. It's this new generation we hear so much about that can't stand up to it. . . . Now I've got to be hurrying." He felt that he had said enough. It was better to disappear now, before she argued him into any more pitfalls. Lips pressed tightly together, Maggie held his sweater while he maneuvered his rheumatic left arm into position. "Good-by," he said hastily. "I'll bring back a bit of fish after I tend my work at the town hall."

"Flounder!" she called after him.

Danny was cheered up because she had replied with even one word, and he swore to himself that flounder it would be, although he preferred halibut.

HE ENTERED the unlocked back door of the James house and went to the basement, where he shook down the furnace and whistled The Bells of St. Mary's while he shoveled the coal and swept up the floor.

Maggie would come around to his own way of thinking all right. She always did when he really spoke his mind. It was crazy of her to want poor Florence to settle down and keep house and have money worries and babies, and heaven knew what. But women were that way. They went soft and sentimental at the mere thought of a wedding. He wanted Florence to be smart and educated and free like Miss Vannery. . . . Yes, it was a funny, funny name. Maybe an old family name.

He took an armload of wood for the fireplace and trudged upstairs. It was a chilly day, still raining, and Miss Vannery would probably like to eat her breakfast by the grate fire, as she did some mornings. He felt very sorry for her because her parents had not taken her on the trip. It was unfeeling of them. And the poor child cleaning the house ever since like a slave!

Going into the living room, he stopped short and nearly dropped the wood with a clatter. He tiptoed to the wood basket and deposited it noiselessly. Then, to relieve his feelings, he gave a short, low whistle and a nervous cough. On the couch lay a young man, covered with a blanket. Danny stared with shrewd, observant eyes. The young man's shirt was dirty, the sleeve of his coat was wrinkled. His shoes on the floor looked dusty, disreputable. He needed a shave.

THE perspiration stood out on Danny's brow. He felt a great shock and disillusionment. Gazing fixedly, almost hypnotized, at the scene, he noticed Miss Vannery's bracelet on the floor by the shoes, and her little lacy handkerchief, all crumpled, was underneath the table. So this was the way she acted the minute her poor folks turned their backs. The fellow was no better than a hoodlum. Decent men didn't take off their shoes and sprawl out asleep in young ladies' houses when the parents were gone. If Pete ever behaved in that way, Danny would throw him down the three flights of stairs and he'd never come back up. It was an insult to Miss Vannery.

Ah, but she was to blame! She had allowed him in the house. She had cut loose and acted not wicked—God forbid!—but feather-brained and wild. It was this freedom, this modern freedom, that had gone to her head.

Danny clucked his tongue mournfully. "Tck! Tck! Tck!" It was the devil's own shame. And Mrs. Fry would come and see this spectacle, and then what talk! . . . Gathering all his courage, Danny went over and gingerly shook the stranger's arm.

The young man opened his eyes and frowned. "It's too early!" he said crossly.

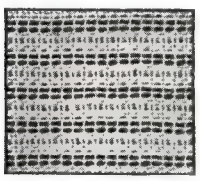
Almost afraid of him, Danny backed toward the door. He might even be an escaped convict like the ones you saw in the movies.

"Excuse me," said Danny, "but I didn't think you ought to be there when the help comes."

"Maybe not," said the fellow vaguely. He didn't even seem to have very good

Notice the improvement in this girl's posture in her Spencer Corset and Bandeau. To the right, the same girl in an ordinary corset and bandeau which do not give her the needed support.

"I'm oh! so cool, and I've lost my bulges!"



ACTUAL SIZE
of open-airy Spencer fabric

THIS charming young actress is playing in a Broadway musical hit, "Strike Me Pink," where each girl is selected for the beauty of her figure. She called our corsetiere and said, "My figure is my fortune, you see, so I just can't afford any ugly bulges."

We assured her that a Spencer could be designed to safeguard her back and abdominal muscles from fatigue and smooth out any bulges. When our corsetiere adjusted her summer Spencer of airy-cool material she was delighted. "I'm oh! so cool," she cried, "and I've lost my bulges!" She must like it for she wears it every night in her performance.

Have a free figure study

Spencer Corsets differ from all other foundation garments because each Spencer is individually designed, cut and made for the woman who wears it, and for her only.

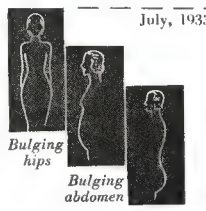
Before your Spencer is designed a scientific analysis of your figure must be made by a trained specialist in the privacy of your home. From her detailed study of your figure needs a smart garment is designed which corrects or prevents the development of your personal figure fault. All Spencers are washable and guaranteed to hold their lovely lines as long as worn. They are *not* expensive.

Look in your telephone book under "Spencer Corsetiere" or send us the coupon below and ask for a free analysis of your figure. This will not obligate you in any way.

July, 1933 © 1933, Spencer Corset Co., Inc.

Write Anne Spencer for her advice *FREE.*

Check your figure problem at right.



Bulging hips *Bulging abdomen* *Lordosis backline*

Anne Spencer,
Spencer Corset Co., Inc.,
141 Derby Avenue,
New Haven, Connecticut.

Canada: Rock Island, Quebec.
Great Britain: 96 Regent St., W. I., London.

Name_____

Address_____

A Real Opportunity to Make Money for women over 25 years of age. Become a Spencer corsetiere. We supply all training. If interested, check here . . . ☐

SPENCER *INDIVIDUALLY DESIGNED* **CORSETS**

sense. "I guess I'll go upstairs and shave, then." Bold, he was, shameless.

"That's as you like," replied Danny, and went out, wanting to slam the door.

All the way home, even in the fish shop, he kept warning himself, "Now you mustn't tell Maggie. You know even the best of women love a morsel of gossip to chew on." He made a vow of silence, he swore by all the holy saints themselves.

When they finished the noon meal Danny said: "Much as I hate to admit it, Mag, I think you're right. But I was never a man to be afraid of changing his mind. I think maybe Florence had better get married and settle down, and the sooner the better."

Margaret Rourke beamed. She even leaned over and kissed his leathery cheek. "Now whatever got into you, Dan? Something's happened to put this into your head all of a sudden."

Clutching his vow heroically, he said: "Girls are all alike, I guess. They need a good man to see that they don't have too much freedom."

"That's not so!" Margaret told him with immediate heat. "Not a girl like Florence! She would never need any man to tell her what's right and what's wrong."

"Maggie, you can never be sure. I'd have sworn that Miss Vannery ——" He clamped his teeth hard upon his pipe.

"What's she done now?" cried Margaret eagerly. "She's done something that's made you talk like this."

He struggled, he floundered, and at last helplessly yielded. "Now, Maggie," he warned, saving his conscience by mentally crossing himself, "don't breathe it to a soul, but this morning when I went into the James' living room. . . ."

IV

MRS. FRY pounded angrily back and forth between kitchen and dining room. She banged down two plates on the table—she wouldn't even warm them—and clattered the silver, placing it slightly awry in a way that Miss Valerie hated. (What a queer name it was, after all! Why couldn't they have named her Joan or Jean or Gloria?) She had never been so shocked and surprised in all her born days.

Nine o'clock, and the young lady not down yet. Probably ashamed to show her face, although she had been brazen enough when she called down the stairs: "Gertrude, please have breakfast for two—tomato juice and little sausages and waffles, I think." The brush salesman, as big as you please, sat in the sun parlor and read the Hardesty Gazette.

While Mrs. Fry beat up the waffle batter, a knock came at the kitchen door. Mrs. Rundquist appeared, with a coat hastily thrown about her spare shoulders. She lived in the large brick house next door. Gertrude Fry often thought that the Jameses should prize Mrs. Rundquist's friendship. Mr. James was only a professor at the normal school, and Mr. Rundquist was a big coal-and-grain dealer. A board-of-trade man too.

"I feel it my duty to speak to you," said Mrs. Rundquist in a half whisper, glancing covertly at the swinging door. "Is she anywhere around?"

"She's upstairs," said Mrs. Fry, palpitating with pleasure at being able to discuss the situation. "I'm very much upset. I can hardly go about my work."

MRS. RUNDQUIST produced a post card. "I just received this in the morning's mail. They've arrived and her dear mamma sent me this card immediately. It says, 'A pleasant trip—made wonderful time. Let me know how my little girl is getting along. With best wishes, Ellen J.'"

"Oh, dear, dear, dear!" sighed Gertrude Fry, her prominent eyes filling with tears of emotional excitement.

"Now I feel it's my duty to find out just how she *is* getting along," said Mrs. Rundquist, putting the card in her pocket, although Mrs. Fry wanted to see the picture on the other side. California must be so wonderful. "What do you think?"

In her whole drab life of kitchen work, Gertrude Fry had never felt as important as when Mrs. J. R. Rundquist asked, "What do you think?"

"Not that I *ever* pry," the good lady stated firmly. "But I saw the roadster still out there this morning, and you said yesterday when I dropped in that he's a perfectly strange brush salesman. And I can't help thinking how her dear mamma would feel. You see, I have a girl of my own."

MRS. FRY wiped her eyes, scarcely knowing whether to be ashamed of her emotion or to glory in it. "Maybe I'm to blame for letting him in," she said in a confidential whisper; "but he came delivering the brush she'd ordered, and what could I do but call her? I think her lonesomeness made her just naturally want to talk to someone."

"She could have visited my daughter, Corra," Mrs. Rundquist observed.

"I know, but a man, after all. . . . Though he did look terribly seedy, unpressed and so on—his shirt was not even clean—and you wouldn't think a lady like Miss James could take a fancy to him. Well, then she invited him to dinner, and as you told me they had been embracing each other, you can imagine how upset I was going home and leaving him still here. But what could I do? I'm only a working woman and I'm not educated—I've had a hard time, and I do know my place. As poor Mr. Fry used to say before he passed away ——"

"Yes, yes," Mrs. Rundquist interrupted. At her tone of impatience, Gertrude Fry hastened on with the more fascinating action.

"Well, then, I'm really ashamed to tell you, excuse me really, but he stayed all night. He was splashing around in the bathroom when I went up to tidy it and dust the upstairs hall, as I always do before Miss Valerie gets up. I was so taken aback, I tell you, that I dropped the dust mop and started down the stairs, and then she called out that I was to make breakfast for two."

"I don't think," said Mrs. Rundquist judicially, "that she has done anything *really* wrong. But she has certainly been indiscreet and flighty. Of course one never knows. And I do feel it my duty to wire her poor mamma."

"Thank the Lord!" said Mrs. Fry piously. "I feel relieved already." Everything was bound to be better now that Mrs. Rundquist had taken matters into her hands. . . . The waffles were not as bad as one might have expected, and the brush salesman ate three.

V

MRS. RUNDQUIST was a firm, conscientious woman who deplored gossip. However, when her married daughter, Corra, came in that afternoon, it would have been a matter of lying to evade her insistent inquiries.

"Who on earth does that awful roadster belong to? Is it somebody visiting the Jameses?"

"Mr. and Mrs. James are in California. It belongs to a brush salesman."

"But for heaven's sake! *A brush* salesman? The car's been there for two hours."

"Two hours?" said Mrs. Rundquist, smiling grimly.

"Whaddye mean, mother?"

"Practically a day and a night, my dear. . . . Please don't ask questions, Corra; it's very rude. And please remember that I always try to close my eyes to unpleasantness. I try to think of Harmony and Accord in the Universe instead."

"Well, I'll be dumswizzled!" said Corra, looking very thoughtful. After a while she slipped on her new tweed coat and béret. "I think I'll run over to Valerie's," she explained, and was not in the least ashamed of her obvious motive.

"Can't let these shy, quiet gals get away with murder, you know. When still

water runs deep I can never resist diving. Just to find out how deep it is!"

"Corra, really!"

But she was gone with a blithe wave of her hand.

VI

MRS. FRY directed Corra to the living room, where Valerie and the brush salesman were seated on the couch. He was reading aloud from a thick sheaf of papers. "Reading, reading, reading!" thought Mrs. Fry contemptuously. "Pretending to be educated." She washed the luncheon dishes with vehemence.

Corra stood a moment in the doorway and then she burst our laughing. "Why, Barr McHarrod!"

"The same," he said gravely, rising with a slight look of annoyance and taking her cool hand. She slanted her honey-colored eyebrows in a way he remembered; it meant mockery and amusement. "And have I the pleasure," he inquired, "of addressing the fiend, Corra, herself?"

"The same!" She seemed to glitter and glisten, turning her curious eyes from one to the other. Val looked, Corra thought, immensely smug, the little idiot. She always pretended to be so ingenuous. And Barr was positively uncouth, unpressed and unshined and obviously on the skids. There was a lot of unemployment, Corra had vaguely heard, and Barr certainly resembled one of those queer people photographed in bread lines.

"Is Clarice here?" asked Corra, sitting down. She managed a wide-eyed, hopeful gaze. "Congratulations and all that, you know."

"I'm not married," he said quickly, in an uncomfortable voice. "That's all off."

Valerie couldn't seem to say anything; she rose and poked the fire, stupidly, ineffectually. She was rather pretty, Corra admitted, but it was silly of her to appear so enraptured. As if Barr McHarrod were a wonderful bet, now that he had come back on the rebound after being jilted by Clarice Grainger! And losing his job and having to sell brushes, and everything!

Corra explained it all later to her mother. "You see, he wasn't a stranger at all—you shouldn't jump to conclusions."

"I don't know the young people in your set," said Mrs. Rundquist aggrievedly. "Nobody ever tells me anything." But she looked somewhat taken aback and uneasy. "Anyhow, it doesn't matter who he is. I wired to Mrs. James this morning."

"You shouldn't have done that," Corra reproached her, with a tardy, vicarious feeling for Val stirring lazily in her mind. After a few moments she exclaimed, "Oh, do remind me to write all about this to Clarice! She will get such a big laugh out of the whole thing."

VII

WITH shaking fingers Valerie handed the telegram to Barr. It said:

HAVE RECEIVED WIRE ABOUT BRUSH SALESMAN ALL FAITH IN YOU BUT ARE MOTORING BACK AS FAST AS POSSIBLE

Barr tossed the slip into the fireplace, where it curled into a limbo of black and red as if it had never existed.

But Valerie watched its ghost with miserable eyes.

"Oh, Barr, I can't forgive myself! It was their precious trip—all their lives they had planned to drive to California. And it's the first time father has had his sabbatical leave from the college."

He went to the telephone and yanked the receiver from the hook. He called the telegraph office, and Valerie's startled ears heard the impact of his crackling message as if it had been a machine gun.

"Please ignore stupid gossip. I am married to Barr McHarrod, who is not a brush salesman but a promising young playwright. We are starting for New York this afternoon, where we'll be pretty busy, as his play is being produced there. Stay as long as you like and have a gay, carefree time. Letter follows. Love, Valerie."

"Barr!" she gasped. "Barr! How can you tell such ridiculous lies? How dare you?"

"They're not ridiculous," he said angrily. "And they're not lies. They're just the truth in advance. Why, almost by the time they get the telegram, we'll have been married."

"But you know you're only doing it because I'm—what is the idiotic word?—compromised."

"Being compromised is the best reason for marriage," he told her with infinite cynicism, "because marriage is a compromise."

Then he immediately flushed with youthful pride in his own wit.

"No, no!" she protested, her heart sinking. "A better reason is love."

"Well, I don't know anything about love," he said crisply.

"But you know what you like?" she asked, trying to laugh, to be flippant, to be anything but despairing.

"But I know what I love."

SHE was afraid. She thought it might not last. He actually wouldn't say that he loved her, except to coin an aphorism. But even if it were only for an interval—it would be a glorious interval. She would risk it. . . . She raised her face from his shoulder and saw there were tears in his eyes.

"He doesn't need to say it," she exulted secretly. "I don't care if he never says it. He talks in epigrams, but he feels in broken English. . . . All right, then," Valerie said. "I will marry you and go to New York, and," she added with excited gayety, "we'll brush the dust of gossip from our feet. With my new dollar-and-forty-nine-cent brush."

"Oh, Lord, no!" Barr cautioned her. "New York is worse. It's full of columnists."

"So what?" she asked, stroking his hair with both hands.

"So from now on we'll do as we please," he said, "sweetheart."

Earn Now—
For a Happy Summer!

ARE you trying to find something—or some way—*to make money?* Have you only occasional hours, or half hours, to spare?

Then The Girls' Club can help you in a simple, practical way!

"I made $8.00 in four hours," says Mrs. Newell. "I bought my entire clothes outfit with Club money," Shirley A. tells us.

Why shouldn't you do as well? *Or better?* Write this very day for details of our Club. No expense! No obligation. Address:

MANAGER OF THE GIRLS' CLUB
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
772 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Girls' Club dollars will bring summer joys!

Patented! New! Different!

Equalizer KOTEX

20 to 30% greater protection assured by radical new method in making sanitary pads

HERE is a totally *new* idea in sanitary protection. Not a mere improvement. Not a mere change in design . . . but a principle so radical that it cannot be duplicated.

It is protected by patent No. *1,863,333*—protected because it represents the results of two years' work by Kotex scientists. It represents research for that entire time among a testing board of 300 women.

What it is

The patented equalizer is a distributing agent placed in the center of each soft, downy Kotex pad. It acts to give 20 to 30% greater protection. It acts to *insure* safety by keeping edges dry, by providing greater thickness without greater bulkiness.

There is only one way for a woman to understand and appreciate what this new step in sanitary protection means. That is to use the new Kotex. Thus and only thus can she realize its advantages.

The direction sheet inside the package gives an intimate explanation of the way the new Equalizer acts.

All features retained

The famous Kotex softness remains — its superabsorbency — its disposability. It can be worn on either side with equal protection. Kotex — and Kotex alone — offers the special "Phantomized" shaping. Mere rounded ends will not accomplish this.

Kotex with Patented Equalizer is now on sale at drug, dry goods, department stores in your city.

Why no sanitary pad can be "just like the new Equalizer Kotex"

Yes, it looks simple, but this device took 2½ years to perfect. Imitations can be made, they will be made, but it cannot truthfully be said of any other pad that it is like the New Kotex with Patented Equalizer... and this is why:

1 —it took two and one-half years to perfect.

2 —a board of three hundred women tested it.

3 —medical authority of high repute checked their findings.

4 —★AND, the United States Government granted Patent No. 1,863,333 to protect it for use of Kotex, exclusively.

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kotex Co.

Great Appetites

(Continued from Page 21)

I remember while I was at Delmonico's more than forty years ago, the party with which the H. K. Twombleys celebrated the beginning of their residence at their new country home at Madison, New Jersey. It was a ball attended by about two thousand—the prominent society people of New York and Philadelphia. Mrs. Twombley had already dispatched the invitations when she said she wished me to handle the affair. When it was explained that I was occupied with another affair on that date, she canceled her arrangements and sent out new invitations for a day when I was not busy.

In one conversation Mrs. Twombley told me what she wanted and thereafter was troubled as little as if she, too, was to be a guest. Including the musicians, I took one hundred and twenty men to the farm. We had a special train—and needed it, for there were carloads of tables, chairs, stoves, kitchen utensils, dishes, silver, food and wine.

It was a very formal affair, the guests arriving, of course, in carriages, some from the railroad station, others after long drives from their own country homes. The ladies' coats and the gentlemen's coats and silk hats were checked in the stalls of a stable; the supper was served in another stable and the ball itself was in the big barn. My crew worked in some of the other farm buildings and in tents.

When Formal Dress Was Formal

EVERYWHERE were festoons of electric lights, which were remarkable in that time. No horse or cow, naturally, had been inside one of those gayly decorated buildings. Everything was new and the barns were as clean as if the creatures that were to live in them were as fastidious as the humans who that night revolved decorously to the cadences of the Blue Danube waltz.

Not one note that was played by Leander's orchestra, not one drop of the wine that was served made a single gentleman in the entire gathering so far forget himself as to neglect to wear his white gloves. Dinner jackets? Not one; every man in a tailed coat. Couples sneaking off to sit in dark carriages or climbing into haymows? No. Flasks? None.

Formal dress in that time was formal. I remember well the first time Harry Lehr appeared in Peacock Alley in an Eton jacket. A buzz of conversation filled the corridor as it was revealed to those he passed, with bows right and left, that there were no tails to his coat.

Reasonably enough, my recollections seem to be indexed gastronomically and without regard to chronology. So while I do not know what else they had in common, I recall that Col. Henry Watterson and Andrew Carnegie both had a fondness for oyster stews.

The little Scotchman was, I am sure, no more delighted to see the market price of his securities advancing than when he found in his oyster stew a few tiny little pink oyster crabs. Once he explained to me—what I already knew—that neither oysters nor milk should be boiled. Boiling injures the flavor. He also insisted that his oysters go from their shells into the stew. Long after the steel maker had gone to his grave I discovered who had been his preceptor in oyster cookery.

I had been watching Mrs. Rebekah Hufcut making a strawberry shortcake. She rules with a chef's authority her special kitchen in the Waldorf, preparing and cooking dishes in the American fashion. From a long, black shallow pan she had taken a freshly baked parallelogram of biscuit dough. It was quite hot. She pushed aside a great yellow bowl full of chopped strawberries—never mash them—on which she had just sprinkled powdered sugar. Another bowl contained whipped cream, neither too sweet nor two stiff. Then she took a vegetable knife and scratched a line around the crust of the shortcake, midway between top and bottom. With a piece of clean white string held tightly she then divided the cake along the line of the scratch. Had she used a knife she would have made the hot shortcake soggy.

"You never learned that trick with the string at Pratt Institute or in Columbia University," I said. "Who taught you?"

"My mother," said Mrs. Hufcut. "And she learned it from her mother."

Well, we got to talking and I discovered that Andrew Carnegie's appreciation of oyster stews had been acquired in Greensburg, Pennsylvania, in a restaurant conducted for many years by Mrs. Hufcut's grandfather. His name was Joseph Taylor, and Mr. Carnegie long ago brought him there from Southern New Jersey to run the telegraph office when the railroad was built through the town.

Mr. Taylor was a Quaker and his wife, Martha, was a great cook. They blended their interest in food in a way common in American homes a generation ago.

Now, personally, I am committed to French *cuisine*, yet I admit that some dishes—and strawberry shortcake is one—should never be produced by an Old World chef. Think of offering yellow sponge cake as shortcake! Mrs. Hufcut's grandfather, Mr. Taylor, would have forgotten his Quaker notions of peace at the bare suggestion.

His Westmoreland County restaurant, thirty miles from Pittsburgh, must have radiated its influence, and his, widely over the country. Our school children learn that Eli Whitney invented the cotton gin, that Lewis and Clark blazed a trail across the Rockies, but who is to tell them of what cooks have done?

Who is to tell them that Joseph Taylor was the first to bring oysters from the seacoast to the hinterland of Pennsylvania? Or that he was the first to serve bananas beyond the Alleghanies? He would no more have thought of cooking a ham without its bone than of serving it raw. He initiated the people of that region to the ecstasy of eating Mexican purple corn—which is, possibly, a richer treat than golden bantam when it reaches your mouth within an hour or so after it is pulled from its stalk.

Custard Fit for a King

THERE were many other wonderful restaurants scattered over the United States, but too many of them have become lunch counters. There are cooks with ravishing skill hidden in tens of thousands of homes in the land, but too often nowadays that skill is being lost as one of these passes on without having been able to impart her skill or her enthusiasm for cooking to her daughters.

I do not speak lightly of this. Who can measure the part played by those oyster stews, served by Mr. Taylor to Mr. Carnegie, in the development of the mills that were so important an element in the formation of the United States Steel Corporation? For that matter, what part of our national energy, our vital *élan*, comes to us from custards fed by their mothers to farm-reared lads?

According to Mrs. Hufcut, custard should be made so: Six eggs, beaten just enough to mix the yolks and whites. Next stir in half a cupful of sugar and see that every granule is dissolved. Then put in three cupfuls of cold milk. This mixture should be run through a strainer so that it will be free from any stringy parts of egg protoplasm. Now add a cup of thick, heavy cream. Pour this mixture into a pudding dish, which in turn should be placed in a pan of water. A pinch of salt and a generous covering of grated nutmeg on top, and your custard is ready for the oven.

The oven temperature should not be over 350° F. Avoid a temperature hot enough to make the water in the pan boil. If it does boil your custard will curdle. A low baking temperature is most important. If the oven is too hot, if the eggs and sugar are not sufficiently mixed, then you will have a bubbly, honeycomb structure and grayish water in the bottom of your custard. If you think six eggs are too many, get along with four, but follow the rest of the instructions closely. Now, if you ask me what famous people eat custards made in this manner I cannot answer you; but I suspect it was because they were fed such custards when they were small that they grew up to be famous.

Praise From the President

HOLD on! There was one—Madame Sarah Bernhardt. That lovely creature who was so entirely different away from the theater than when she was in it. Temperament? None was ever displayed in the many years during which I was occasionally privileged to add to her comfort. Before she would leave for the theater to become a Camille so charming, so poignant and, finally, so consumptive, she would eat in her suite just enough to give her energy without giving work for her stomach. For this a rich custard was ideal. She knew that, and so did I. To the extent that I often took the custard to her myself, I might say, as actors revel in doing, that I supported Bernhardt.

With Lillian Russell it was quite different. That lustrous beauty would sometimes, mischievously, in the Waldorf, order spareribs and sauerkraut. No matter what she ate, however, it was a richer day when I could see her under a hat as big as the rear wheel of her carriage, trailing a yard of rustling skirts over the carpet of Peacock Alley.

Not all of my work was so felicitous. When the President of the United States is under your roof the responsibility is tremendous—as when, at the close of the last campaign, Mr. and Mrs. Hoover came to New York. Before he went to Madison Square Garden to make his speech he napped in his room. Then they had dinner and I was there to see that everything was as it should be. He ate simply—a vegetable soup, roast beef, fresh green vegetables and a mixed salad. Then vanilla ice cream for Mrs. Hoover, but none for the President. Half an hour or so after he laid down his napkin and rose to leave, I was hearing his voice at Madison Square Garden, as I went with the President's party. Then in a few days came an autographed picture and a letter for me on White House stationery. It said:

"The tradition of the Waldorf-Astoria and the tradition of Oscar were both handsomely maintained during my recent visit to New York. I wish you to know how much I appreciate your part in making my stay there most pleasant.

"Yours faithfully,

"HERBERT HOOVER."

The big people are always appreciative.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt I know to be equally simple in his tastes. We are neighbors. My country place at New Paltz is close by his estate at Hyde Park. Only a few months ago Mrs. Roosevelt, his mother, greeted me at the hotel and scolded me.

"Why do you never come to see your neighbors?" she demanded.

I apologized in some manner, but the truth is I have never wanted to presume; that is another reason why I am Oscar.

Now I have done much to satisfy curiosity about the meats on which our Cæsars feed; but I have a word more to say. Men, even the most powerful in influence, will be happy with inexpensive food, if it is intelligently prepared. The trouble with most people who do not know how to cook is that they will use steaks and chops, which they find fairly simple to cook, in place of less expensive meats. Yet the cheaper meats, properly prepared, are really preferred by men who should know better than others what is good. I mean the great chefs and hotel men. Naturally, I have known many distinguished chefs.

The king of cookery, Auguste Escoffier, who lives now practically in retirement in Rome, is my friend, and occasionally we exchange letters about matters of mutual interest. The first time I met him was in 1890 in Paris. I dined then with Escoffier and Cesar Ritz, opening my eyes wide at my first sight of sculptured ice as a table decoration. They say Escoffier invented the pêche Melba. Actually it was Oscar; but never mind. When I last saw Escoffier he was quite old. Indeed, I celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday by giving a luncheon in his honor in New York. His hair had become white and soft as spun sugar, but still there were tiny patches of color in his waxen cheeks and merry twinkles in his eyes. When the caviar was ladled to his plate from the newly opened tin in which it was imported from Russia this man, as wise in food as Cardinal Richelieu in statecraft, nodded approvingly. That, if you please, is the way to serve caviar.

Escoffier's visit to the United States was a compliment to a former pupil. When Mr. Lucius Boomer was trying to find a director of *cuisine* for the new Waldorf he went abroad to consult Escoffier, and this kitchen wizard poured all his advice into one word—"Gastaud." Gastaud was Alexandre Gastaud, who had been his pupil, then his assistant, always his friend.

An Artist of the Kitchen

GASTAUD was an artist and had the temperament of an artist; likewise the authority of an admiral. Behind his somnolent eyes, dark as forest pools, was indexed all the cooking intelligence of several thousand years of civilization. Dishes prepared under his direction had earned the praise of no less a *bon vivant* and true Parigot than the late King Edward VII. So, when Gastaud spoke in the kitchens under his command, fish cook, sauce cook, game cook, roast cook, pastry man, cake man, ice-cream man, vegetable cook and their swarms of helpers, a regiment of genii of the kitchens, jumped to obey as if their lives depended on his whim.

Did one of them offend the palate of the master, it was certain Gastaud would become purple with wrath. One day after he came here to take over his greatest command he had an attack of heart trouble while shaving. He suddenly found it difficult to breathe. He just managed to telephone the night manager, opened his door into the corridor and fell, dead. A Cellini among his cooking pots, Gastaud had cooked for kings.

Well, the truth about that is, kings are not difficult to cook for, but usually it requires finesse to wait upon them and give satisfaction. During the visit of the King and Queen of the Belgians soon after the war, someone falsely reported to their suite that I was Austrian. The bitterness of the war was a living thing then. My dignity was unruffled by the incident, but when the king learned the truth, that I was a native of Switzerland and an American citizen, he sent for me.

"I am sorry for the mistake, Oscar," he said.

Sometime later I received from the king a handsome badge on a silken ribbon, and a certificate which made me a Chevalier of the Crown. It would be futile for me to deny that I am proud of this and other distinctions, such as the Ordre Mérite Agricole of France and Chevalier of the Crown of Rumania. They are mementos of friendships with persons of royal blood. But they are more: They are proofs that I have achieved my ambition; that I am a good host.

No gritty sediment *to mar the joy of* Bathing

Look closely at Bon Ami before you clean your bathtub with it. See how soft, pure and white it is. Then notice how quickly and completely it washes away—how smooth it leaves the enamel.

WHAT an unpleasant feeling it is to step into your bathtub and find the bottom covered with gritty particles left by the cleanser. It takes away half the pleasure of bathing.

But that isn't the worst of it. These gritty particles clog the drains also — slow them up, make it harder to clean the tub quickly.

Here are two good reasons why so many women will use nothing but Bon Ami as their bathroom cleanser.

Bon Ami differs from other cleansers. It cleans thoroughly in a few quick, easy strokes — yet it washes away in an instant, leaving your bathtub smooth and glistening.

There are other reasons why you'll prefer Bon Ami, too. It does not scratch the enamel surface. It does not redden your hands or leave your nails brittle. It has no unpleasant odor.

Bon Ami comes in three forms to suit your taste: a long-lasting *Cake*, a sifter-top can of *Powder*, or a *De luxe Package for Bathrooms*.

Copr. 1933, The Bon Ami Co.

"Hasn't scratched yet!"

Bon Ami

THE BEST CLEANSER FOR YOUR BATHTUBS AND SINKS

Watch his food . . . a 'lopsided' diet quickly ruins song

You may not know it, but you risk your canary's song and health every time you fill his cup with *ordinary* bird seed. Too often, canaries are overfed but *under*nourished by a 'lopsided' diet.

Like yourself, your canary needs a generous supply of vitamins, minerals, proteins and carbohydrates in the daily diet. These indispensable elements are perfectly balanced in French's Bird Seed and French's *Free* Bird Biscuit.

French's is *clean* seed, too — *air-washed* to remove the "diet of dust" menace in ordinary seed.

EXTRA VALUE — *French's Bird Biscuit (worth 10c) Free in every package of French's Bird Seed. It rounds out the canary's perfect diet.*

French's Bird Seed
WITH *FREE* BIRD BISCUIT

The R. T. FRENCH COMPANY
2114 Mustard St., Rochester, N. Y.

Send me package of French's Bird Seed—enough for one week's right feeding—and French's Bird Biscuit—FREE.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

If you also want free "Canary Care" Book check here ( )

The Garden Maker

By CHESLA C. SHERLOCK

JULY belongs to delphiniums and their bedfellows, *Lilium candidum*, white and gorgeous in their plain afternoon frocks . . . to days of drought . . . parched lawns and gardens . . . to sudden thundershowers and vicious winds that break down dahlias, delphiniums and climbers . . . to sodden nights when all the world is an inferno and even the garden seems to delight in making us miserable, with its mosquitoes, chigoes and bats.

Transplant asters according to color, in solid blocks, for best effect. Keep dahlias staked and disbudded, allowing only terminal buds to remain; keep well watered, to prevent woodiness of stalks. Clip strawberry runners and keep beds well mulched to develop strong plants for fall or spring fruiting.

Surplus beet tops may be canned for winter greens—destroy nothing that can be saved in the thrift garden this year. Main crop of celery, endive and winter radishes are planted this month; also plant late peas.

Keep potatoes sprayed, as tops must be preserved at all costs against disease and insect pests; unless the tops have a full growing season, potatoes will not mature.

Keeping Ants in Their Place

ANTS are choosey pests; they always select the best flower bed or most conspicuous place in the paths to set up housekeeping. Carbide purchased at any drug store is effective. Drop a pinch of it in entrance holes, sprinkle with water and cover with a wet sack, piece of canvas or heavy cloth; the fumes will be forced down into the nest and there destroy the pests.

Learn to water the lawn and garden properly. A thorough soaking once a week is more beneficial than "sprinklings" each evening. "There ought to be a law" against handling the hose by hand—almost never is enough water applied to do any real good by that method. Get a good sprinkling attachment and keep the water running in one place until the ground has become thoroughly soaked.

Flowers in the cutting garden and vegetables should be irrigated; that is, dig a shallow trench with a sharp-pointed hoe along the edge of each row as close as possible to the roots without disturbing them. Run water into this trench and let it fill up; then cover over with soil. This method is more beneficial than overhead sprinkling, unless you have a regular sprinkler system.

Keep up cultivation; weeds must not be allowed to get a foothold. Cultivate to conserve moisture these trying days. An iron-toothed rake, or a rake attachment for the wheel hoe, is best, and if used after each rain, or twice a week, will never give the weeds a chance. Weeds can be destroyed on gravel paths by using salt water or gasoline.

Keep climbers tied up, stakes securely driven into ground to prevent overturning in windstorms, tiny seedlings protected from direct sun.

It is best not to mow the lawn during drought periods too often—close-cropped grass is easily killed out by the blistering sun's rays.

Cut down goldenglow, hollyhocks and delphinium after they have finished blooming—the latter two may come back and give you some more bloom later; but whether they do or not, your garden will look neater. A fine spray from the garden-hose nozzle will rout the red spiders which always appear in hot, dry weather—look on the underside of leaves for them.

Don't forget to soak hanging baskets in tubs of water at least once a week.

Planting a Thrift Garden

DIVIDE iris clumps in July; never allow them to stay in one place more than three years; discard all small, poorly developed or diseased rhizomes; cut back the swordlike leaves before planting; plant so that the rhizome is barely covered by soil. Plant madonna lilies *(L. candidum)* as soon as the bulbs can be obtained. Place your order now for tulips and other Dutch bulbs. Start perennials from seed in cold frames or special seed beds the last of the month. If you are selecting your own delphinium seed, plant as soon as the seed is ready to harvest, as it germinates best at that time.

Vegetables you can plant in the thrift garden for succession crops: Until mid-June, cabbage and cauliflower; beans, any time throughout July, also carrots, endive, lettuce, peas, radishes, spinach and turnips. Plant kale before the end of June, kohl-rabi, sweet corn and cucumbers before mid-July.

The more you pinch back dahlias, chrysanthemums and cosmos, the more compact they will become—now is the time to do this. Black ants on plants, trees and shrubs indicate the presence of aphis; these ants are not, in themselves, harmful. Use nicotine spray to kill the aphis and the ants will leave. You will find the aphis (plant lice) on the tender growth.

The lawn needs more than water in July. Watch closely for its many enemies: moles—good spring traps will get them, if properly set; weed pests—dandelions, dig out with knives or special tools, spray, if you like, with the iron-sulphate sprays now on the market; crab grass—pull out by hand and reseed the bare spots; wire grass, another tough customer, requiring the same treatment; quack grass, the worst of all, due to traveling rootstalks; dig, dig, dig, is all you can do, getting out each piece of root.

Oftentimes a whole season's growth can be conserved by proper summer pruning, tipping off a cane here, pinching off a leggy top there. The fruit-bearing qualities of all small fruits may be improved by summer pruning, the appearance of the whole garden enhanced.

This month we are offering for a three-cent stamp a comprehensive leaflet covering the subject. It will help you improve the appearance and efficiency of your whole garden. Write the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, and ask for Leaflet No. 1071, SUMMER PRUNING AND SPRAYING.

Gowns by Roberta

(Continued from Page 17)

"We'll have to lose it then." He had become what his mother used to call scowly and growly.

"Oh, dear, good Mr. Kent, please. She is our very best client."

"I certainly won't make love to any woman to keep her custom."

"I don't want you to make love to her. Believe me, that is the very last thing I would ask. But see her—see her."

"You know what happened last time."

"Oh, but it would not happen again."

"That's what you say."

"BUT I know—absolutely. Men are so stupid. The reason she is so determined to see you again—and she is determined—is that she feels she made a fool of herself, and she wants to prove how sensible and cold-blooded she can be. It maddens her that you will not give her a chance to show you. Trust me, Mr. Kent. I am wise. I am a good business woman."

Unlike George Eliot's famous character who had a tendency to harden under beseeching, John melted at once.

"All right," he said. "I'll see her if you promise to interrupt us at the end of three minutes. I could stick three minutes. . . ."

"Three is a little too short—say five."

"Five by the clock?"

"By the clock."

When she had gone, John sat down at his desk, and stared away out of the window. He was asking himself what Aunt Minnie's marquis would have done in these circumstances—what subtle and remote turn would he have given the interview? Unhappily, no answer of any kind occurred to him, and presently Madame Nunez was in the room.

The instant he saw her, he knew that Stephanie had been right—it was not the dark-browed enchantress who entered, but the simple comrade, the loyal client.

"Ah, Mr. Kent," she said, holding out her hand, from the whole length of her arm. "I have wanted to tell you how much I sympathize with you in the death of your dear aunt—what a woman!—and to wish you luck, and to assure you that I shall keep on coming here for everything. No, don't thank me—it's self-interest. No one is as good as Roberta—no one."

"Well, we certainly don't want to lose you," said John. He meant his tone to be gay and gallant, but was aware that it sounded more like a retail salesman than a world-weary cosmopolite.

SHE sank into the chair, which John had carefully arranged so the large heavy corner of his desk came between them.

"Ah," she said, "you will never lose me. And I am bringing a friend of mine to you. She has been going to that new Russian woman, but I have persuaded her to come to Roberta. Another beautiful Argentine for you to dress—I mean"—she bent her head coyly—"I mean that she is an Argentine too, and very beautiful."

"I didn't find any fault with the way you put it the first time," said John. He thought this sounded a little better.

"Do not flatter," she answered. "I think of you as simple and honest and true—the only man I know who is like that. May I smoke?"

He felt in his pocket for his lighter—she had already produced her cigarette from a jeweled gold case—and held it out to her across the corner of the desk. But Madame Nunez seemed to have an unaccountable difficulty in leaning over to meet the flame. He should have distrusted her, but he didn't. He sprang up and came round the corner and, standing beside her, offered her a light. The next second she had clasped him tightly about the waist, and was leaning her cheek against his waistcoat as she murmured: "And you do like me a little, don't you?"

Then the door opened. He heard Stephanie's voice saying, "Here is an old friend from America who wants to see you, Mr. Kent," and John, like a great animal caught in a trap, looked with agonized eyes over his shoulder at Sophia, who had just tripped gayly into the room and stopped short.

"Well, really, John!" she exclaimed.

In all his fluster and embarrassment, John's first emotion was pity for Madame Nunez—it must be dreadful to be caught making such a fool of yourself. But she did not demand pity. On the contrary, her eyes, as they fell upon Sophia, were triumphant. She rose, tossed her still unlighted cigarette into the hearth, and stopped John's stammering introduction.

"Don't trouble, dear Mr. Kent," she said. "I will leave you now to your business cares." And with a slight condescending nod to Sophia, she swept out of the room.

"YOUR business cares!" said Sophia. "So that's what this is all about, is it? I might have guessed—well, I did guess as soon as I got Mildred's cable."

"Guessed what?"

"That nothing but a love affair could change a man as you have changed."

"I'm not changed."

"Not changed from the man I parted with on the steamer? Have you seen yourself—have you heard yourself? You are about as different from ——"

"From the dull, small-town, oversized young man?"

"Who said that of you?"

"Sophia Teale said it the last time I spoke to her."

"You're not going to treasure every angry word as if I had meant it. . . . John, who is that woman?"

"That one who just went out?"

"That one who was clasping you in her arms."

"Oh, just a client."

"A client! This is no business for you, John."

"At least, it's my business, Sophia."

"You will not give me your confidence?"

"There's nothing to confide."

"I see—man-of-the-world stuff."

She turned away. In her saner moments she would have seen that Madame Nunez was a stout, middle-aged woman with a fine profile, but now she was sure that this black-browed beauty was not only John's beloved, but probably something as celebrated as Lord Henry Delves—a great Italian singer, a French actress, a Spanish countess.

"Oh, John," she said sadly, "what would your mother have thought if she had come in and found you—as I did?"

"You never used to think a heap of what my mother thought."

"Would she have been pleased, John?"

"She would have raised Cain, Sophie, and she would have had some right to."

"You mean that I haven't?"

"OF COURSE you haven't. Do stop all this foolishness. You turned me down good and plenty, and that's all as far as I'm concerned—there isn't any more."

"You mean you don't want to see me again?"

"What's the use? No, I don't—no."

"Oh, John! I had saved Wednesday evening. I had counted on your taking me out to dinner—to dance, the way we used to. . . ."

"No, Sophia. You don't seem to understand what I went through when you broke our engagement. I'm not going to take any chances."

"We're leaving on Saturday for the Riviera. We sail for home from Genoa in October. You need never see me again, if ——"

"That will be all right by me, Sophia."

She didn't answer, and he saw with alarm that she was crying. Tears did not

send for this

NEW RECIPE BOOK FREE

TEMPTING DESSERTS *you can make in a minute*
. . . CREAMIER ICE CREAM, *with less cream!*

Junket is rich in proteins, carbohydrates and vitamins—recommended as one of the most healthful and nourishing of all foods. Because it contains an enzyme (found in no other food) junket is more easily digested even than milk.

You can prepare junket desserts in a minute. In 10 minutes they set firmly. Chill—and serve! It's as easy as that!

Make junket with either—Junket Powder, already sweetened and flavored:

Vanilla Chocolate Lemon
Orange Raspberry Coffee

or Junket Tablets which you sweeten and flavor to taste.

Dainty! Cool! Luscious! Just the dessert to top off a grand meal . . . or to serve your guests for afternoon refreshments.

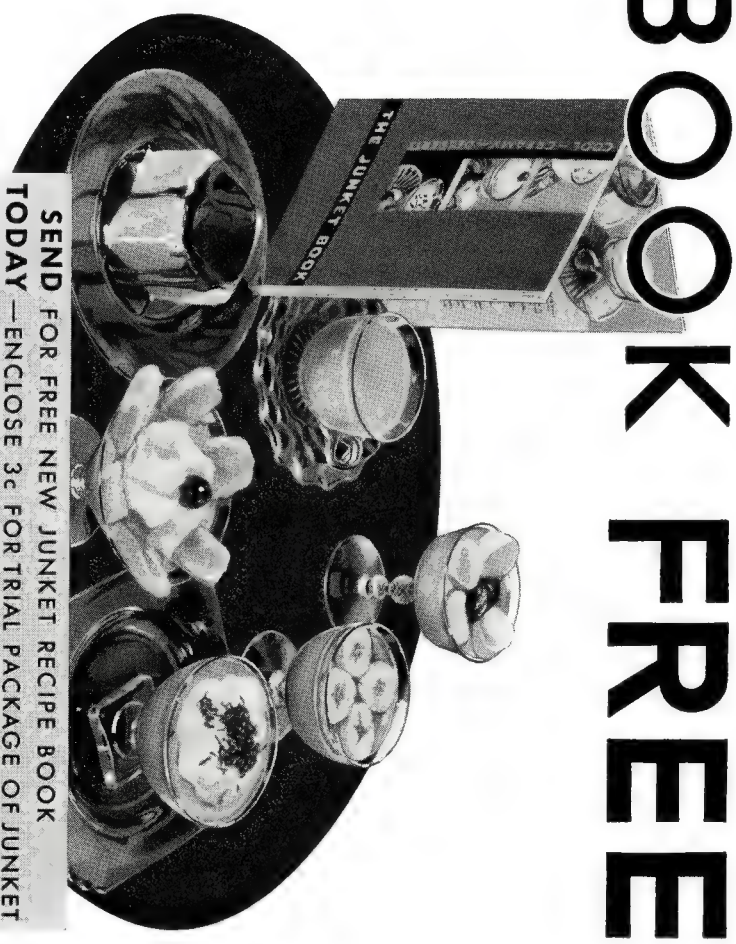
This bright new recipe book pictures dozens of attractive junket desserts with novel toppings, suggestions for party dishes, and desserts made with left-overs. It shows, also, how to make the most delicious ice cream you've ever tasted—richer and creamier, yet uses *less cream.* (Automatic refrigerator and freezer recipes.)

How children love junket! The most stubborn appetites yield to its custard-like daintiness. Youngsters who *balk* at *drinking* milk, tease for junket with meals and between meals. It is the finest of all ways to get them to take *more* milk!

Junket
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
makes MILK *into delicious* DESSERTS

Junket is the first and only product of its kind ever given this famous seal.

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Committee on Foods



Be sure to see the Junket Exhibit, Main Aisle, Food and Agricultural Building at A Century of Progress Exposition, Chicago.

SEND FOR FREE NEW JUNKET RECIPE BOOK TODAY—ENCLOSE 3c FOR TRIAL PACKAGE OF JUNKET

The Junket Folks, Dept. 27, Little Falls, N. Y. (In Canada address Toronto, Ont.). Please send FREE NEW RECIPE BOOK of 51 Junket Desserts and Ice Creams. If 3c in stamps is enclosed, please send also Acquaintance Package of Junket Powder (flavor .....)

Grocer's Name ..... *Address* .....

My Name ..... *Address* .....

City ..... *State* .....

DEW IS ESSENTIAL

EVERY man expects the woman he loves to be dainty, fragrant and well groomed—free from any unattractive appearance at all times.

Freedom from perspiration stains and odor is so simple and sure when you use Dew. You may apply Dew in a moment with the improved sanitary applicator. It dries quickly . . . takes effect immediately. Dew will not irritate the skin or injure fragile fabrics when the simple directions are followed. Keep the beautiful flask on your dressing table as a reminder.

The coupon below will bring you free — in a plain envelope — an interesting, confidential booklet on the relationship between attraction, pleasant scents and disagreeable odors. Mail the coupon today. Marion Lambert, Inc., St. Louis — Toronto.

DEW

Crystal-pure Deodorant and Non-perspirant

PREVENTS ODOR ✦ PROTECTS CLOTHES

Instant DEW may be applied at any time—day or night—while you dress.

Ultra DEW is for more lasting protection—3 days or more. Use it at bedtime.

Look for this counter display in your drug or department store.

MARION LAMBERT, INC.
Dep't A36, 629 Del Monte Way, St. Louis, Mo.
Send me your FREE, confidential booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

especially become her—they dropped with a sort of slow agony, as if a stone statue bled, but they were genuine. In the few weeks of their engagement, John had never seen her cry. In fact, it came to him as a complete surprise that she could cry.

"I suppose that woman won't let you," she said.

"Who, Ste—— Oh, I see. No, that isn't it. It's—oh, well, what good could it do?"

"It would do me good, John. We were so close to each other once. It seems so dreadful to part enemies. I had chosen the place to dine—a dear little restaurant in the Rue Monsieur le-Prince, where they have ——"

"I know—*vol-au-vent aux tourterelles.*"

"Oh, John, how beautifully you say that!" She looked up at him as if he were a god. Poor little Sophe. He felt he had complete control of the situation. He bent to pat her shoulder.

"All right. If you want to go out on Wednesday, I'll come for you at eight."

"YOU will?" Such quiet joy beamed up at him. He bent lower. After all, it was not the first time he had kissed Sophia—this, however, was going to be a gentle, brotherly sort of kiss. . . . But it never took place. The door opened, and again Stephanie entered. She was already speaking, in the high, clear voice she used for French, so different from her low, liquid English tones:

"*Maintenant, s'il vous plaît, mademoiselle, les modèles* ——"

She stopped and looked straight into John's eyes. Her expression was not benignant, but he did not worry about that. Stephanie would always understand. This time he thought only of Sophia. In old days, this was the sort of thing that had annoyed her intensely—a caress seen by an outsider. . . . "You humiliate me—you are so clumsy—you make me ridiculous"—that was the sort of thing she used to say. But now, she rose calmly, and, as in the case of Madame Nunez, there was something almost triumphant in her manner, as she collected her bag and gloves and moved out of the room. Behind her back John tried to catch Stephanie's eye again, but failed.

He sat down to open his mail with an abstracted mind. No, he did not regret having promised to take Sophia out—the last time he would see her for many years. He wouldn't enjoy it—to be with Sophia was painful to him, reminding him of old agonies. But she had been right in wanting it—she had shown a fine feeling for the past. After all, they had been engaged to be married, and their parting ought to be friendly and calm. Besides which, he'd show her he wasn't so small-town any more—he'd take her to that restaurant where ——

TURNING over his mail, he saw an American stamp—a letter from his mother. They had exchanged many cables since he first knew of his inheritance, but this was the first letter from her that was an answer to one of his. He had given her the details of his new business arrangement. He knew that she did not approve. He tore it open.

"My dear John," it said. "I received your letter Friday night, and have taken two days to think it over before writing to you. I know you will wish to hear my opinion, though I hope you will feel free to make your own decision. I personally cannot understand your thinking for a moment that you could accept a permanent partnership in a women's dressmaker's shop. A man dressmaker! All your friends here agree with me, and I assure you the jokes I hear—and read, for even the papers have taken it up—are far from pleasant. I am, as you know, the last person to despise money, but I do urge you to give this up and come back and attend to the factory—a business that no man need be ashamed of.

"It seems to me that besides being ludicrous and undignified, your venture must end in failure. To be frank, John, I cannot see what help you could bring to a millinery shop. Therefore, if, as you say, you are urged to stay, I fear the motives of those who urge you are not on the surface. I beg you to be on your guard. You cannot be a match for these tricky foreigners. You are too good and honest. To tell you the whole truth, I must say that Cousin Louise, who used to get her clothes at Roberta's in the days when Cousin William was more successful than he is now, has described the forewoman—this young person with whom you contemplate a partnership—as being pretty, extremely attractive, and as smart as a whip. I wake up in the night and pray that she is not leading you into some sort of entanglement. It is the only explanation I can think of that would explain your conduct."

Pretty? Stephanie pretty? Alas, for all parents! That was the only idea in the whole letter that penetrated to John's inner nature. Of course she was pretty—lovely—but he had thought up to this instant that her prettiness was a secret known only to him—that he was the only man in the world who would like her fine, cream-white beauty. . . . And here his mother was writing about it from America.

How like his mother to think of an entanglement! He smiled—the idea was not at all loathsome. If he were a Frenchman, undoubtedly a business relation such as theirs would expand and flower into something closer and more ——

SUDDENLY he brought his fist down on the desk. Jumping Jehoshaphat! He remembered now that Wednesday—the evening he had promised to take Sophia to dine and dance—was the evening of the great opening—the night they entertained the representatives of the press before the first showing of the collection. Stephanie had set her heart on his being there—what should he do? What an idiot he was! He sprang up and went and knocked on the door of Stephanie's office next door.

She was leaning back in her chair, staring out of the window—revolving, perhaps, some new creation. She turned her head slowly and looked at him.

"Look here, Stephanie," he said. "I'm in a jam—a mess—you know. I've done something stupid."

"You surprise me."

"That girl who was here ——"

"Mademoiselle Teale?"

"She is a very old friend of mine."

"You are, in fact, fiancés."

"No, not now, but in old times. . . . She asked me—I mean I asked her—to go out to dine and dance on Wednesday, forgetting about our opening."

"Very naturally."

"It's the only day she has before she leaves town on Saturday."

"She assured me they were leaving town on Friday."

"Perhaps I have it wrong."

"No, you haven't—they always lie about the day they leave Paris."

"What I wondered was could I bring her to our party?"

"If you wish."

"I mean is it the sort of gathering that a young girl—well, would she enjoy it?"

"Wouldn't that depend a good deal on your conduct, Mr. Kent?"

"Are you tired, Stephanie?"

"No, why?"

"Your voice sounds tired."

"I HAVE a good deal on my mind, with the opening and the collection and this order for Miss Teale that has to be rushed through by Friday, and one evening dress specially for Wednesday."

"Well, I won't bother you any more," he said, and with an impulse of tenderness he patted her shoulder. She drew sharply away.

"Two is enough for one morning, Mr. Kent."

He stared at her. "Stephanie," he exclaimed. "That is the most unjust thing. . . . Did I want to see Madame Nunez?" He was so astonished he could hardly marshal his defense. "No, and if you had given me any choice, I wouldn't have seen Sophia either. It was you who brought her in too."

"She assured me that if I didn't, I would lose my job—those were her words. She said just as you did—that she was such a very old friend. . . ."

JOHN frowned a little. He had sometimes noticed that Sophia's manner to those she considered inferiors was not quite perfect.

"She did not understand that you and I are partners ——"

"There is a good deal more than that she doesn't understand."

"She wasn't rude to you, Stephanie?"

"If she was I am perfectly able to take care of myself. I have been doing it for a good many years."

He stared at her. "You're not angry at me, are you?"

"Angry? Of course not."

"You seem a thousand miles away—more like an enemy than a partner."

She sprang up. "How absurd! I hope you are not going to be temperamental, Mr. Kent—that would be the last straw."

He saw that she wanted him to go, and he went. He went back into his own office and shut the door. He felt very much as he had felt during his first days at college—not exactly homesick, but conspicuously alone. What was he doing in Paris, with a lot of strangers? The whole point of the adventure had been coöperation with Stephanie, and if she were going to treat him as an alien, he might as well go home. He thought of cabling his mother that he entirely agreed with her, and was making arrangements to terminate his connection. . . . But he went no farther than the thought.

He tried two or three times in the course of the next day or so to get a word with Stephanie. He could not help suspecting that Sophia was in some way to blame. He decided he would speak to her on the subject of her manners. He and Madame Grandet had several consultations about the opening—the brand of champagne and the menu for supper—but though Stephanie smiled at him with a sort of mechanical pleasantness when he passed her in the corridor, she seemed to have no time for conversation.

ON WEDNESDAY evening, when he arrived at the Teales' hotel, he was shown to their sitting room. There he found Mrs. Teale, eating her dinner on a tray and reading a magazine from America, as if she had never left Park Avenue.

She greeted John pleasantly. She was not the sort of woman to be rude. When she wished to destroy young men in Sophia's estimation, she did it behind the scenes, by means of ridicule and pity. To the victim himself, she was always perfectly polite. She had always been polite to John; but now, as she leaned from her chaise longue, holding out a hand glittering with rings, she was more than polite—she made John feel that he was a long-absent member of her most cherished group, an insider looking out.

"Sophia's late, as usual," she said. "Sit down, John, and tell me all about yourself, and these wonderful things you have been doing. I saw you the other evening at that Russian place with Lord Henry Delves. He must be the most amusing person. What fun you have had—meeting all the worthwhile people in Paris."

John opened his mouth to say that he hadn't met the worthwhile people in Paris, that as a matter of fact Lord Henry was almost the only person, worth while or not, whom he had met since he left America. Then he remembered that he had suffered a good deal first and last at the hands of Mrs. Teale—he remembered her speech about his being good for nothing but guiding girls through football crowds—and he decided to let her think what she liked.

"Oh, well," he said in his deepest voice, "Aunt Minnie did *(Continued on Page 73)*

In Indian Hill, exclusive country estate section of Cincinnati, Ohio

ROYAL is used in 86% of the homes

• A recent canvass of the kitchens of 59 large country estates in exclusive Indian Hill, Cincinnati, revealed that Royal Baking Powder is used exclusively in 51 of these fine homes—over 86%!

YET—the cost of this famous baking powder is so low, *only a little over 1¢ worth for a big cake*—that any home can use it, even though pennies must be considered

In homes where quality is the first consideration in every purchase—regardless of the size of the income—you will almost invariably find Royal in the kitchen. Read these significant letters from two women who differ in their scale of living but are both enthusiastic users of Royal Baking Powder.

Mrs. R. C. S., whose lovely place in Indian Hill gives wide scope to her genius for home management and clever entertaining, says:

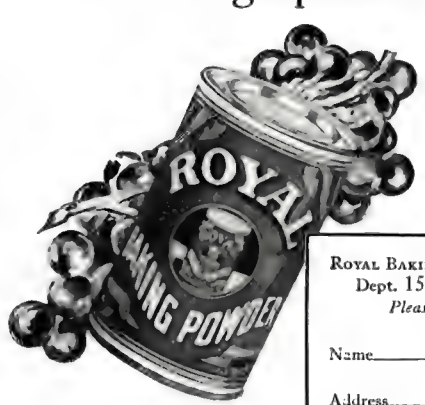
"There are certain details in every household that cannot be left to chance. For instance, I always take the trouble to see that Royal is used in our kitchen, because it makes such a decided difference in the quality of baked foods.

"Cakes and biscuits made with Royal are better flavored and finer textured. And Royal Baking Powder has a reputation for unfailing dependability that has been familiar to me since my childhood."

Mrs. E. M. K. is the capable manager of a modest family income and knows the meaning of real economy. She writes:

"When I first started housekeeping, I thought all baking powders were alike, and I'm afraid I considered only the price. But on the advice of a neighbor, I tried Royal and at once got better results in my baking—finer texture, more delicious flavor and better keeping quality.

"I've used Royal ever since. Knowing it is the best, I would consider it poor economy to use any other. Quality, I think, always pays."



Copyright, 1933, by Standard Brands Incorporated

• Royal costs only about 1/25th as much as your other cake ingredients. So why not use this famous Cream of Tartar baking powder and be sure of superior results?

ROYAL BAKING POWDER, Product of Standard Brands Incorporated
Dept. 15, 691 Washington Street • New York City • N. Y.
Please send me free copy of the new Royal Cook Book.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

In Canada: Standard Brands Ltd., Dominion Sq. Bldg., Montreal, P.Q.

How this Vacation Romance was SAVED

1 FRIDAY . . . My first day at the shore—it's so beautiful here! And I've met the most wonderful man. He has a grand speed boat and he's terribly attractive. I'm sure he likes me, too, and we'll have fun together.

2 SUNDAY... I'm so unhappy. Yesterday afternoon there was a dance at the yacht club and Dave—that's the man I met on the beach—asked me for the very first dance. I was thrilled, and then . . . for some reason or other, he faded away. What's *wrong?*

3 TUESDAY... Today one of the girls dropped a hint—was it meant for me? She said something about going to the store to buy more Lux so she could wash her underthings that night, because without Lux you run the risk of offending from perspiration odor. Could *I* have been guilty—did Dave notice?

4 SATURDAY... Everything's wonderful now! What gorgeous times Dave and I are having—he asked me to a dance last night and today on a wonderful trip in his speed boat. I'm so thankful Betty dropped that hint, for since then I haven't taken chances with perspiration odor. I should think every girl would protect daintiness with Lux. It takes only 4 minutes a day!

GIRLS who wonder why they aren't as popular as they'd like to be . . . girls who wonder why romance beckons and then slips by . . . should ask themselves this question:

"Am I offending others through even the slightest hint of perspiration odor in underthings? Can I *afford* to run such a risk, when there is one sure way to protect daintiness?"

We all perspire. Doctors say the perspiration given off by the pores frequently amounts to *more than a quart a day*. Underthings absorb this, and the odor is noticed so quickly! Even when we're not aware of it ourselves.

AVOID OFFENDING. Underthings absorb perspiration odor . . *Protect daintiness this easy 4-minute way:*

It's easy to avoid all danger of offense . . . simply Lux underthings after *each* wearing. Lux whisks away perspiration odor completely, and saves colors and fabrics.

Don't take chances with ordinary soaps, for these often contain harmful alkali. Cake-soap rubbing, too, injures silk and colors. Lux has no harmful alkali, and with Lux there's no rubbing. As everybody knows, anything safe in water is safe in Lux!

Mrs. F. N. Breed says, "With one box of Lux I washed these 318 items:

26 dresses, blouses, sweaters
54 pairs stockings, socks
80 pieces lingerie
30 silk shirts, pajamas
88 towels, table linen
40 handkerchiefs, gloves
And I did the dishes 21 times for 5 people."

LUX underthings after *each* wearing

Removes perspiration odor—Saves Colors Saves Fabrics

(Continued from Page 70) know a lot of amusing people. . . ." This had the advantage of being strictly true.

"I'm sure she did," said Mrs. Teale. "I remember seeing her—a thousand years ago, before I was married—at Monte Carlo. She had come ashore from a yacht. In those days, you know, we all thought her very wicked and dangerous. I can see her now, standing at one of the tables, and throwing down a gold coin every now and then. She was in black velvet with a huge hat with a black feather down over her shoulder—and the famous pearls. . . . She was really a genius, wasn't she? Sophia says the new dresses are too wonderful. She is delighted with everything she has ordered—some of them so inexpensive. I must say, John, you'll never make money if you are so generous in the prices you make for old friends."

John did not answer. He was surprised. Among all the flattering things that were said of Roberta, it had never been said that the house was inexpensive. He had not made any concessions about price, and judging from Stephanie's few words she had not seemed to be in a mood to do Sophia any favors. He wondered if perhaps the girl had been deceiving her mother as to the amount of money that she was spending—that was probably the explanation.

He said noncommittally, "Well, I'm glad Sophia doesn't feel we were trying to soak her."

A FEW minutes later, Sophia came in from the bedroom. She was wearing a wrap by Roberta—a long cloth-of-gold garment with large sleeves and flowing skirts that covered her from chin to toes. She looked pale and excessively cross. John had seen her look like this before, when she was very late for an engagement. It was a look that usually meant she had had dressing trouble, and that the evening was not going to be amiable.

"I'm sorry I'm late," she said, but she said it in a tone that meant: "I'm sorry because you are just the sort of inconsiderate person who would add to my already overburdened life by being annoyed."

John unfolded himself from the chair. "I was agreeably employed," he said, "talking to your mother."

This was a very different Sophia from the starry-eyed woman who had wept in his office. He wondered if she had been quarreling with Mrs. Teale about money. He knew they sometimes had terrific battles. If so, she would tell him all about it.

"Really, John," she would say, "mother is getting to be the limit. . . ."

Then, going down in the elevator, he saw her looking at herself in the mirror, and giving cross little pats to her hair, and he felt sure that his first idea was right—she had had trouble in making herself look the way she liked to look.

He had thought out very carefully what he meant to do that evening. He had decided to take her to dine at L'Etoile Blanche, partly because it was a name he could say, partly because he was known there on account of the incident of Aunt Minnie's bottle of wine, partly because the maître d'hôtel spoke beautiful English, and there was no danger of being made to feel inferior on the score of the language. Afterward he would take Sophia back to the Rue Pavane for a little while, and then he would take her to the Russian restaurant, where after midnight a wonderful melting gypsy orchestra played.

THE Teales always hired the same car when they were in Paris, owned and driven by a respectable father of a family. John now said to him firmly, "*À l'Etoile Blanche,*" and the man nodded and smiled with the most satisfactory understanding. That ticklish moment was over.

Soon after John arrived in Paris, he had tried to tell an address in the Rue Boissy-d'Anglis to a taxi driver, and there had been a dreadful excitement—the man had finally got down from his box, throwing his hands in the air, and had summoned two friends from other taxis, and they had held a long consultation as to what monsieur could possibly mean. . . . Nothing of that sort tonight, though. John got into the car with a sense of triumph.

Sophia said softly, "It must be wonderful to have such a knowledge of Paris as you have."

John answered that he didn't know Paris really well, in that modest tone that people use when they mean to suggest that they at least know the vast amount there is to be known which the other person doesn't even suspect. He felt soothed, Olympian and more like the marquis than ever before. He said genially, "That wrap looks swell on you, Sophia."

"It is beautiful, isn't it?" she answered, and in the darkness she patted it lovingly. "Horribly expensive, John, but I can't complain. It was nice of you to give me such a special price on this dress."

AGAIN that astonishing note of gratitude! So she hadn't been deceiving her mother. He hated to think what she was accustomed to paying, if Roberta's prices seemed low. She went on:

"Really, John, when that rather disagreeable woman came back and told me the price you had made for me, I nearly fainted. I suppose you know I couldn't have got it at a sale at home for any such price."

He did not answer. He had not been consulted about a special price for Sophia.

"I suppose Stephanie thought you would do us credit."

"That's exactly what she told me. How she works over every client! Or perhaps not over every one, but she did over me—she really studied my personality. I wasn't going to take this dress—the one I have on. I was a little afraid of the color, but she insisted. She said it did something to me. She said—I wouldn't repeat this to anyone but you, John, only I think you ought to know how clever that woman is—she said it brought out something elegantly sensuous in my nature. Wasn't that brilliant—for her to see that?"

To repeat a compliment is to take a grave risk. John gave a sort of growl. He did not think Sophia elegantly sensuous, but he would never have known that he didn't if she had held her tongue. He thought: "I wonder if Stephanie really said that." Maybe she had, though—subtle little creature! He smiled to himself in the darkness of the car. She knew how to manage customers. Sophia was actually purring at the recollection.

"Stephanie's smart," he said aloud.

"I should say she was. I don't particularly like her, John—she's so insolent."

JOHN jumped. Insolent? His gentle, hard-working Stephanie? "I should say she was about as uninsolent a person ——"

"Oh, she's probably civil enough to you, John—one can see she worships the ground you walk on—but for me she put on an act—really, a queen in exile couldn't have —— Oh, here we are. How lovely!"

John was saved the necessity of arguing the point. They entered the tiny lobby of the restaurant. Sophia flung off her golden wrap and stood before him. She put her hands on her hips.

"Do you like my dress?" she said.

He stared at her. She was wearing *Le Printemps Revient*—that indecent, greenish-yellow creation, the dress he had ordered out of the collection for fear that Sophia should even see it. There she stood before him; he could not say clad in it—her back, her sides, her arms, her shoulders. . . .

"I certainly don't like it," he said. "I think it's indecent."

The maître d'hôtel, unaware of catastrophe, came hurrying to them.

"*Bon soir, monsieur.* I have your table. . . . *Bon soir, madame.*"

Two cold statues with set jaws followed him into the dining room and sat stiffly down in the chairs he indicated.

Sophia was the luckier of the two; the object of her anger was there before her. In a few seconds, when the head waiter had finished being polite, she would be able to tell John just what she thought of him. But John was angry at an inaccessible culprit—inaccessible for the time, at least.

How dared Stephanie have done such a thing—to yield so generously to his wishes, and never really to yield at all? She had deceived him deliberately; she had not only sold the dress to Sophia, but she had evidently taken trouble to sell it—this horrible, indecent, unbecoming dress.

Every time he looked at the pale face across the table, a fresh wave of anger swept over him. The dress emphasized everything that should have been hidden—the hard, thin line of her shoulders, the underlying greenish shadows of her pallor—it stripped her, and stripped her unbeautifully. It was horrible to him to see a pretty woman destroyed like this before his eyes, and it shocked him that she should be destroyed deliberately by another woman—a woman who was actually paid to give her expert disinterested advice. His fury against Stephanie made him feel tender and pitiful to Sophia.

"I'm so sorry, Sophia," he said. "It isn't your fault."

"What do you mean—it isn't my fault?"

"It isn't your fault if the house sold you an unbecoming dress."

"It's certainly my fault for coming out with you at all," responded Sophia. "It's my fault for supposing that a little superficial culture could make anything but a boor of a man who is fundamentally without any of the finer perceptions ——"

HE TRIED to stop her. "You don't understand," he said gently. "I think you've had a very rough deal—getting a dress like that. I want you to send it back tomorrow and order any other ——"

"I shall not send it back," she answered, and her mouth grew tighter than ever. "It's a beautiful dress—everyone adores it. What do you know about clothes, John? You make yourself ridiculous. You don't know any more than you did before, but now you've grown even more obstinate and opinionated. You're impossible now. In old times, in spite of your stupidity, you had a sort of innocent humility, that wasn't offensive. But now that you think you know all Paris and the British aristocracy—now that you are having a love affair with a black-haired Spaniard ——"

"Do shut up, Sophia."

The head waiter, noticing that the hors d'œuvres were going away untasted, hurried up to inquire if anything was wrong.

"Oh, tell him not to bother us," said Sophia loudly.

John explained that everything was delicious but that madame was not hungry; and when he had gone away, he protested: "You needn't hurt the man's feelings—he speaks English as well as you do."

"Oh, we must consider head waiters' feelings now, must we? I suppose he will be less servile the next time you come here with that woman."

"Don't be silly, Sophe; there's nothing in that."

"WHAT a fool you must think me! The last person you can deceive is a woman you were once in love with. I felt the difference as soon as I saw you. You're in love, John—you're absolutely concentrated on another woman. You don't care an atom for me any more—you don't even listen ——"

"It's possible to get over one woman without falling for another."

"It's possible, but you haven't done it."

"A lot of hooey, Sophia."

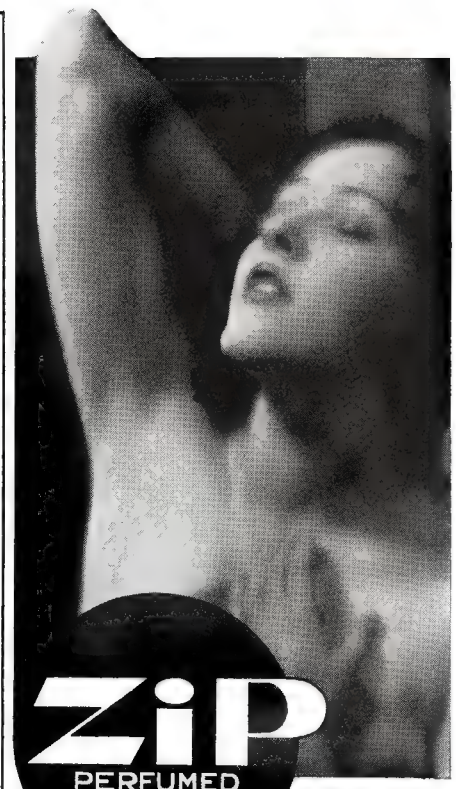
She sprang up, flinging her napkin on the table. "I'm going home," she said.

"I'd like to eat my dinner, if you don't mind."

"I don't mind what you do, ever. My car is here, and I'm going home, and I hope I never see you again as long as I live."

"Suit yourself, Sophe," said John.

(To be Concluded)



REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Just spread ZiP Depilatory Cream over the hair to be removed, rinse off, and admire your beautiful, hair-free skin. You will marvel at this white, fragrant cream; smooth and mild; rapid and efficacious. ZiP Depilatory Cream leaves no unpleasant odor, and instantly removes every vestige of hair . . . GIANT TUBE 50¢.

PERMANENTLY

DESTROYS HAIR

The only registered "Epilator" available for actually destroying hair growths. Tested over a period of twenty years, *ZIP* Epilator has proved its claims. Ideal for face, arms, legs and body. Simple and quick, it leaves no stubble and no dark shadow under the skin. Acts immediately. Sure in results if repeated as directed. Generous package $1.00

TREATMENT OR FREE DEMONSTRATION AT MY SALON

Palmolive green

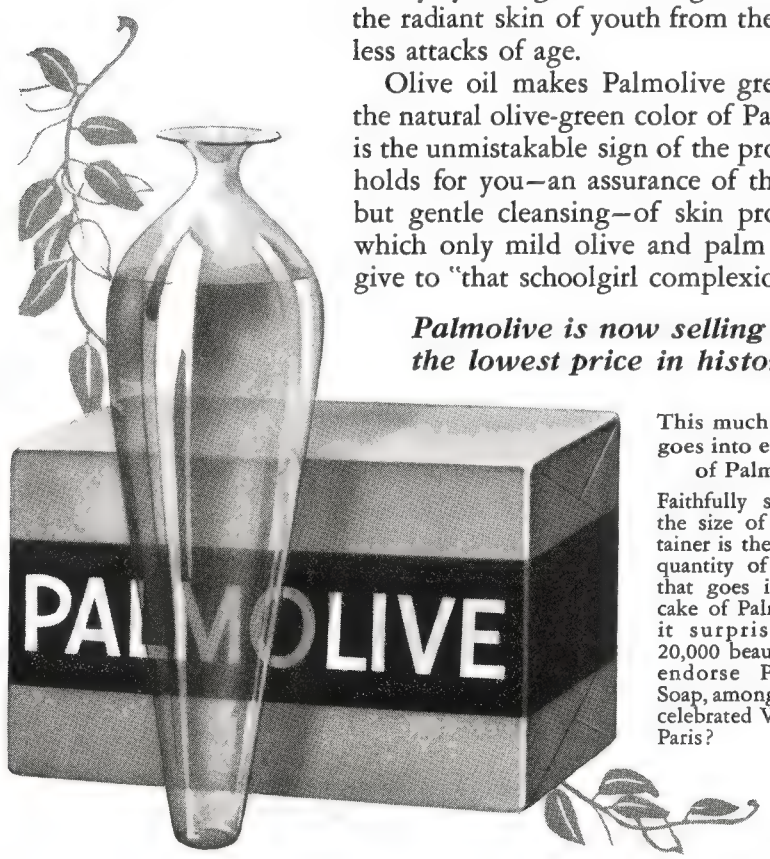
...the signal of safety

it's olive oil that makes Palmolive green

THOUSANDS of beauty fads and fancies have come and gone. But ever since the days of Cleopatra, lovely women have treasured olive oil in their beauty treatments. For never have they found olive oil's equal. Like a sentinel on guard, the olive tree has watched over feminine beauty—yielding its soothing oil to shield the radiant skin of youth from the relentless attacks of age.

Olive oil makes Palmolive green and the natural olive-green color of Palmolive is the unmistakable sign of the promise it holds for you—an assurance of thorough but gentle cleansing—of skin protection which only mild olive and palm oil can give to "that schoolgirl complexion."

Palmolive is now selling at the lowest price in history.



This much olive oil goes into every cake of Palmolive

Faithfully shown by the size of this container is the abundant quantity of olive oil that goes into every cake of Palmolive. Is it surprising that 20,000 beauty experts endorse Palmolive Soap, among them the celebrated Vincent, of Paris?

Cold Cut

(Continued from Page 11)

soon; and they go to and fro with secret smiles upon their lips, and a gleam in their eyes. It was thus with The Changeling Husband. In that mysterious fashion not to be explained, scenes began to click. Sometimes it was Ned Main, a tone of his voice, a turn of his head, a stumbling of his big feet; sometimes it was Sally; sometimes it was a piece of business proposed by Jack or Lee or even Bill; sometimes the lights were just right, catching and evoking an elusive quality not to be defined. And it came to pass that at the morning conferences they spoke together in happy whispers, looking over their shoulders fearfully lest this surprise they were preparing should be discovered before they were ready for it to be known.

Their immunity continued, but they forgot to be disturbed by it. S. Jay Woodsum might come and S. Jay Woodsum might go—his bright limousine rolled into the lot promptly at eight every morning, and out again at five—but the picture went on forever.

TILL one night, without least warning, he impinged upon their lives. They were shooting on Stage 5, and the scene was brief; it would run no more than forty seconds in the finished film. Ned Main and Sally were the actors; and before they began, Jack spoke to Ned apart.

"Now, Ned," he said, "this scene comes right after your bust-up with your wife. You've just been through that row, and you're hot and tired, and ready to quit. I want you to act tired, be tired." He read a few lines, by way of illustration. "You say so and so and so. See, Ned! No pep, no acting, no gestures. Just stale and flat and weary. Get it?"

"Think so, Jack. I'll see what I can do."

"O. K.," Jack assented; and he turned to Sally. "You have to cry, kid," he reminded her. "Can you manage it, or do you want some dope in your eyes? You don't sob, you know. You're kind of laughing, with a few tears on your cheek!"

"I'll work up to it," Sally promised. "I hate that dope. It makes your eyes smart for hours."

"Oke," said Jack. "Let's go!" He called to the men at the lights, "Shake 'em up!" And then Bill and Lee came to his side, and Jack whistled softly between his teeth. "Oh-oh," he muttered. "Here comes trouble now!"

They turned to follow the direction of his glance and saw a little group of men approaching. Mike Brady, and S. Jay Woodsum, and two or three others. Bill Marsden and Lee Talbot backed into the shadows to escape notice. Jack looked up toward the battery of lights. "Rest 'em," he called, and the lights went out. Then Mike and Mr. Woodsum reached the spot where he stood, and Mike said amiably:

"Mind if we watch you shoot, Jack?"

CORSE shook his head. "No. This is straight stuff. No effects, nothing intricate. Chair, Mr. Woodsum? You can sit over here."

"This is almost the first actual shooting I've seen," Mr. Woodsum explained. "I want to familiarize myself with every phase of our business, Mr. Corse. But don't have me on your mind. Go ahead."

Jack nodded and caught Mike Brady's eye; and Mike, behind Mr. Woodsum, shook his head ever so little from side to side. Jack turned away and smothered his grin and called Lee. After a moment the lights came on again, and Ned took his place in the set.

"This is the picture," said Jack in a warning monotone, and motion ceased, and sounds were stilled. Jack, beside one of the cameras, lifted his hand as a cue, and Ned and Sally began their lines.

And presently: "Cut," said Jack. "All right, we'll try it again!"

They shot it again.

They shot the scene three times, six times, ten times, monotonously, over and over. Jack made no comment. Mike Brady and Mr. Woodsum, between shots, whispered together in the background. Sally began to be tired. She was too much excited by these alien presences to do her part properly, and she was unhappily conscious that her tears were not flowing as they should. Jack seemed not to notice her failure; he was, she gratefully decided, protecting her from the disapproval of the powers.

BUT suddenly he spoke to her, from where he stood twenty feet away, in clear pitiless tones.

"Bernhardt," he said. "you burn me up! I told you, tears! You're supposed to be laughing with tears in your eyes. Now be something, Miss Lake! You're wasting our time!"

Her cheek was crimson and her eyes were blazing. She was filled with a fairly murderous fury at this man. She took a swift step toward him, but before she could speak:

"Places!" said Jack Corse. "Camera! Quiet everybody. This is the picture!"

And this time Sally did have tears in her eyes. They were tears of rage, perhaps; but in some matters the camera is not overcritical.

It was a quarter of nine when Mike and Woodsum came on the set. At ten minutes past eleven Jack said, "That's all for tonight! Eight o'clock in the morning, right here! Good night."

Ned Main mopped his brow; and Sally sat down. Jack crossed and spoke to her.

"Tired, kid?" he asked.

She looked up at him furiously. "Did you have to do that?" she demanded.

Jack grinned. "Sore at me?" he asked.

"I don't mind a call down, but why broadcast it?"

"I wanted you to cry!" he chuckled. "And I'll say you did!"

SHE stared at him, still unforgivingly; but before she could speak, Mike Brady touched Jack's arm.

"Got a minute, old man?" he asked, and Jack turned away with him. Mr. Woodsum was waiting yonder, and Mr. Woodsum was full of words.

"Corse," he said curtly, "I've been watching your cost sheets for two weeks. I couldn't understand how you ran up expenses so fast; but tonight I got part of the answer. Was it necessary to take that simple scene so many times?"

"Yes," Jack assured him.

"You spent nearly three hours," Woodsum protested, "and used up I don't know how much film, to get a scene that won't run a minute in the finished picture."

Jack shook his head. "It wasn't quite as bad as you think," he explained. "We didn't have any film in the camera till the last five shots."

Woodsum stared at him, bewildered. "You mean the rest were just rehearsals?"

"No," Jack said. "No, we rehearsed the scene this afternoon." And he explained, "You see, I wanted Ned to act tired, and Miss Lake had to cry. Ned's a comic, but he's no actor. The only way he can act tired is to be tired; so I let him do the scene over and over till I wore him down. And when I was ready for Miss Lake to cry, I made her mad, and she was tired enough by that time to cry pretty well."

"But didn't they know there was no film in the camera?" Woodsum demanded incredulously.

"Lot of things about this business that—the actors don't know."

Mr. Woodsum made a sound like a snort. "You must be nearly finished, aren't you?" he asked curtly.

"We'll have a cold cut ready by Monday," Jack agreed; and when the other looked mystified, he explained: "Sort of a

rough draft of the whole picture. After that it's just a matter of trimming, and smoothing up, and so on."

"Then you'll be done?"

"Why, there may be a few retakes."

Woodsum seemed satisfied. "I'll want to see your picture Monday, Corse," he said grimly. "I hope it justifies the expense you've put us to. Good night."

The version of the picture which Mr. Woodsum saw on Monday was not much more than a skeleton. It was made up of all the scenes that might be used in the finished film, arranged in tentative sequence subject to change later; and in place of scenes yet to be shot subtitles were inserted summarizing the missing action.

They ran it off in Mike Brady's projection room, a soundproof theater in miniature, with four or five rows of comfortable armchairs for the spectators. Jack and Lee and Bill were there, and Mr. Woodsum with Mike Brady and two or three other men; an exhibitor, the head of the sales department, the publicity director.

The Changeling Husband was a farce. If it was not funny, then it was nothing. But such an audience as this one does not laugh. The members come to judge, not to be amused. So no one laughed at The Changeling Husband. For an hour and a half they sat in somber silence. Now and then Jack spoke softly to Lee at his elbow, and Lee made a note on a convenient pad; now and then Mike Brady whispered a word to Jack and Jack nodded. But for the rest, no one said anything at all.

THEN suddenly the picture ended and the lights came on. Everyone stood up, and Bill and Lee drew near Jack, as if in union there might be safety. The others gathered in a little group across the room and spoke together in low tones, like people at a funeral. Then the men who had come in with Mr. Woodsum departed, but he and Mike stayed behind. They came toward Jack, in an ominous silence; and Lee and Bill backed away.

Mr. Woodsum cleared his throat. "Well, Mr. Corse," he said, "there's a difference of opinion. Mr. Brady thinks you've got a good picture! The others think otherwise."

"They're wrong," said Jack calmly. "It's a knock-out!"

"I," said S. Jay Woodsum ponderously, "shall reserve my judgment."

"It's hard for a beginner to tell anything from a cold cut," Jack assented; and Mr. Woodsum flushed angrily.

"At any rate," he said, "you've about finished! Even if you make all the scenes that were subtitled in, it won't take more than a day or two."

Jack sat down on the arm of his chair and swung his leg to and fro. "Well," he explained, "we'll have to do some retakes."

Mr. Woodsum shook his head. "We're going to eliminate retakes on the Excelsior lot, Corse," he said frigidly.

"You can't do that," Jack protested.

Mr. Woodsum seemed to swell a little, but his voice was almost jocose.

"NOW, Corse," he urged, "the picture business is in a state of flux. We're going to do a lot of things that were never done before. You have the reputation of shooting your pictures off the cuff, and that was all right in the old days. But hereafter every scenario is to be complete before the first scene is shot, and no deviations will be permitted."

Jack looked the other fairly in the eye. "I expect you know your business, sir," he said. "But I know mine. Your business is—business. Mine is making pictures." He hesitated. "I don't know whether you're interested in my views," he suggested in a dry courtesy.

"Certainly," Woodsum assured him. "Er—every man is entitled to a hearing."

"Well, here it is," said Corse crisply then: "The pictures that make money are the pictures the audience likes; and in the long run, the audience likes pictures with a story in them. Entertainment value may get by for a while, or laughs, or smut; but it's the story that does it in the end. You can tell 'em the same yarn over and over, if you do it in a new way, or a clever way, or a smooth way. But you've got to tell 'em a story!"

"Naturally," Woodsum agreed. "That is exactly what I propose, Corse. We'll start with a scenario worked out by an expert story teller, and let the director transcribe that story into a picture."

Corse shook his head. "No go," he said curtly. "The man who writes your story on paper has to cross out and rewrite and revise until he gets it right. Same way on film. You can't know how a scene will look or sound till you shoot it. Then if the dialogue's dumb, or the action slow, or one of the actors had the pip, or the lights weren't right, or the sound was blurred—why, you just have to shoot it again."

"NONSENSE!" Woodsum exploded. "If the scene is right, it will photograph right."

"You see," Corse urged, ignoring this absurdity, "that's the big edge we've got over the legitimate theater. You go to see a play, and you may run into a good performance or a bad one; but when you see a picture, you're getting the best version we've been able to make, of every scene in that film."

"Tosh!" said Woodsum sharply. "We're not going to operate in that fashion any longer, Corse. Retakes cost money, and we're going to stop every needless expense. You make the scenes you need to finish this film, but don't spend any money trying to improve those already done."

Corse spoke very patiently. "You're not even a business man, Mr. Woodsum," he argued. "This picture as it stands won't gross what it cost; but with about fifty thousand worth of retakes it will make a nice profit for the company."

"We'll risk it as it is," Woodsum insisted stubbornly. "There's no sense in pouring good money after bad!"

Jack almost chuckled. "Why, man," he urged, "that's all there is to this business. You have to keep pouring good money after bad, till it all turns good."

"I won't argue with you," Woodsum said; and Jack seemed to sigh. He nodded, and he stood up.

"ALL right," he said. "We won't argue. But I'm going to do this my way. You see, Mr. Woodsum, I'm a sort of privileged character around here. I've proved that I know something about pictures, so they give me a pretty free hand."

"I know all about that contract of yours," the other guardedly assented. "It's one of the things I mean to straighten out."

"It still has eleven months to run," Jack reminded him. "And you can't break it. It's tight as a drum."

Mike Brady's manner said that this was not his business; he gave the impression of being incredibly remote from the scene of action here, and utterly disinterested. Lee and Bill in the background tried to make themselves very small and inconspicuous; but Mr. Woodsum was staring at Jack, with eyes for no one else, and he bloomed with anger, red as the rising sun.

"You'll find we won't get along together, Mr. Corse, if you take that attitude," he said through tight lips.

"That's exactly the attitude I take," Jack assured him.

"This is your last picture for Excelsior under that contract," said Woodsum.

"I wouldn't wonder," Jack assented. He seemed to muse. "Maybe we can fix up something," he suggested. "You'd like to get rid of my contract without paying my hundred thousand bonus, eh?" He looked at Woodsum inquiringly. "And I'd kind of like to finish this picture right, with no handicaps, and no hard feelings!"

Woodsum watched him almost eagerly. "What's your proposition?" he demanded.

"Well, I'll tell you," Jack suggested. "You let me go ahead with no interference; and I'll sign an agreement to tear up my contract thirty days after this picture is released. You agree to tear it up and I

Don't Let Your Dresses Stain
Don't Let Your Friends Depart

Get the sure protection ODO·RO·NO gives!

Quickly—in ten minutes or less, the moisture under your arms can do a world of mischief to you.

Can you afford a new dress every time you've been careless and let perspiration fade a dress and ruin its colors? These aren't the times for *that!* And the cleaners you know, simply can't remove the acid stains of perspiration.

Even if you could afford a dozen new dresses, can you ignore what people think? No girl should permit the odors of perspiration to repel her friends, when Odorono can so easily prevent it!

Odorono Saves your Dresses
Protects your Charm

If your dresses and your friends mean anything to you, perspiration *must be prevented!* And Odorono, a doctor's prescription, is the sure, *safe* way to gain complete protection.

Greasy creams and sticks, powders, perfumes and soaps can, at best, get rid of odor temporarily. But Odorono banishes both perspiration and its odors for days at a time. With its complete protection, you always feel dainty and fresh. Without it, you run the risk of ruining the best dress you own and losing the best friend you have.

Feel sure! Choose either the famous Odorono Regular (ruby red) or the newer Instant Odorono (colorless). Both now have the original Odorono sanitary applicator.

ODORONO REGULAR *(ruby-colored) is for use before retiring. It gives 3 to 7 days' protection against underarm perspiration and its odors.*

INSTANT ODORONO *(colorless) is for quick, convenient use while dressing or at any time of day or night. It gives 1 to 3 days' complete protection.*

ODO·RO·NO Saves Clothes

RUTH MILLER, THE ODORONO CO., INC.
Dept. 7-J3, 191 Hudson St., New York City
I enclose 8¢. Please send me samples of Odorono Regular and Instant Odorono. (In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal.)

Name.....

Address.....

City ..... *State*.....

10¢ Wonderful WHITE SHOE DRESSINGS

Irene Marchant

TAKE A LITTLE ColorShine White Kid Cleaner on a cloth. Rub the dirt away. Will give high polish or dull finish as you desire. The leather is left softer, more durable. Use ColorShine White Cloth Cleaner for cloth or buckskin shoes. It cleans them perfectly and does not rub off! Or use the new ColorShine in tube for White Kid, Cloth or Buckskin. A big bottle or tube costs only 10c on the hardware counter at the ten-cent store.

SEND POST CARD for my free directions showing how I keep all my shoes smart looking. Address: Irene Marchant, The Chieftain Mfg. Co., Dept. L-7, Baltimore, Md.

The **BEST** *at any Price*

10¢

The meanest chore is a chore no more!

YOU don't need to scrub or scour to keep toilets clean! Use Sani-Flush! You'll get the bowl cleaner than with all the washing in the world! Stains, odors, and germs go. Even the trap, where a brush won't reach, becomes clean and sanitary. The porcelain gleams.

Sani-Flush is more pleasant and thorough. Sprinkle a bit in the bowl (follow directions on the can)—flush—and you're finished! Sani-Flush routs rust-stains, smells, and germs. It can't harm plumbing. And the toilet sparkles like new.

At grocery, drug and hardware stores, 25c. *(Another use for Sani-Flush—cleaning automobile radiators. See directions on can.)*

Sani-Flush

CLEANS CLOSET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

agree to let you. Nothing to pay, just good clean fun on both sides."

Woodsum's eyes were sparkling; but Mike Brady cocked a suddenly attentive ear, and he looked from one of these men to the other, and he seemed about to speak. Yet in the end he did hold his tongue.

"That suit you, does it, Mr. Woodsum?" Jack asked politely.

And Woodsum banged his fist into his palm. "Done!" he said.

"And no hard feelings?" Jack insisted.

"None!" said Woodsum, almost genial now. "I know you're a good director, Corse; but you come too high for us! We're going to lop off as many of these bloated salaries as possible. And you're an individualist, but we're going to go in for teamwork, hereafter. All pull together. There are a number of contracts I'll be glad to be rid of." His glance flickered faintly toward Bill and Lee in the background. "Yes, I'm grateful to you for meeting us halfway!"

"Halfway!" Jack echoed cheerfully. "Why, I'm way ahead of you. Let's go get the papers well and duly signed!"

As they went toward the door, Mr. Woodsum held Jack almost affectionately by the arm. Mike Brady, following them, looked back at Lee and Bill standing there disconsolate; and he hesitated as if again he were about to say something. But in the end he went on without a word. Yet as he departed, they saw him smile at some thought of his own.

Left alone in the projection room, Bill and Lee looked at each other for a long moment, grimly enough. Then Bill said in sardonic tones:

"So that's the great Jack Corse! And that, dear children, is how I first met your grandfather."

Lee muttered, bewildered, "What was Mike grinning about? What's so funny?"

Bill poked him in the ribs. "Go on and laugh, Lee," he urged bitterly. "Don't you see the joke? It's right on your neck, old man. Jack has left us out where the wintry wind doth blow."

LEE shook his head. "I've teamed with him for seven years, Bill," he said doubtfully. "I'd have taken all bets that if you stuck to Jack you'd be warm in any weather."

"All for one," said Bill. "That's his slogan. Come on, Lee. Let's go."

And they moved silently across the lot to No. 1 bungalow. Sally was there, big with questions; and Sally heard what they had to say.

When, a little later, after his conference with Mr. Woodsum, Jack Corse came to join them, he was grinning at his own thoughts, and controlling an impulse to skip with glee like a lamb in spring. But Bill and Lee and Sally, when he appeared in the door, did not grin.

He paused, halted by their sober faces; he looked at them in some perplexity, and saw in Sally's eyes a mist like tears. But when they did not speak, he tried to laugh, snapped his fingers smartly.

"Well, boys and girls," he said, "that for Mr. Woodsum. He's tied up tight! All bound round with a woolen string!"

Bill Marsden made a grunting sound. "So what?" he challenged dourly.

Jack's eyes narrowed. "Something on your mind, Bill?" he demanded.

"Why, yes, a little something," Bill assured him. "We went into this together. All for one and one for all, in the immortal words of Sally, here. We were going to teach Woodsum to sing tenor; but now you quit like a dog, take a runout powder and leave Lee and me to hold the bag!"

Jack looked at Sally. "Strike you the same way, does it, sister?" he asked.

Sally found it hard to speak. "How else can it strike anyone?" she demanded.

JACK inspected his finger nails. "I fixed it with Mr. Woodsum to let us all out together," he said. "If that makes any difference."

"Out where?" Bill challenged. "We shoot a picture, and it flops, and we're fired. What chance does that give us for a new job? We'll be counting the ties, Jack!"

"But suppose not," Jack suggested.

"Not what?" Bill demanded, staring at the other man.

And for a moment the glee of triumph chuckled in Jack's tones. "Why, just suppose," he insisted, "that this picture lays them in the aisles. Where will poor Woodsum be then, poor thing?"

They blinked at him, and he expounded. "If it goes over big," he promised, "every company in Hollywood will be shoving contracts at Sally here, and at Ned; and you and Lee and I can name our own figure. And dear Mr. Woodsum will be the joke of the business because he let us get away from him."

"You think it has a chance?" Bill asked doubtfully.

"I'm betting a hundred thousand against nothing on it," Jack reminded him.

A rising excitement touched them all; and Sally, to her own dismay, began to cry. Jack touched her shoulder.

"What's the matter, kid?" he asked.

"I th-thought you'd quit on us," she confessed, dabbing at her eyes.

Jack grinned at her, and he looked at the others. "You boys go along to lunch," he directed. "And be a long time!"

Lee chuckled, and he and Bill turned obediently away; but Sally cried, laughing through her tears:

"No, don't go. Jack told me always to keep three men ——"

But they were gone, and Jack said, "You're past that stage, sister. It's time for the next lesson now. Come here to me!"

She hesitated, her eyes dancing. "If we're going to have a scene," she suggested, "shouldn't you set the stage?"

So Jack drew the curtains at the window, and shut the door.

Shoot at the Big-Money Mark. You'll hit it in The Girls' Club!

Girls--Aim at Money, Prizes, Fun!

IF YOU'RE like most girls I know, there are ever so many things you're wishing for this summer!

Why not earn for them now in our jolly Girls' Club? Win prizes, too—lovely Club pin, stunning wrist watch.

Lillian F. recently earned $10.00 and won a beautiful diary besides.

"I've earned $12.00 in The Club so far," writes Della D. "I'm using it for camp."

Write me at once for information about our Club! Full instructions and supplies sent without expense. Address:

MANAGER OF THE GIRLS' CLUB
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
771 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

MODERNIZING AND BUILDING DIRECTORY

DOES your community have a Renovize Campaign going on? It should. To renovize is to be smart, and thrifty, especially at this time. Labor costs and material costs are low. The future stability of your property depends upon its continuing to be up to date in both living conveniences and equipment, as well as physical condition. Why not let us, in coöperation with the Department of Commerce, send you free material giving directions how to organize and conduct a Renovize Campaign?

ADVERTISEMENTS

Almost every member of a family likes to have a hand in on the remodeling and modernizing of the home. The JOURNAL Stencil Booklet, number 1027, illustrating eighteen stencils for wall, floor and many other uses, will be sent for 10c. From it you can order stencils.

ARCHITECTURAL DEPT.
(1) LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, *Philadelphia, Pa.*

Air Conditioning

The Holland Heating, Cooling and Air Conditioning System for the home assures clean healthful warmth in winter—evenly distributed to every room. The indoor air is filtered, washed, properly humidified and scientifically circulated. Indoor air is cooled in summer.

HOLLAND FURNACE COMPANY
(2) *Holland, Michigan*

Glass and Mirrors

ANNOUNCING

An *Improved* Quality Glass for windows. Flatter, brighter, clearer, more brilliant. Easier to look *through*. More attractive to look *at*. Write today for descriptive pamphlet.

LIBBEY-OWENS-FORD GLASS COMPANY
(3) *Toledo, Ohio*

Insulation and Wall Board

Is your attic hot as blazes? Finish it off with Upson Board, or Upson Insulating Board. This keeps heat out in summer, keeps warmth in during winter, cuts fuel bills. Installing Upson Board is quick . . . easy . . . very economical. Free Samples, Free Plans.

THE UPSON COMPANY
(4) *Lockport, New York*

Painting and Decorating

Don't let false economy cheat you out of many dollars. For over half a century Lowe Brothers name has been an accepted guarantee of highest quality paints. Ask any Lowe Brothers dealer for "Sunlit Homes," a practical decorating and painting book.

LOWE BROTHERS COMPANY
(5) *Dayton, Ohio*

Screens

New screens! Thrift and beauty are found together in Chamberlin all-metal screens. Narrow, rigid frame broadens vision. Saves storage space. Wears a lifetime. Custom made and installed by experts. Write for details.

CHAMBERLIN METAL WEATHER STRIP CO., INC.
(6) *Detroit, Mich.*

Service Dept.
LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I would like to receive more information about certain of these products. Please ask the manufacturers whose numbers I have listed below to mail their literature to me. I inclose 3¢ in stamps for each number listed below, unless my order includes number 1, for which I inclose 10¢.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Numbers ....

Every Home's a Stage

(Continued from Page 25)

effective—treatment of twin beds of modernized Directoire, painted black with ivory panels, etched in gold at the head and foot. The beds were mounted on a low, black dais, with the heads resting in an arch. Over each was hung a modern French print, with mats of the damask used as upholstery for the chairs and couch—black, figured with birds of all colors.

One of the loveliest color-harmony sets we have designed will be seen in Men Must Fight. The action, taking place in 1940, called for advanced modern furnishings.

A striking effect was achieved by sewing a square of white carpet in the center of a mahogany-brown rug. The baby-grand piano was enameled white, also the woodwork. Chairs are covered in cerise satin, piped with white-wool fringe. The same fringe trims short drapes of the cerise. Glass curtains are of white organdie; long drapes of two shades of silver damask in block design.

Hiding Architectural Faults

BY ADDING touches similar to what I have described in these sets, new interest can be given a room which has become boresome. New shades in your color scheme, reupholstery—which will change an entire room—new drapes, a decorative screen or two, a couple of glass bowls filled with cheerful flowers, a change in the position of your lights, if possible.

I am a great believer in paint. There is no reason for a room to be dark and uninviting. To make a dark room gay, after you have painted the walls and woodwork white, I would get some cheerful and happy-colored yellow linen (no floral design) for drapes, with some green braid or piping around the edge. I would use a warm green rug, cover the furniture in neutral tan, and shade the lamps in yellow to reflect warmth.

To conceal defects of architecture, many tricks of line and fabric can be employed. Ill-proportioned windows can be softened by draperies. If too narrow, run the drapes over on each side. If too short, lengthen the window by lengthening your drapes. Your valance above also will enlarge the size of the window.

The same may apply to doorways. If they are too low, very often a panel above will increase the height. If too narrow, a decorative panel placed on either side, or two small pedestals or tables with vases of flowers, will widen the doorway.

When a budget is limited, the best styles to be followed through are Early American, English or painted furniture in good taste.

We receive three times as many letters about modern sets as period sets. By "modern" I mean straight, simple lines in keeping with the way people in the mass look and act today. I can't see a woman in a so-called period room dressed as she is now. A French room undoubtedly is a very charming room, but the American woman of today doesn't fit into a Louis XVI or XVIII setting.

If I were giving a series of commandments, or rules, for a woman to follow when decorating her home, the first thing I would stress is—*go in for design in only one place in a room.* If you upholster a couch with hand-blocked linen of large design, certainly that looks bad with a Chinese rug. The size of the flowers in the linen and in the design of the rug throw everything out of scale.

If materials are brocade or flowered chintz, get a rug of solid design. Plain carpets in neutral tones are best. When tables, chairs, couches are placed on that carpet, they make a design in themselves. *Avoid cluttered carpets or walls. They lack repose.*

Be certain that the pieces of furniture you buy are in scale with the rest of the room. No room is a bad, or hopeless, room until it has been overdecorated and people begin moving in furnishings all out of proportion. The most usual common mistake women make in selecting furniture and ornaments is forgetting entirely the size of the room. They buy a desk, bookcase or cabinet which projects too far into the room; a chair or table so heavy that it makes the room seem smaller than it is.

If you possibly can avoid it, do not buy furniture in suites. If you have already bought one, try reupholstering one or two pieces with a tone of the color of the original upholstery. If the couch has removable cushions, reupholster them. You might even paint one or two pieces.

Do not place too many pieces of furniture obliquely in a room. They project a certain series of lines. Placing chairs, and so on, obliquely in a small room also overcrowds it. The individual units are so large, they give the room a jumbled feeling. Place the furniture in friendly groups, so that the room looks inviting, makes you want to sit and read or chat. A friendly room is restful and always in good taste.

If you are buying a comfortable armchair, be careful of the color and texture of the upholstery material. I prefer neutral shades of corduroy. Nothing wears better. As a boy, I remember my corduroy trousers outlasted my shoes. Lambskins, clipped close, also make a durable, attractive, though more expensive covering.

There are some woolens that are delightful and durable, also the new horsehair fabrics. The latter come in white and various checkered designs.

Forgotten Drape Materials

FOR drapes, seersucker is a material that long has been neglected. Gingham also, which in the better grades can be used for accessories like lamp shades and picture frames. Blue denim, such as overalls are made of, wears about as well as anything I know of for drapes. My favorite material is white sailcloth, or drill, fifty inches wide, which costs thirty-five cents a yard. I have curtains of this, with weights at the bottom, all over my home. This sailcloth dyes any color you want, is very strong and stands constant rubbing.

In the matter of accessories, be extremely careful about lamp shades. They should be fairly simple, and of straight contour instead of with curves that look like umbrellas. Shades are supposed to shield your eyes from direct light. Plain parchment shades always are good.

Distribute your light. Do not concentrate too much of it. Have a general glow with a few points of concentration for reading.

Drapes dangling over the end of pianos, or scarfs crushed in the middle of tables, are very bad.

Throw out anything with a naturalistic design. If you have a lamp that has flowers twisted on the bronze base, hands holding a clock or vase, or something like that—don't give it away, destroy it!

Never hang framed photographs. They should be placed on tables and chests. Use few pictures on the walls, and be sure those few are good. Perfect reproductions of modern and old masters in prints now are in the market at reasonable prices. These are so much better taste than bad original oil paintings.

Avoid fads in doing your house over—such as the all-white or mid-Victorian—unless you are able to refurnish as soon as you tire of them—which you will do, sooner or later. Live with your house a little while. Go at it slowly. Buy a number of good books on interior decorating. Eventually you will develop a taste in selection of the right thing. And when you are attracted to something original on the screen, you will be able to discriminate as to its suitability for you.

SALE!

ON KLEENEX

all over the United States

3

FULL SIZE 25¢ PACKAGES

59¢

Illustrations and text copr., 1933, Kleenex Co.

Use Kleenex disposable tissues instead of handkerchiefs! Sanitary! Economical! No washing—no spreading germs.

STOCK UP on Kleenex during this nation-wide sale! Take advantage of this remarkably low price. It costs much less to use Kleenex than to pay for handkerchief laundry!

And think of the greater safety! No germ-filled handkerchiefs to infect hands, pockets, laundry bags. No soiled, disgusting handkerchiefs to carry germs back to your face. No repulsive handkerchief washing. You use a fresh Kleenex Tissue every time. It's safe. It's dry and soothing. Soft and very absorbent. Saves nose from getting red and raw.

Try these uses

Lots of other uses for Kleenex, too. For removing face creams and applying powder and make-up. For cleaning glasses and wiping razor blades. For applying ointments and salves, to keep from staining garments.

Use Kleenex freely, at this low price. And get yours now, while supplies last. At drug and department stores.

KLEENEX *disposable* **TISSUES**

BETTY SPOILED HER SALAD . . . BECAUSE SHE SAVED 5¢

Betty and Mildred both sent chicken salad to the church sociable supper.

Everyone wanted more of Mildred's salad; no one quite finished his helping of Betty's.

IN MY DRESSINGS I USE ONLY FRENCH'S CERTIFIED MUSTARD. 4 TBSPS. OF IT, 2 TBSPS. EVAPORATED MILK, 2 TBSPS. SUGAR, 2 TBSPS. VINEGAR, ¼ TSP. SALT.
RECIPE

Next day—Betty asked Mildred for her chicken salad recipe . . . It was just the same as her own . . .

NO MORE CHEAP MUSTARD, EVEN IF I DO SAVE 5¢. IT DOESN'T TASTE RIGHT.
YOU'RE RIGHT, FRENCH'S CERTIFIED MUSTARD IS THE BEST.
FRENCH'S MUSTARD

. . . Except that Mildred used French's Certified Mustard in her dressing while Betty used a cheaper kind. Now Betty, too, buys French's.

DON'T risk *your* reputation as a good cook by experimenting with an unknown mustard just because it costs a few pennies less or you get more of it. Prepared mustard is a *condiment.* Its chief purpose is to *improve* flavor—not destroy it. If it can't do that—if it contains tasteless adulterants, fillers and artificial preservatives, it isn't cheap at any price. Insist on French's. It's pure. It's *Certified!*

CERTIFIED

We hereby certify that French's Prepared Mustard (Cream Salad Brand) is made of the finest mustard seed obtainable, pure vinegar and highest grade spices and seasonings. Furthermore, that it contains no adulterants, artificial preservatives, or substitutes of any kind.

(signed)
The R. T. French Co.

FRENCH'S *Certified* MUSTARD

Salad

(Continued from Page 14)

All this I knew after two experiments, and my audience marveled. As usual, they volunteered advice which talent does not need but is great enough not to reject. I listened to many sentences beginning with, "*On met aussi.*" *On met* what? Yolk of egg or cream instead of my melted butter, lemon instead of vinegar, nasturtium flowers as an ultrapoetic substitute for garlic, slices of apple to add pleasant acidity, nuts to produce mellowness and what not.

Of all these, the lemon suggestion is the only one worth remembering and never forgetting; the highly vinegared salads of England and Germany are terrible. I learned that even lemon must be used with a light hand. I learned that circular stirring is the most effective, and that it must be light and effortless.

I learned that there is indeed very little to learn except how to approach the various kinds of salads: bitter leaves like chicory or endive not requiring so much gravy or garlic; cress requiring absolutely no salt and killing the best wines except a vigorous sauterne; tomatoes or mashed potatoes—which impart great mellowness—being devourers of the dressing and having to be added when the salad is all made; while on the contrary, beans or lentils are serviceable neutrals which give the gravy and garlic all their value and so require the richest and brownest veal gravy or most expensive solidified jellies.

My knowledge and experience expanding, I found that the best thing to eat with salad is just salad, but if people insist on an accompaniment it should be Virginia ham of the lighter kind, roasted chicken, or the cold fish which is still served at the end of dinner on traditional French tables. Nothing nearer to game than a guinea hen should be recommended, as any wild taste will fight with the flavor of salad.

All this I learned, along with some psychology. A certain amount of ceremony should attend the making of salad, and therefore the operation must take place at the dinner table, and the guests ought to be kept waiting for it and impressed with its seriousness. However, it should not be performed with the heavy hand of the cook, but with the light hand of a gentleman.

Salad Ceremonials

THE practice of mixing up one's solid and liquid ingredients at the bottom of the bowl is entirely cooklike and ignoble. You must scatter your salt and pepper over the leaves, and finely chopped garlic, with an I-don't-care look concealing the utmost concentration; stir with a jaunty turn of the wrist; scatter now your drops of lemon as if the amount did not matter, though the salad will be acid if each guest gets more than seven drops; stir again; then your oil or melted butter and gravy grandly and liberally, but not in such a way that a pool will appear in the bowl.

Garlic and gravy, gravy and garlic—that is the law and the prophets. The first thing is to get rid of the idea that a salad should be complicated—it is only so metaphorically speaking; the second, if you are an American, is to realize that salad making is *cuisine*—that is, mixing up—and not to suppose that by depositing some mayonnaise or so-called French dressing beside a "nice fresh lettuce" you will produce a salad.

The greatest difficulty in America is to find a bowl. In 1919, my first long visit to the United States, I was asked to lunch by Ambassador Jusserand and ventured to make for him a salad which Madame Jusserand was kind enough to approve. The ambassador, after acknowledging my mastery, added, "Your difficulty over here will be that Americans mistake little culinary poems for salads, and they have no salad bowls larger than a finger bowl."

I remembered both remarks during my last visit when I tried, at a hotel, to produce a salad for a charmingly amused and appreciative literary woman. The night before, dining at another hotel, I had seen a real salad served in the most gigantic bowl—some Venetian antiquity—I had ever contemplated, and the waiter at my hotel being French, I counted on something similar being brought in. Nothing coming, I queried, "*Ma salade?*" The waiter pointed at two saucers containing something decorated with two circles of jam which I had absent-mindedly mistaken for the dessert. What, poems again! I gave the French waiter a look which cut him to the soul, and when I went on with a request for a bowl the despairing shrug of his shoulders implied something like, "Don't you know that there is also a prohibition of bowls, and real salad is too good not to be sinful?"

Making a Friendly Press

IN 1923 I had the perilous honor to represent France at the Williamstown Institute of Politics. The reporters I daily saw during the session were a distinguished class of men to whom I gradually became much attached. I thought of giving them and their wives a dinner at one of those dainty eating places with idyllic names which blossom out in the vicinity of colleges. I naturally drew up a careful menu, from which salad could not be absent. But the landlady had no salad bowl, and seemed to be in despair when I explained to her that salad in saucers would ruin my reputation; a bowl must be found.

After two days of a breathless search conducted by Mr. James Ernest King, one of those wooden bowls which Vermont produces, and which America ought to be ashamed to ignore, was triumphantly reported to have been secured. I went over to look at it and christened it in garlic, which it ravenously absorbed through its every pore. My dinner was a tremendous success, which the salad crowned in fine style. Next morning all America heard of my performance as well as of that modesty and self-depreciation which the present essay exemplifies so well; and whatever has happened to me since, I have always found the press on my side.

Shortly after this event I made another salad at a Chicago club in the presence of Mr. Harry Hansen, and of the head waiter. The latter looked extremely inimical, but did not succeed in giving me and my salad the evil eye. As for Mr. Hansen, he said nothing, but the future was to show that he was duly impressed. For, a few years later, instigated perhaps by an artistic article of Mr. Lloyd Morris', who had seen me operate for Miss Rebecca West, Mr. Hansen found in some book I had written a pretext to record his impression of that salad, and I have no doubt that the memory of it reacted on the trend of his review.

Well, it is too late, and the trick is now done; my reputation as a salad maker is established. I have no fear for the future. I remember the French *émigré* who, during the revolution, retrieved his fortune by making highly feed salads in London while, in the same city, Chateaubriand was vainly trying to sell silk stockings, and not long before Washington Irving peddled through England in the interests of early-American cutlery. Inflation may come and my few dollars may get thin, technocracy may lead to Bolshevism, and the publishing business may experience a deadly change by passing from the hands of the Infallibles who now run it to those of sleepy bureaucrats; I do not care. I have the formula of the philosopher's stone, which is, "garlic and gravy," and the world knows that I have it. Let fortune do its worst!

Chef Roemer's Deviled Ham Slice: *Fry a ¾ inch slice of Swift's Premium on both sides in a deep frying pan. Cover, and fry slowly for 15 minutes. Remove slice, leaving a little fat in pan. Add 1 tbsp. chopped onion and 1 tsp. flour; mix, and let brown. Add 1 bouillon cube dissolved in a cup of hot water. Mix well, and let boil for 5 minutes. Then add 2 tsps. French mustard and mix well. Be sure not to boil after adding mustard. Strain sauce and serve with ham; garnish with parsley and with cones made of thin orange slices, filled with currant jelly.*

It's the talk of SAN FRANCISCO'S *world-famed Chefs!*

. . this "ovenizing" that has *improved* Swift's Premium *in four ways*

Chef Philipp Roemer and Joseph Klein, Sous-Chef, of San Francisco's famous PALACE HOTEL, *see hams "ovenized".*

● A smoking method that works new wonders with the world's most famous ham! All over the country leading chefs and other food experts have been discussing it . . . many, in fact, have made special journeys to see it for themselves.

First on the West Coast to investigate this "ovenizing" were Chefs Roemer and Klein, of San Francisco's renowned Palace Hotel. Enthusiastic about Premium's new goodness, curious about how it was achieved, they visited one of Swift's plants.

There they saw the huge, brick-built smoking ovens, fragrant with hardwood smoke. Saw just what takes place within them — how, under the watchful eyes of experts, the hams are gradually brought to a perfection that is indeed unique.

For these are the results of "ovenizing": While Premium Hams are still so mild they need no parboiling, they now have a noticeably richer and fuller flavor. They are more tender, more appetizing in color. And they are firmer which means an economy for you since there is less loss in cooking.

Ask your dealer, always, for Swift's Premium Ham. The only kind that's "ovenized", Premium is your assurance of ham your family will thoroughly enjoy.

Swift & Company—*Purveyors of Fine Foods*

✧ ✧ ✧

WORLD'S FAIR VISITORS are cordially invited to go through the Swift plant in Chicago. It is only thirty minutes on the Elevated from downtown.

SWIFT'S PREMIUM HAM

All Swift's Premium Bacon is Ovenized, too

Ovenized

It's easy to identify Swift's Premium Ham, for the word SWIFT is repeated in tiny brown dots down the full length of the side. You should find it even on a single slice.

SMOKED AN IMPROVED WAY . . . IN OVENS

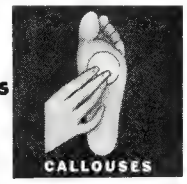
Copr. 1933 by Swift & Company

Gives INSTANT Relief

Be careful how you treat corns! Old-time methods are dangerous—they don't remove the cause and can't prevent corns coming back! To get safe, sure, instant relief, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These thin, soothing, healing pads end the cause—friction and pressure—by cushioning and protecting the sore spot, and keep you rid of corns. They heal sore toes overnight; make new or tight shoes comfortable; prevent blisters. Used with the separate *Medicated Disks*, included at no extra cost, Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

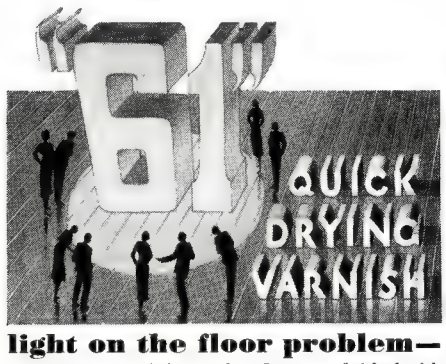
Quickly Remove Corns and Callouses

Made in special sizes and shapes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Soft Corns between the toes. Get a box today. On sale at all drug, department and shoe stores. For every foot trouble there is a specific Dr. Scholl Appliance or Remedy.



Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!



light on the floor problem—

no rubbing, no polishing, when floors are finished with "61" Quick Drying Varnish. *Not* slippery. Heelproof, marproof, waterproof. Clear Gloss, Dull Finish and woodstain colors. Color card free with dealers' names. PRATT & LAMBERT-INC., 75 Tonawanda St., Buffalo, N. Y. In Canada, 17 Courtwright St., Fort Erie, Ont.

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

MAKE EVERY CLOSET A CEDAR CLOSET

Converts *any* closet *instantly* into a moth-proof cedar closet. Moths won't go near

CEDAR VAPORATOR

Keeps your *clothes safe for 2 cents a week*—a bottle lasts one year. No after-airing of garments necessary. Bronzed metal container with moth-proofing vapor in concentrated liquid, continuously emits powerful moth-destroying vapors. At dep't and drug stores, or postpaid $1. USE COUPON.

ODORA COMPANY, Inc., 140 W. 22nd St., New York
Enclosed find $..... for ..... Cedar Vaporators at $1 each.

Name.....

Address .....

Speed Hound

(Continued from Page 12)

limping into Tony's Millboro garage on a wrecker's shoulder.

"Any chance?" she asked with purely achieved blitheness.

"I'd say there was," acknowledged her preoccupied companion. "Your lamps are gone, of course. And you've pretty well dished your front fenders. And we'll have to put your spare on where your left tire is blown."

"I can be doing that," suggested Cynthia.

"Not until we get some stones away and jack up that axle. You're bridged there on my garden wall. Or, rather, what's left of it."

"I'll pay, of course, for any damage I've done," said the meek-eyed car owner.

"I'm not thinking of that," retorted Bentley. "I'm wondering if I can patch up that broken feed pipe."

HE TOOK tools out from under the car seat, and removed a curved section of copper pipe. Then, from a box beneath the tent-house, he produced a blowpipe and soldering iron, setting solemnly to work at his little outdoor table under the apple tree.

He looked up with mild surprise as he observed the resoluteness with which the slender-bodied young woman was rolling the loosened field stones away from under the car front. She was, he saw, considerably more athletic than he had expected. But one heavier bowlder, locked down by a spring leaf, clearly had her stumped. She tugged at it determinedly, first in one direction and then in another.

Bentley watched her covertly as she got out the car jack and cleared a space for it and adjusted it under the axle and slowly raised the spring free of the bowlder, which, with grimly clenched jaws, she finally rolled away. Then she went back to her jack, lifting the car front still higher and piling stones under the lower wheel rim. She adjusted her jack to the other axle end, raising it until the car was once more on an even keel. Then she gave her attention to the required spare.

Her face, Bentley triumphantly observed as he came back with the mended copper pipe, was the dusky red of a full-blown June rose. And a dewing of moisture showed above the delicately penciled arch of her eyebrow.

"Unions," he said as he restored the soldered feed pipe to its place, "are rather a useful thing in life."

"What kind?" she asked.

"Well, the kind like this little copper pipe, for instance," he said as he strained on the spanner. "You must be careful, though, and not force a thread."

NO THREAD, however, was forced. And he motioned rather peremptorily for Cynthia to get into the driver's seat and start up her engine.

It caught, on the third try, and failed, and caught again.

But his smile died away as he watched her backing successfully over the little causeway of stones. He seemed to realize, for the first time, that something abruptly colorful was backing out of his life.

He solemnly signaled for her to come to a stop. She could afford to smile down at him, as she did so, with a renewed sense of fortitude.

"I wasn't running away," she reminded him. She glanced about the scarred hillside. "How are we going to settle about all this damage to your camp?"

"Let's talk about that tomorrow," he cursorily suggested.

"Tomorrow?" she questioned.

"Yes," he coolly averred. "You see, I should really lay a charge against you with our friend Clymber. But I'll withdraw that, on one condition."

"What condition?" she demanded.

"That you drop in for luncheon tomorrow. But don't come this way, next time. Come round by the lane gate and the side-hill road."

"I'm booked for golf tomorrow," she carelessly proclaimed.

"But this comes first." he countered.

Their glances met and locked. Then the woman in the car seat laughed a little.

"And what'll you do if I don't?"

He disregarded that challenge. "I'd rather tell you what I'll do if you do," he amended. "I'll broil a steak for you here, over a bed of hickory coals. With mushrooms in melted butter."

"The poisoned kind?" she asked.

"Not this time," he answered.

Cynthia considered him, as he stood in the slanting afternoon sunlight, for a full minute of silence.

"All right," she finally acknowledged. "I'll be here."

Bentley watched her as she backed and turned and tooled a cautious way down the broken hillside. He felt a stab of disappointment at the fact that she failed to look back, before disappearing through the break in his fence. Then stoically and methodically he turned to restoring the scattered bowlders to the loose-stone wall of his garden plot. In the midst of his work, half an hour later, he found a second glove, an incredibly small glove marked by earth stains, which he guardedly brushed away. He stood for some time, studying his find. Then he thrust it down in the pocket of his soiled white slacks, and went on with his work.

II

WHEN Cynthia arrived at Bentley's hilltop camp the next day she came in a lettuce-green sports suit and a peacock-blue roadster. She also came by way of the gate and the side-hill lane. And, for reasons entirely her own, she made it a point to arrive exactly forty-five minutes later than the appointed hour.

But Bentley, as he fell to broiling his steak, disregarded her tardiness. "I've been off on a snake hunt all morning," he explained. "But luck was against me. I tramped fourteen miles without a rattler or copperhead."

Cynthia tried to conceal her shudder. "I wouldn't," she proclaimed, "call that having luck against me."

She noticed that the table so neatly laid in the dappling shadows of the apple tree had a bowl of field flowers at its center. And beside the table, she further observed, stood an incongruously urban nickel pail holding a long-necked bottle buried in chopped ice. He wasn't altogether the simple-hearted hermit, she concluded, that his dust-stained and acid-eaten slacks might indicate.

"Have you a horror of snakes?" he asked as he turned his steak.

"Naturally," retorted Cynthia. And the vigor with which she said it brought a smile to his face.

"For seven years," he explained, "I belonged to a rattlesnake club. We hunted 'em, on our holidays. And once a year we dined on snake meat."

"I DON'T think that you are a pleasant person to know," announced Cynthia. "There are two things in this world I hate. One is serpents. And the other is traffic cops."

"You would," said Bentley, with what sounded like a snort of triumph.

"Why gloat over it?" demanded Cynthia.

Bentley, as he dished his steak, grew solemn of face. "I had a talk last night with your friend Clymber. With the man you call Big Bill."

"He's no friend of mine."

"That's quite apparent," said her host as he directed her to the rustic chair beside the white-clothed table. "He says you're not only a menace to navigation in these parts, but that you also tried to bribe him with a hundred-dollar bank note."

"Which he was sneak enough to take," protested the indignant-eyed Cynthia.

"But that was an attempt to corrupt an officer in the execution of his duty," she was solemnly reminded.

"I know a case or two where the saintly Big Bill wasn't so punctilious," retorted the self-assured Cynthia.

"But it seems to have given him the chance to arraign you for a felony," pursued her interlocutor. "And also have you fingerprinted."

CYNTHIA'S laugh was crisp and short. "All that was later expunged from the records," she quietly explained.

He studied her with narrowed and slightly perplexed eyes. "Why do you drive so recklessly?" he asked.

"I don't drive recklessly," was the somewhat frosted reply. "I drive fast, perhaps, but I always have my car under control."

"How about yesterday?" he was rude enough to remind her.

Her smile, for all its charm, was merely a defense mechanism. "Under the circumstances," she said as she glanced at the rupture in the clematis vine, "I thought I managed that rather nicely."

But he had no intention of seeing the issue laughed aside. "What is it you're trying to escape from, when you speed that way?" he quietly inquired.

A new sobriety crept into her face. She looked less girlish, with that sudden frown of frustration between her lightly arched brows. "Boredom, I suppose," she listlessly acknowledged.

This seemed to surprise him. But his retarded smile was one of understanding. "So you insist on a dash of danger every day?" he suggested.

"Isn't that why you poke among the rocks for your copperheads?" Cynthia inquired.

"Not entirely," proclaimed Bentley. "And even when I do poke among my rocks, I'm not endangering the lives of other people."

"But who wants to be a snail?" demanded the girl in lettuce green. "And how much respect have you or anybody else for a timid-souled invertebrate?"

"Oh, I like courage all right," acknowledged Bentley. "But I'm against foolhardiness. Especially when it involves the safety of others."

"I'll have to be more careful," murmured Cynthia. But Bentley seemed to detect a caustic note in her voice.

"A pretty woman, of course, always thinks she can get through on personality."

"Through what?"

BENTLEY glanced ruefully over his shoulder, down the war-scarred hillside. "Through men's fences and defenses," he finally asserted.

"I think you're quite safe," proclaimed his icily indifferent companion.

"Yes, here perhaps," he conceded, "but not on the state highways."

She stopped eating, the better to bathe him in an all enveloping gaze of indignation.

"But you're not enjoying your meal," he ventured.

"Not quite as much as your missionary work," acknowledged Cynthia. She studied him with a coldly appraising eye. "Aren't you a trifle masterful?"

"I never gave it much thought," he solemnly asserted. "All I've been able to think about, since yesterday, is you."

She seemed to be turning that over, as if inspecting it for some possible touch of mockery.

"Don't let me weigh too heavily on your mind," she said with a listlessness that was again largely protective.

He smiled at that. And she liked him best, she concluded, when that wide and boyish grin was in evidence.

"But I want to save you from Big Bill."

"That," averred Cynthia, "is a large undertaking."

"But I'm willing to face it."

"How?" asked Cynthia.

"By having you quietly and sedately lunching with me, every other day, instead of running the roads." He tried to be stern, but there was a hover of levity in the neighborhood of his lip corners.

"What an enticing road to redemption!" scoffed the cool-eyed Cynthia. For she had, she told herself, no intention of lunching with him again. Whether she swept through life in high, or crawled through in low, was strictly a personal issue with her. And no pedagogic hermit of the hills was going to change her.

"How about it?" demanded Bentley.

"Did you ever feel," asked Cynthia, "that driving a bargain too hard is sometimes as selfish as driving a car too hard?"

HE WAS quick enough to catch at the obvious implication. "I've had my pound of flesh, of course," he acknowledged. "But I was hoping you might want to come back again, without any bargaining."

She could afford to smile at the odd tangle of effrontery and humility in his make-up. But she had her own womanly frontiers to defend.

"I couldn't think of competing with the copperheads," she coolly proclaimed.

"I suppose not," he said, visibly downcast. "But you'll never know what this meal has meant to me."

He said it solemnly, and with a slight quaver in his voice. And he seemed so forlorn, in his solitude, that Cynthia wondered if she really intended to stick to her intentions.

Those intentions, apparently, were less permanent than she had imagined. For, two days later, she found herself tooling the rehabilitated gray car up the hillside lane. She brought chocolate éclairs and strawberries and Jersey cream, and came just in time to join Bentley at his midday meal of jellied calves' tongues and watercress salad.

"I see you're using the Juggernaut again," he said as he removed the open book that had stood propped against his sugar bowl.

"With new lamps and fenders," she explained, "and much chastened in spirit."

He let his mildly reproving eye rest for a moment on her cameo-clear profile. "Has it ever occurred to you," he finally inquired, "that there must be something neurotic in careening around the country half one's time?"

CYNTHIA'S wince was scarcely a visible one. "I've got to have some excitement," she meekly protested.

"Then why not acquire it in a more normal way?"

"How?" she questioned, swallowing a temptation to ask if he referred to chasing rattlesnakes.

"Well, by—er—by learning to love Nature," he rather lamely suggested.

"But I do," averred Cynthia. "Only Nature is so much nicer when there's someone around to help you admire her."

"Then that's where I come in," was the other's prompt proclamation.

The poor, dear man, she apprehended, really wanted to civilize her. "Could you help me?"

"I've got to," asserted her solemn-faced companion.

So she proffered no objection when he brought out bows and arrows, after luncheon, and they went tramping off to a valley meadow where they could practice archery against a weathered haystack. Bentley, after showing her for the third time how to fit the arrow to the string and hold the bow, reluctantly withdrew his bony brown hand from a much smaller brown hand and watched his pupil as she stood in the lucid summer sunlight. And one couldn't juggle values, he concluded, in light like that. It shows things up, he decided as he studied the uplifted clear profile and the poised slender body with the back-thrust shoulders. They made him think of Artemis, of a twentieth-century Artemis in a fawn-gray sweater and a tiptilted hat of fawn-gray silk.

They tried fishing, the next afternoon, but the day was warm and the big fellows were sulking along the lake bottom. So the grave-eyed Nature lovers moved on to an abandoned mill pond where they could gather water lilies and talk earnestly about metaphysics to the overhead whisperings of two languidly swaying willow trees. And, apparently to make amends for his piscatorial failure, Bentley presented to his departing guest a belt of snakeskin which he had cured and shaped with his own hands.

Cynthia thanked him for his kindness. She even made an effort not to handle his gift in too gingerly a fashion. But she breathed more freely when it was tucked safely away in her tool box and the oversilky laminations of diamond-patterned scales could no longer give her goose flesh. It took time, she told herself, to be scientific about such things. She would always, she knew, have an aversion for the reptilious.

On her next visit to the little hilltop camp, in fact, she found herself dolefully unable to enthuse over the mud-turtle soup which Bentley had made from mossbacks out of the neighboring mill pond. It was, he positively declared, quite as good as terrapin. But Cynthia politely maintained her preference for the mushroom omelet.

"I kept under forty," she casually observed as he turned to fill her coffee cup, "all the way over."

HIS smile of approval was not only prompt but he fell to patting her hand, without apparently being quite conscious of what he was doing. It made her feel like a dachshund. But she didn't altogether dislike it.

"That's great," he proclaimed.

"Which do you mean?" asked Cynthia, glancing down at the listless small hand where the patting had terminated.

"I mean your new regard for the rules of the road," announced her mentor. "Our final happiness, you'll find, can't be entirely divorced from community obligations."

She wondered, as she heard him, why she had foregone Happy Hildreth's pool party to be lectured on traffic laws and ethics. But she liked the honest and full-timbred notes of his voice. She even liked his sternness. For at the core of his brusqueness, she concluded, was the essential milk of human kindness.

"I've been finding things out about you," she confessed. "You once played football at Cambridge with Archie Klintrup. He remembers you, he says, because you broke two ribs for him. And I've been wondering if cracking ribs isn't rather an unsocial act."

"What else have you unearthed?"

"That you bought the old Farney place on Morris Road last fall and turned the tennis courts into a guinea-pig farm. And that you got a Washington chair from the Copper Kettle I rather wanted myself."

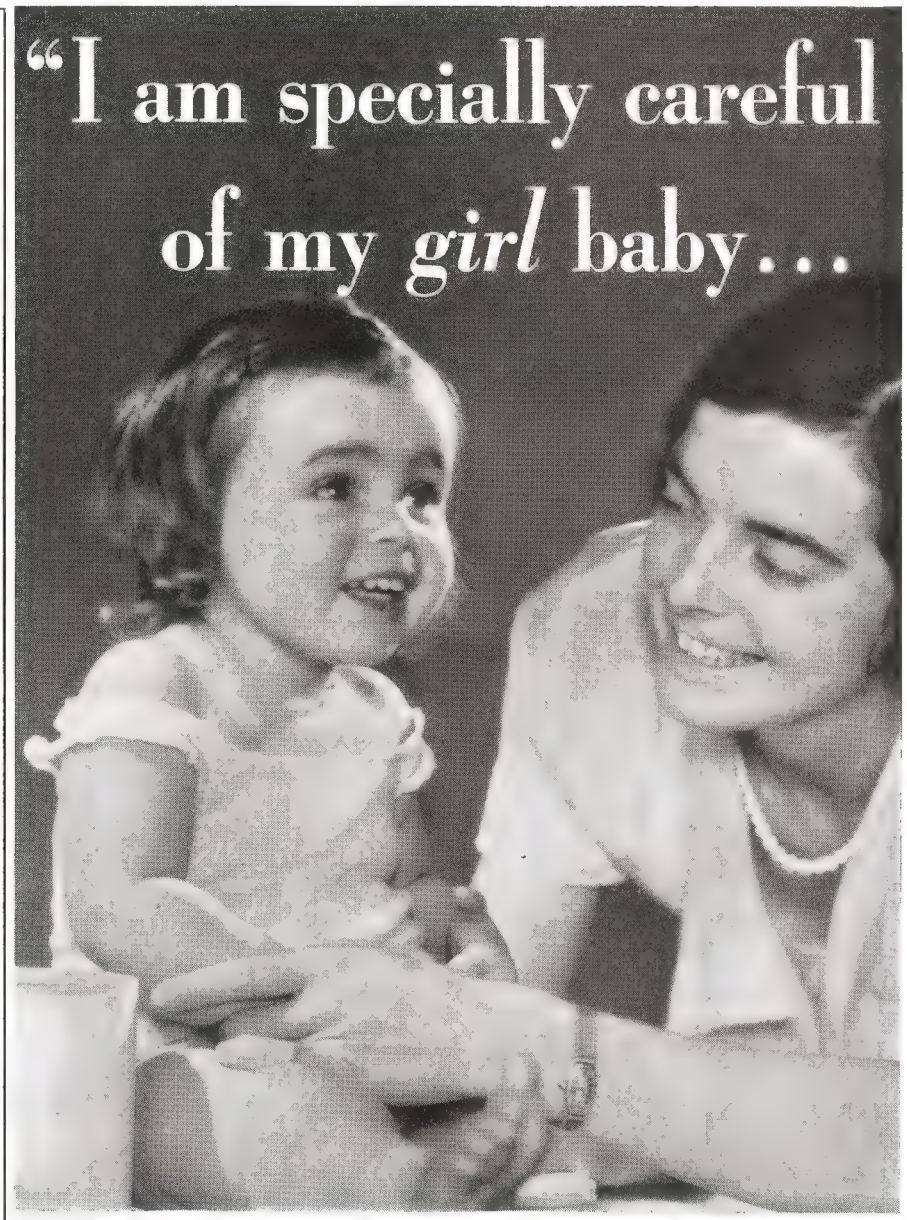
"I hope that you'll some day sit in it," he found the courage to proclaim. And that, she felt as she glanced up at the declining sun, was going pretty far for a lover of bluntness.

"It's been a lovely luncheon," she said as she got up from her chair.

"You made it lovelier," he said, as he accompanied her to the waiting Juggernaut, where he helped her into the driving seat and dolorously watched her get under way. Yet he nodded approvingly as he observed the moderated speed with which she moved down the hillside lane.

III

WHEN Cynthia dropped in, two days later, Bentley was nowhere about his camp. It impressed her, for the first time, as a singularly empty and an unmistakably



—for I know she needs a soft, highly absorbent toilet tissue"

"BEFORE I left the hospital two years ago with my new little daughter Marjorie, I had a long talk with my nurse about the various toilet supplies to use. One thing she stressed particularly was toilet tissue.

"'Toilet tissue is something mothers often don't consider important,' she said. 'But it is very important, especially to women and girls because of their peculiar requirements.

"'I have known of cases where severe inflammation was caused by the continued use of harsh toilet tissue.

"'Three things are essential in a toilet tissue: purity, softness to prevent irritation, and thorough absorbency. I always recommend ScotTissue or Waldorf, for I know they are safe.'"

SCOTTISSUE and WALDORF merit such recommendations. They are actually made to the same high standards of purity as absorbent cotton.

They are extremely soft and cloth-like. Highly absorbent. They cleanse the most sensitive skin thoroughly, comfortably and safely.

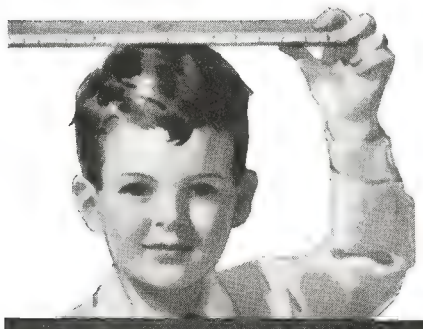
Protect not only your children—but your entire family, by insisting on ScotTissue or Waldorf. Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pennsylvania.

SCOTTISSUE —pure white, 1000 sheets 10¢

WALDORF —the popular-priced, cream-colored roll 5¢

Aids DIGESTION of milk

Bosco produces softer, flakier curds in the digestion of milk, and thus aids in its digestion.



Increases GROWTH value of milk by 30%

Bosco adds its own nutriment, and Bosco-in-Milk promotes faster, stronger growth than milk alone.

Makes milk a real BLOOD-BUILDER

Bosco supplies the lacking iron in milk and makes milk a great aid for building good blood.

Children love it! Doctors approve it!

"Delicious!" is the verdict of children. Bosco's distinctive chocolate malt flavor just appeals to them. But flavor is only one of its virtues. For Bosco is a scientific food discovery that has won the applause of doctors, scientists and dietitians for its proven health-promoting qualities. Bosco is the only food of its kind treated with enzymes. This not only releases all the fine, delicate flavor distinctive with Bosco, but makes Bosco actually predigested.

The noted food chemist, Dr. Philip B. Hawk, in scientific tests proved that Bosco aids digestion of milk, increases growth value of milk by 30%, and makes milk a real blood-builder. This is why mothers are gratified that their children love Bosco-in-Milk, and drink it eagerly every day. They know it means stronger growth and increased energy.

Ask your dealer for Bosco. In vacuum glass jars. You'll enjoy it, too, when you're tired and nervous. Delightful ice-cold or hot. Our booklet, "A Recent Advance in Milk Dietetics," sent free to doctors and nurses upon request — also to mothers interested in the scientific side of Bosco.

WM. S. SCULL CO., CAMDEN, N. J.

Producers of quality food products for 102 years

Every statement made in this advertisement has been approved by the Food Research Laboratories

Philip B. Hawk

Dr. Philip B. Hawk
President,
Food Research
Laboratories

BOSCO

3-FOOD DRINK

JUST ADD MILK

WM. S. SCULL CO., Camden, N. J. JyL

Please send me regular 15c size (6½ oz.) of Bosco. Enclosed is 10c to cover cost of handling and mailing.

Name

Address

Dealer's Name and Address

Whenever you use Bosco —you use milk.

Whenever you use milk —use Bosco!

desolate place. She was about to climb back into her car when she caught sight of him, slowly crossing the distant valley meadow. He moved with an arresting uncertainty, hobbling along with the help of a forked stick.

It wasn't until she saw him fall, and then struggle to his feet again, that she started toward him.

His face, when she came up with him, was gray and his breathing was rapid. The dulled glaze to his eyes alarmed her, even before she noticed the gash in the brown leg and the ligature about the bare knee where the trouser leg had been cut away.

"What's happened?" she gasped.

HE TRIED to smile, for all the cold sweat of collapse on his face. "A rattler got me," he said with a forlorn effort at casualness.

"What can we do?" she promptly demanded.

"I've some bleaching powder back at camp," he explained. "That's calcium hypochlorite, and it helps, as a rule, if you get it right into the wound. But permanganate of potash would be better."

"You must get to a doctor," she cried, "or a hospital."

"Yes, we must get to a hospital," he repeated. He looked down at his darkened knee. "I got this ligature on and cut out the wound with a pocket knife. But it—it seems to be too late."

She tossed away the stick and looped his limp arm over her shoulder. She was disturbed by the heaviness with which he leaned on her. But she piloted him resolutely up the hillside.

"We'll be at that Millboro Hospital," she told him, "before you know it. What can they do," she asked, as they struggled on, "at the hospital?"

He muttered one word—"Serum"—and sank in a limp heap on the running board of Cynthia's long-bodied roadster.

She lifted him up, as best she could, and got him into the car seat. She was beside him, ten seconds later, with her brake off and her engine going. They gathered speed as they went, with the hillside-lane curves bringing his inert shoulder against hers. She took the turn into the highway on two wheels, neatly missing an interurban bus before she could swing back to her own side of the road.

The bounding of the car roused Bentley. "You mustn't speed like that," he thinly protested.

But she disregarded that protest. She saw the speedometer hand go up to sixty, and on to sixty-five. Then, with a frown, she let it drop back to fifty. For, as she had expected, Big Bill was at the Millboro Bridge crossroads, placidly directing his afternoon traffic.

BOTH his upraised hand and the light were against her. She could see him distinctly as she bore down on him. She could hear his whistle, authoritative and indignant, as she swept past him. But she ignored both sound and signal. She swayed on, splitting the air with her grimly increasing speed.

She raced on until the roofs and chimney stacks of Millboro showed over the rolling hills. Then she dropped back to fifty, fearful of what town traffic might do to them. But she weaved her mad way between trucks and touring cars, her wheel hub grazing the street fountain as she turned into Hospital Square. There she swung into the whitewashed ambulance entrance, shuddered to a stop, and promptly pushed with an unsteady finger on a porcelain button which she saw to be labeled Emergency Bell.

Bentley tried to get out of the car, but fell in a heap in front of her. Before she could help him to his feet she found herself pushed aside and two white-clad figures taking possession of him. They promptly whisked him away, leaving her confronted by a portly engineer in blue denim, who pointed an accusatory finger at the roadster of battleship gray.

"Yuh can't leave cars in that passageway," he was saying for the second time. So the dazed Cynthia completed her circuit of the whitewashed tunnel and found a place where other cars were parked and wondered if Bentley was going to die.

She sat quite passive for a time, trying to master the foolish quavering of her body. Then, gathering herself together, she got slowly out of the car and mounted the wide, white hospital steps that made her think of tombstones.

It was Doctor Petrie who met her in the hallway, the same Doctor Petrie who had so neatly stitched together a windshield gash in her forehead a year before. One had to look twice, in fact, to see the scar. He stopped for a moment to shout something at the switchboard operator, then turned to the gray-faced Cynthia.

"D'you want to save a life?"

"His?" she asked.

"Yes, if that means Bentley. We've got to have serum here before it's too late—and the nearest serum is in New York. There's nothing left at Trenton. But even serum's no use six hours after the infection."

"I'll get it," said Cynthia. Her hands were shut very tight against her side.

"Just a moment," called the other, before a hurried conference with the switchboard operator. He was at her side again, following her down the white steps that looked like tombstones. "They've already started that serum for the Newark air field. They thought we could pick it up by plane there. But we've no landing field near enough."

"I can do ninety, if I have to," announced Cynthia.

"I KNOW it," was the quick retort. "That's why you can get to the Newark field and back before I could explain it all to troop headquarters and have a motor cop on the job."

He stood on her running board as she started her engine and backed out.

"I'll phone the field, so they'll know you're coming," he said before dropping off again. "Then I'll get Thurston on the wire and have him call the town chiefs to give you a clear right of way. So travel, lady, as you never traveled before."

He did not need to say it twice. The blue stone of the parking yard scattered under her tire heels as Cynthia turned and headed for the white-lamped gateway. She crossed Hospital Square at a bound, dove into an empty side street, and went whistling down a suburban avenue where there were no lights and little traffic to hamper her.

It wasn't until she was on the paved highway that swung into the old Pompton Pike at Parsippany that she attempted to open up her engine. She climbed up to eighty-five, where the road was clear, slowed down to sixty for Pine Brook, where she streaked past a laggard line of cars and caught at an opening that gave her a clear field across the flats of the Passaic River. Twice, before she took the long curved hill into Caldwell, her speedometer registered ninety. She drove recklessly, yet she drove judiciously, appropriating any side of the road that lay open, braking savagely when she had to, and tearing on again when the chance came.

SHE swept through Verona like a whirlwind, weaving in and out like a barn swallow and leaving shoppers staring after her along the speed-misted curb lines. She took the valley dips with the sunlight singing against her windshield and found herself in Montclair.

Beneath a traffic signal on Bloomfield Avenue she saw a state trooper on his motorcycle. Her heart sank, for he seemed to be waiting for her. But Thurston's flash, she realized, must have come through. For the blue-clad trooper promptly swung out ahead of her, waving her on. He was clearing the road for her, sounding his siren as he went.

But seventy seemed to be his limit. And that was too much of a snail pace for Cynthia. She swept past him, at the outskirts of Glen Ridge, and left him a diminishing streak in the distance. She lost him

When YOU Tell Folks This Is

Curtis Publishing Company Independence Hall

YOUR Company

WHEN you tell them that it is the home of *Ladies' Home Journal*, *The Saturday Evening Post* and *The Country Gentleman* . . . when you say that you are the local representative . . . when you point out how you can save folks money, time, perform a real service for them. . . .

You may make real money—$1.00 or more an hour—for spare hours or full time. All you need is the details of the wonderful cash offer we have for you—sent without obligation—without cost—act today.

—CLIP & MAIL—

Curtis Publishing Company
806 Independence Square, Phila., Penna.

What, please, is your offer?

Name.....

Street.....

City.....*State*.....

THERE'S NO BETTER TIME TO SEND THIS COUPON THAN RIGHT NOW

entirely as she took the turn for the field. And she began to worry, dreading possible delay at the entrance to the field, where her business would have to be explained and the messenger with the serum would have to be found. And time, she reminded herself, was precious.

But the messenger was more intelligent than she had anticipated. He was there waiting for her, at the outskirts of the parking concourse. He ran forward, with a small box in his hand, and climbed on her running board as she swung about in a foreshortening half circle.

She caught it up, like a relay racer, without even coming to a stop. He called out something to her, as he dropped away again, but the only decipherable word that came to her was his cry of "Serum."

SHE bent lower over her wheel, her telescopic vision focused a full quarter of a mile ahead of her. She was homeward bound now, and nothing could stop her. She rocked past trucks and limousines. She slithered and bounded over the car tracks of Bloomfield Avenue, cannonaded between a bus and a safety isle, and saw a uniformed figure hold back a cross line of cars as she throbbed on through Montclair again. A second mounted policeman met her, on the fringe of the busier shopping district, and clamorously preceded her to the Verona hill. She passed him on the hill, vaguely conscious of his hand wave of relinquishment as his popping motorcycle dropped behind. But she lost time again both in Caldwell and down the curving hill to the Passaic flats. Those flats, however, were comparatively empty, and her speedometer, she noticed, could register a trifle over ninety. It was perilous, she knew, but she had no choice in the matter. A life worth more than her own was at stake. And every minute was valuable.

She was glad when she was off the old Pompton Pike, with Parsippany left behind her. That meant an emptier road, and the last lap of the race, and a final dash into Millboro.

BUT her sense of triumph was short-lived. For beside the blinker at a cross-roads she caught sight of a waiting and vigilant figure. It was a figure in blue, beside a motorcycle, a figure that she had hoped against hope would stay over at Millboro Bridge. Her lip line hardened and her handclasp on the wheel tightened. For she knew, as she swept down on that silent watcher, that it was Trooper Clymber, waiting for her.

He stepped out to the middle of the road, directly in front of her, holding up a hand. She swerved out on the dirt shoulder, to keep from hitting him. But she refused to stop.

She could hear his whistle, followed by the crescendo *pop-pop* of his engine as he started after her. But Cynthia's foot went resolutely down on the accelerator. The lateral highway along which she was careening was not built for speeding. A mile a minute, along that uneven surface, was clearly the limit of safety. And too much oscillation might at any moment throw her off the road.

Even as it was something seemed wrong with her left front spring. She could hear an occasional thump of metal against metal. One or two of the leaves, she suspected, had snapped under the strain. But she bounded on, with the roar of Big Bill's mount close behind her. She bounded on, ignoring the telltale thumping and the unmistakable tilt to her cowl front. She tore on, determined to throw her pursuer off.

But the pursuer refused to be thrown off. He crawled up on her. He took his life in his hands and streaked beside her for a bone-shaking minute or two. Then he forged ahead, crowding recklessly in on her right of way. Then, still careless of life and limb, he braked and slowed down.

She had to do the same, she saw, or kill him in cold blood. He was the unreasoning sort of idiot, she realized, who would stand there and be run over. The streaks of black along the gray pavement showed how abruptly she had been compelled to brake.

Big Bill, with his jaw set, dropped the motorcycle directly in front of her boiling radiator. Then he strode to the car side.

"I've got you this time, old girl," he said, sacrificing the lamb of courtesy on the altar of triumph.

"You mustn't stop me," cried Cynthia. "You can't."

He looked dishearteningly authoritative in his official blue banded with leather and stippled with brass. Even the big pistol in the polished holster at his side hinted darkly of hidden powers.

"Stop you?" snorted Big Bill. "I've just clocked you at seventy-three miles an hour. And that's twice in one day."

"You can't stop me," contended Cynthia.

"But I have," exulted Big Bill.

There was no time, she remembered, for argument. "I'll take a ticket."

"Ticket my eye! You're under arrest. And you're coming along with me."

"But I can't. I'm—I'm saving a life."

"That's not what I'd call it."

"But I'm carrying serum to Millboro Hospital." Her voice sharpened a little with sheer exasperation. "And a man will die if I don't get there in time."

Big Bill's clipped smile seemed to indicate that this was a new one on him. "Tell that to the judge," he proclaimed. His gesture was one of finality. "Come on."

BUT Cynthia, when she went on, went on in an entirely unexpected way. There was a rending of metal as she threw in her clutch and leaped forward, flattening out a perfectly good motorcycle as she went over it. Its owner, she suspected, would start to shoot after her, once he was on his feet again and the big pistol was out of the polished holster. But she didn't much care, so long as she got to that hospital. And above the tree tops she could already see Millboro, little more than a mile away.

She raced on. But something, she saw, was distinctly wrong with her car. Another leaf or two must have snapped in her springs, for the sagging chassis front leaned more heavily on radius rod and axle, making it harder and harder for her to steer. It was as she took the turn into Hospital Square that something locked there. The wheel between her hands became suddenly useless. And for the second time in two weeks, as she bore down on the handsome stone gateway of the hospital drive, the battleship-gray Juggernaut buried its nose in a mass of masonry.

Cynthia climbed, stunned and mortar-covered, from the crumpled wreck. Three girls in white, from the nurses' home, ran out to her. They made an effort to hold her up. But she declined their help.

"Quick," she gasped. "Take this serum—the serum for Doctor Petrie."

THEY refused to let Cynthia see the patient, the next day. And also the next. But on the third afternoon they let her in.

She found Bentley propped up in bed, unexpectedly white and weak but at the same time unexpectedly cheerful, with an unnecessarily attractive nurse hovering over him.

"Beat it," he said to that disturbingly pretty disciple of healing. All he wanted, apparently, was to cling hungrily to Cynthia's small hand.

"You're getting well," murmured the owner of the hand, for want of something better to say.

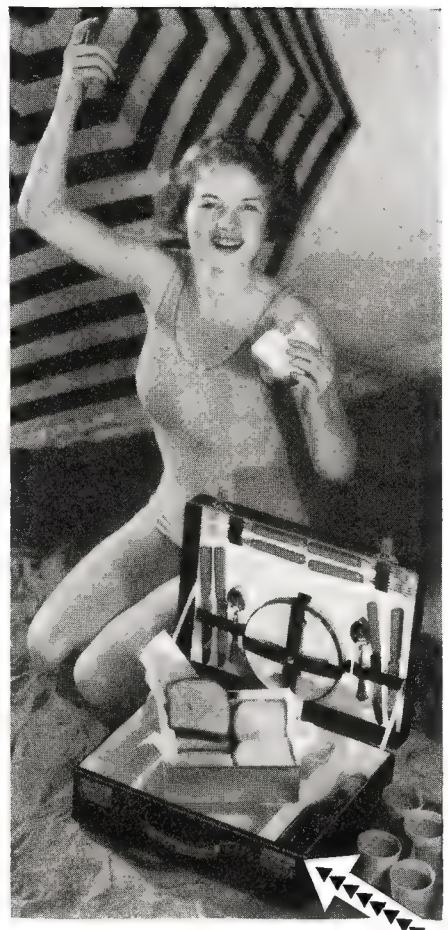
"Thanks to you," he told her. "You know, of course, that you saved my life."

"But I nearly killed Big Bill."

"Speed hound," he whispered. Yet he whispered it adoringly.

"But Big Bill understands now," pursued the solemn-eyed Cynthia. "He's being much nicer about it than I ever expected."

"What do I care about Big Bill?" demanded Bentley. Then he said, as he drew her down to him: "I thought I'd made my last union. But the one I want next can be made only with your help."



FOR JULY PICNICS WIN ONE OF THESE

175 PRIZES

25 FIRST PRIZES: a de luxe picnic kit (shown in photograph above) made expressly for this contest and completely equipped with plates, cups, and cutlery for four, and a special sandwich box.

50 SECOND PRIZES: a case of two dozen cans of Underwood Deviled Ham.

100 THIRD PRIZES: a carton of one dozen cans of Underwood Deviled Ham.

▶▶▶ THIS IS THE FIRST PRIZE ▶▶▶▶▶

There is nothing so good as Underwood Deviled Ham for making the kind of picnic sandwiches everybody likes. It's just the finest of selected hams chopped fine and blended with an unforgettable flavor of spices . . . smooth, concentrated, and all ready to spread.

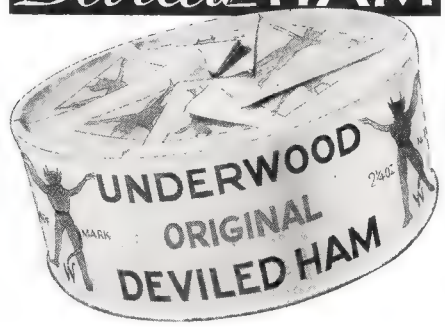
This July Picnic Contest is open to every one who likes picnics. Just send in a last line for the limerick below and enclose a label from a can of Underwood Deviled Ham or a hand-drawn facsimile of the Underwood red devil trade-mark. It is not necessary to buy anything in order to enter this contest or win one of the 175 prizes. Contest closes July 10th.

Address—WILLIAM UNDERWOOD COMPANY
20 Providence Street, Boston

When next you've a picnic or tea
To make sandwiches for, you'll agree
That a can of this spread
On some crackers or bread

In case of tie for any prize offered a prize identical with that tied for will be awarded each tying contestant.

UNDERWOOD *Deviled* HAM



By a Perfectly Satisfied Wife

WHY DOES A MAN HAVE TO START A PIECE OF WORK RIGHT BEFORE MEALTIME?

I Wish My Husband Wouldn't —

I AM glad I have an imperfect husband. To be married to a paragon, even were he perfection in my eyes only, would be too hard on the good old ego. I took him "as is" ten years ago, and though models in life partners have changed, I have never had a craving to turn Henry in for a new one. There are, however, some crescendo moments when I would swap him for a good set of matched clubs—and I don't play golf.

There is, for instance, the split second when he turns up an hour late for dinner with an unexpected Bill or Pete or Jim and tries to put over the jovial old pot-luck story. I grin. I put on a show of what the well-trained mate will do. I pretend that Bill is the answer to a lonely wife's prayer and that an impromptu guest is nothing more than a matter of another clean plate—but I feel more like swinging the well-known rolling pin which I have snatched for quick biscuits when I saw the emergency coming up the street. On left-over nights I wish it were two rolling pins.

"Now don't fuss," mutters Henry behind the dining-room door. "Bill's married. He knows all the tricks." But that doesn't multiply my loaves and fishes in the kitchen. Lettuce can be shredded, 'tis true, and pie can be subdivided ad lib, but, after all, hash is always hash and its stretching power has limitations.

There comes another time in the affairs of every family when the stars indicate a propitious period for old-fashioned pre-depression four-flushing. So, I decide to give a dinner party. I mean a *party*, appetizers to coffee, beginning and ending in the living-room. Now it blurs the picture of social ease to have Henry peer into his plate as if looking for minnows and exclaim, "Well, what have we here? It looks like seaweed. Shall we take a chance?" That is one of the jokes Henry never forgets—nor do I. I could give him away at such times for fifty cigar coupons.

Another prop in his repertory of fun, fact and fancy is his bald spot. The evening never gets under way for Henry until he can refer to the "great open spaces," their cure and prevention. In fact, the wider grow the spaces, the earlier does the allusion crop up. Henry needs no X to mark his bald spot. It is quite apparent, but I can't see that it helps the evening any to bring in Henry's "skating rink" as Topic No. 1.

ANOTHER joke, just about as funny, is Henry's estimation of himself as furnace-man. If keeping a fire in the furnace were a prerequisite for a successful husband I could write mine off this minute as a total loss. I must admit that Henry is very good at rigging up furnace-regulators with alarm clocks and mousetraps and picture-wire to save labor and mental strain, but I prefer the cellar stairs and, when the house is cold, my womanly intuition that tells me the furnace needs stoking.

Being a lover of the good earth myself, I had hoped for compatibility in this respect when I allowed myself to be led to the altar, but what I married was an amphibian. Henry loves water—gushing from a shower or rising to flood-tide in the tub. The lure of the old swimming hole is a myth when Henry goes through his daily ablutions. When he finally signs off his chanty program hour of nautical ditties with his favorite signature song, "Asleep in the Deep," I wade in to the bathroom to salvage the wreckage—what's left of the soap, thirteen towels, a submerged bathmat, and the half of his pajamas that he didn't leave in the bedroom.

Some day there will be a moment when Henry is going to hang up *all* his clothes and I shall swoon from the shock. He'll have to pick me up too. But that is gambling pretty freely in futures.

He could, however, save a lot of marital give and take if he would leave everything in one spot. As it is I go on a treasure hunt each morning, with the stakes nothing more than a dirty shirt, the other half of his pajamas, or a pair of socks.

I have seriously considered skipping one clue and leaving the tie behind the radiator or the shoes under the bed—way under, but it would do no good. Henry is an expert at Twenty Questions. And his voice carries well. I can hear him in the garage with the engine running; or over the post-mortems on my neighbor's porch when he roars "Oh, Min, where're my clean shirts?" It is useless to answer sweetly, "In the same place where they have been for the last ten years—darling!" I have to go and gently lay his hands upon them.

If the Greeks had a word for the old classic gesture of hand out, Henry knows his history. He apparently likes to see me in that primitive pose, for his own lordly motion toward the hip pocket has become reflex. He would rather dole out than deal out the family funds. I cannot bribe the man to put down things financial in black and white—or the more fashionable red.

Yet Henry runs his business—what's left of it—on a budget, although he may call it by some other name that sounds sweeter. He can keep me beautifully bored of an evening discussing his "judicious buying," or a lucky break in "job lots," whatever they are, but let the Little Woman merely breathe the word bargain and it brings a good masculine haw, haw! Or let her meekly suggest some juggling whereby the cupboard could be stocked, and she gets the historic answer, "Where is the ten dollars I gave you last week?"

My husband, or his secretary, is very good at remembering birthdays, anniversaries and high occasions. But I wish that just once before I die he would surprise me. His remembrances are usually timely and highly practical, generally in the form of checks, or "What do you want this year?" or "Why don't you go down to Blank's and buy yourself a new negligee?" But I'd much rather have a wilted bunch of field flowers on my doorknob with "Guess who?" on the card.

When we decide to go places I must pick the place—and give dear Henry a chance to grumble. If we go to the theater I select the play and of course choose a musical show—to give Henry a chance to laugh.

Another time when I would like to raffle Henry off to the highest bidder is when certain of my friends who rate minus with him come to call. When the worthy, unmarried ones who have missions in life come on the scene Henry dries up like a prime minister. The car, to which we pin our puny faith, takes to its bed when Margery dines with us—Margery has crooked teeth and a dumpy figure but a heart of gold—but when two slick sorority sisters whom I scarcely know come to town, it gets a bath and a massage and turns sightseeing bus with Henry at the megaphone. All without a whisper of suggestion on my part. Ah, well!

Then there is the question of in-laws. Henry's family are—well, perfectly nice people, but I wish he would take on more of their weight. He has a neat little way of letting me pull the whole tribal load. I don't dare balk. I am the one who must remember that ninety-year-old Aunt Cad still has birthdays, that Cousin Emma in California just adores hearing from the third generation she has never seen.

I am just the "nice sensible girl that Henry married," but it falls to me to call up the immediate in-laws for Sunday dinners—and keep awake afterward while Henry takes his nap.

I do not contemplate a divorce. As I said before I can still smile at marriage with Henry. But if anything ever should come between us I know what it will be. Henry once taught me to drive the car—and he can't forget it. It does not matter that I have yet to bend my first fender.

Every poor driver on the road is "another fool woman driver" to Henry. And when I tactfully point out that it is nothing but a shirt-sleeved perambulating *pater familias*, or a decrepit old man who grew up in the horse and buggy days, and what could you expect, Henry merely grunts, "Well, he drove like a woman, anyway."

I wish some psychiatrist would point out to me what convolutions of the masculine gray matter cause Henry—and every other man, apparently—to start an important piece of work just as the omelet comes out of the pan. Why is continuity in cutting a lawn absolutely necessary? Will it spoil the disposition of the car to leave one side shiny and one side dull during the dinner hour? I've given him everything in timekeepers from a sundial to a self-winding watch, but apparently it will take another lifetime to teach Henry to believe them.

And I wish Henry would not always have to be doing something to pass away said time. If he would only let it creep up on him and overtake him once in a while. Before marriage I had visions of quiet evenings spent together before our own hearth. But now it's a mad round of running down to the shore for a week-end, cutting out to see the World Series, taking in a show, trying out the new car, making a ping-pong table, running over to Smith's for a little bridge—I am breathless keeping up. I rest only when he sleeps, which of course is always the wrong time, usually in church or at a recital or lecture.

Of course there is always the radio—always. But do all husbands turn it on full blast to some political speech and then go off and forget it? Henry does, and ashes on my head if I try to slip an orchestra on him!

I wish my husband could shorten the cord for an electric iron without requiring a whole tool chest, one hour of the laundress' time, and three assistants. I can do it myself with a paring knife in ten minutes—and I do.

Also I wish I could find some method of trapping Henry's attention. I have tried the string on his finger and the note in his wallet. Generally, I lie in wait for him to come out from behind his newspaper blind when I shoot a few well-aimed questions. They hit the mark, at least I get coherent answers. But a few hours later, when he has forgotten to pick up mother at the hairdresser's, or we have no gas because he has forgotten to pay the bill, he can strike a Christian martyr pose and almost—but not quite—make me believe I have never told him a thing.

THERE are just a few more moments when I would trade Henry for a good robot in working order. I have spent time and ingenuity in placing our nineteen ash trays at strategic points, but Henry persists in disregarding eighteen of them. The other he refuses to empty. Ash trays, however—and my nose—have their limitations.

Again, I get a new hat, occasionally. Henry fails to register admiration—even recognition. Then he tells me that he thought it was last year's and wonders why I turn a deep apoplectic red.

I can turn even redder when Henry accepts an invitation for contract with true Culbertson aplomb. Henry plays so badly that he doesn't know it.

Yes, there are moments when I wish I had married a composite of all the husbandly virtues, a man who would tell me he loved me a hundred times a day, who would still write love letters, who thinks I am the most beautiful thing this side of heaven. But he might have been a bootlegger, or an embezzler, or a professional comedian. And he would not be Henry.

I might add that in spite of this article, Henry and I are still friends.

"WHERE'RE MY THIN SOCKS? HAVE YOU SEEN MY STUDS?"

"I followed Marian Nixon's advice—

1 "I'm certainly glad I followed Marian Nixon's advice," says Miss Autumn Sims of Cincinnati. "A few years ago men seemed to *like* me well enough, but something was lacking. When it came to dates and flowers some other girl was likely to win out."

2 "Marian Nixon was my favorite star. I've always thought her so adorable. One night it occurred to me that following her complexion advice might make me more attractive."

Recent portrait of MARIAN NIXON, fascinating screen star. Read how this lovely star's advice brought happiness to Miss Autumn Sims, of Cincinnati

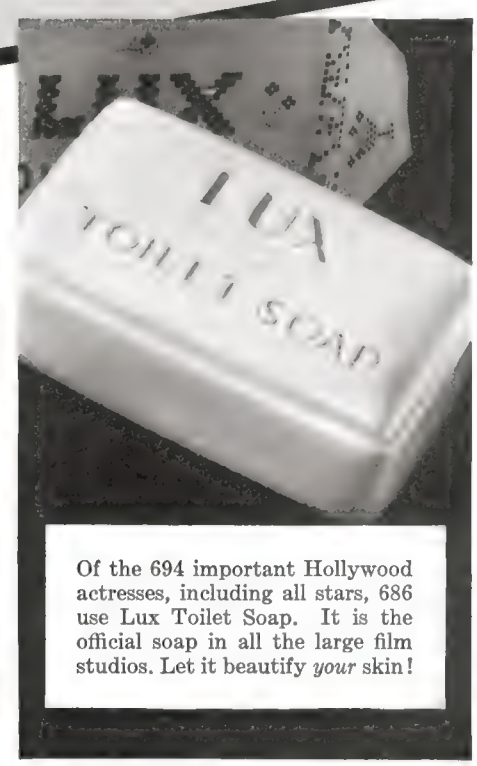
Stop being satisfied with a complexion that isn't truly exquisite. Have the kind of skin that <u>wins</u>. It doesn't take much time or money. I use the simplest care in the world because I've found it the very <u>best</u> care. I use regularly gentle, white Lux Toilet Soap. It protects my skin perfectly - keeps it always smooth and soft.

Marian Nixon

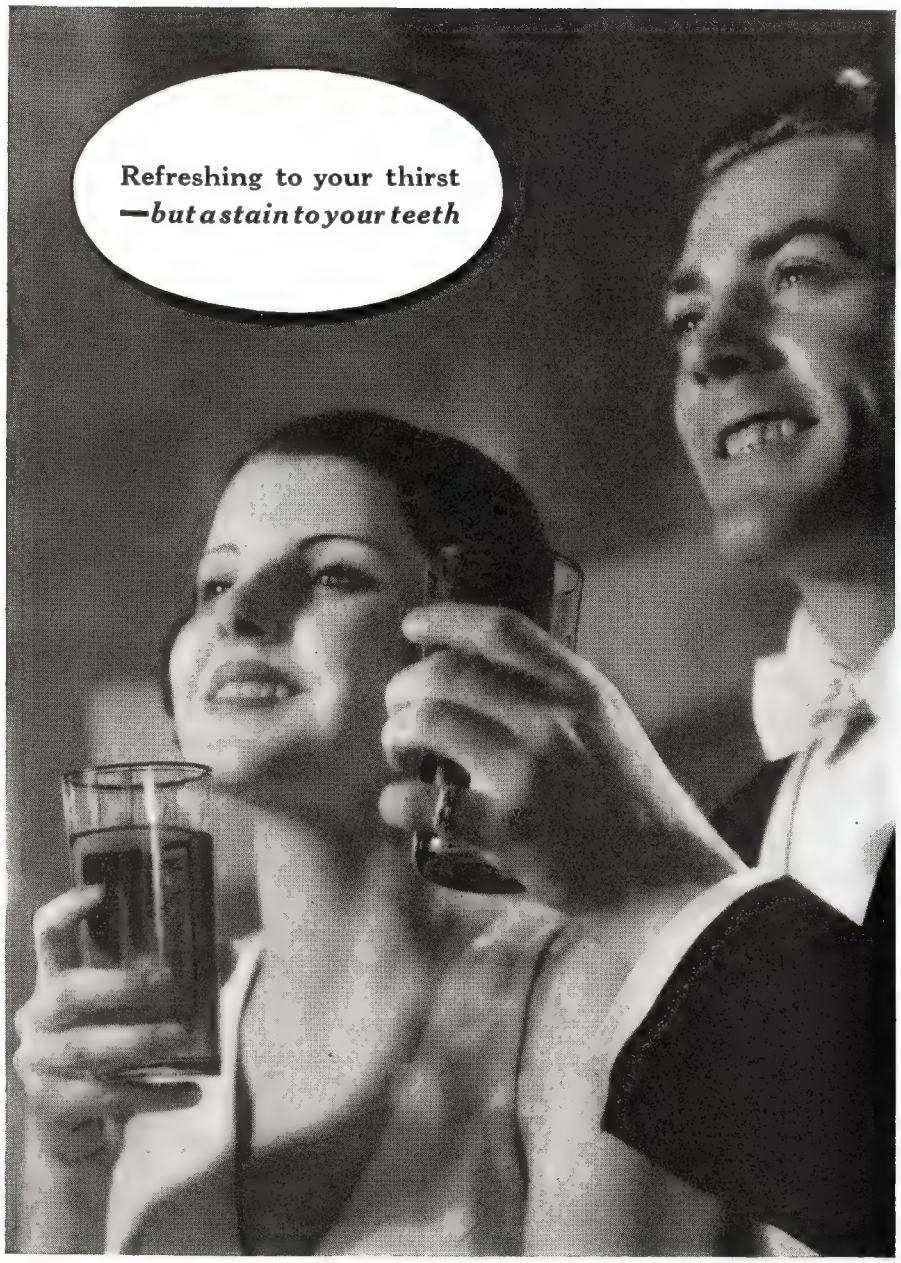
3 "So I started right away to use Lux Toilet Soap regularly, as Marian Nixon says she does. Then I watched my skin carefully . . . "

and Now—"

4 "I knew the trick was turned when men began to pay me the kind of attention I'd always longed for. I realized for the first time what a tremendous difference lovely skin makes. Do you wonder I'm grateful to Marian Nixon?"



Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use Lux Toilet Soap. It is the official soap in all the large film studios. Let it beautify *your* skin!



7 kinds of stains discolor teeth—

COLGATE'S REMOVES ALL SEVEN

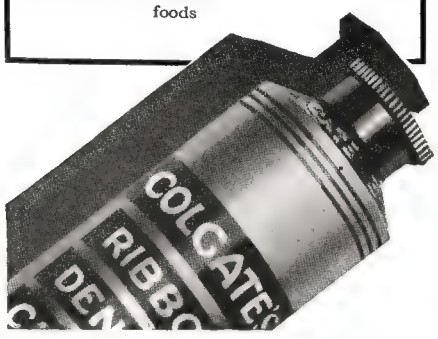
MANY AN attractive woman wonders why her teeth are often dull, lustreless—even after brushing.

She doesn't know that the things she eats and drinks put *seven kinds* of stains on her teeth.

She doesn't know that ordinary dentifrices *will not remove all seven*. That Colgate's will.

The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth

Group No. 1—Starchy foods
Group No. 2—Sugar foods
Group No. 3—Protein foods
Group No. 4—Fatty foods
Group No. 5—Mineral foods
Group No. 6—Fruits
Group No. 7—Beverages—and tobacco.



For Colgate's, unlike ordinary dentifrices, does not rely on *one way* of cleansing—it has *two* actions.

Some food stains yield to scrubbing action, some only to *emulsive* action. Both are needed to give teeth spotless lustre.

As you brush Colgate's over your teeth, it foams. The emulsive action of this foam loosens most of the stains, dissolves them, washes them away. The polishing ingredient in Colgate's—a safe powder such as dentists use—completes the job of removing the stains, leaving your teeth thoroughly clean—beautiful—charming.

So stop trying to get teeth clean with a dentifrice that does only *half* the job. Start today using Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream for 10 days. Notice what a difference it makes in your appearance—how much cleaner it gets your teeth. The large-size tube at your druggist's, only 25c.

For beautiful, stain-free teeth, use Colgate's twice a day, and see your dentist at least twice a year.

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

The Flaming Gahagans

(Continued from Page 18)

"You mean Hazel's old mother?" Ruth was incredulous.

"She has plenty of money," said Sylvia. "And she hates the Turners. When I told her what the old man was trying to do to Abby, she popped off like a logger engine. But if she does indorse, young fellow, you've got to cut out a lot of foolishness and go to work."

Cliff breathed slowly. To accept another favor from Paul—how he hated it! But the old boy meant well—he was a Gahagan. "Gosh, I appreciate this!" he said hoarsely.

There was no sense in standing for a long minute, pumping each other's hands and looking into each other's eyes, but they did it.

"I've been a sort of family fool, but I'll cut it—you'll see," Cliff insisted.

"We've got to stick—we're Gahagans," Paul said soberly.

Cliff held Sylvia's too-short coat. They opened the door and stood there awkwardly, moved, shamed, without words.

"Somebody's coming," Ruth whispered; "a woman."

"It's Abby!"

"Great Scott—what are you doing out bareheaded at this time of night, Abby? You'll get the grippe ——"

Abby had been running.

"Pidge!" she exclaimed. "Is she here?"

"Pidge? No—she hasn't been here."

"She's gone!"

"Gone?"

"Lily said she slipped out the side door and went away in a taxi."

"Why, she could hardly stand ——"

"Papa went to your house, Paul. Where on earth do you suppose ——"

"DO YOU think that wound, perhaps ——" Sylvia began. "Her mind might be affected ——"

"Papa thought that. But she was more like herself at supper than she has been at all since the accident. And then Mrs. Turner came ——"

"Mrs. Turner?" An amazed quartet repeated the name in unison.

"She was upset—about this affair of the trial. She's fine, really. I felt it somehow," Abby declared. "She came to beg me to go to Bermuda with her."

"Great heavens!"

"It's true. I was as startled as you, Ruth. But I think she likes me ——"

"She has a ghastly life, I'll bet, with that old man."

"And Pidge overheard," Abby went on. "When we went upstairs she demanded to know what it was that threatened me—and I had to tell her something ——"

Ruth tensed a little. "I know where she is!" she declared. "She suffers more than we think, Abby. She really did adore Grant. Get the car, quick, Cliff ——"

"Here's my car," Paul reminded her.

"Come along, all of you," Ruth ordered. "She's out at the cemetery. She'd think of Grant first of all if she had a shock. She's out there, at his grave."

"Ruth—how morbid!"

"We can try, anyway," Cliff said. "She might crack up, you know. But if I know Pidge, she's much more inclined to think of something practical. She has probably gone to Aunt Clary."

"We can try there too. Get a coat, Ruth. And get something for Abby to wear on her head. This wind is raw."

"Poor little Pidgie—I hope ——"

THEY shivered and clung to one another as Paul jerked the little car around block after block.

"There's papa," gasped Ruth.

They slowed down with a screech of brakes. "Get in, papa. No, we haven't seen a sign of her. We've been all over town. Of course we haven't rung any doorbells."

"How about the police?" Cliff asked.

"Oh, Cliff—we couldn't ——"

"We've got to do something!"

"Let's go in," counseled Abby quietly, "and wait an hour. She went in a taxi—she must have known what she was doing. If she doesn't come back in an hour ——"

"After all, she's a grown-up woman. A married woman," Sylvia reminded them.

"I can't remember that Pidge was married. Take papa's arm, Cliff. Wait, papa—you're shaking all over."

As one person they went up the walk to the old Gahagan house. They did not trip over the rough bricks that thrust up or the roots that disdained the sandy soil. They knew of old which steps of the old porch creaked and sagged. They clung together. They were the Gahagans.

XXVI

OLD Nat Hickson stared at the girl who faced him in his library. She was very little, her face was very white, her eyes were too large and too bright and her hair lay in soft, babyish swirls against her ears, under a little round black hat. He had a feeling that he had seen her before—something about the set of her chin, or maybe it was her nose.

"I'll sit down, if you please," said this girl calmly. "I'm not quite strong yet. But I must talk to you."

"Have this chair." The old man drew out a cushioned seat gallantly. "Have I met you before?"

She shook her head. Perched in the deep seat, she looked small and trim, like a pigeon.

"No, you haven't met me," she said. "You hate me and I'll go away as soon as I've talked to you, and you need never see me again. But now you must listen to me."

"But who are you?" demanded Hickson. "What's this all about?"

"I'm your daughter-in-law," she said, very soberly.

"You're—look here, you can't be—why, they told me ——" Hickson's face had flushed, his neck veins swelled, he stared in amaze.

"I am Grant Hickson's wife," repeated this small, pale person with quiet emphasis. "I loved him. I would have been glad to die with him. If I had died, perhaps you would have stopped hating me."

"But you—you're a child!" exclaimed the old man.

"Not any more." Marian's chin quivered a little and she stiffened it gallantly. "Now I'm an old, old woman!"

"Nonsense! How old are you? You can't be sixteen!"

"BUT I am. Older than you think. And wiser too. Wiser than you, I think. Because I am wise enough to know hate doesn't bring back things—or end them. It just keeps pain going on and going on!"

"I don't hate you," he argued. "I'm not even interested in you. Why should I be? You didn't consider me—or the boy's mother. You did as you pleased. I suppose it's money you want now?"

"No." She shook her head. He saw how transparent her skin was, how like wax her hands lay on her black dress. "No—I don't want money. Ever. Never a penny of your money. I don't even ask you to stop hating me. Grant loved me. You can't take that away—and there's nothing else that I want. Except one thing. I want you to be square to him. I want you to let him be square—now that he can't speak for himself any more."

"What are you talking about?" Hickson's voice was almost a snarl. "He married you! I found out that he'd married you all fast enough. I would have annulled it if I could. I suppose you know that? At least your father does."

"The law can't annul a marriage. The form and the words, perhaps, but not a real marriage. I'd still be married to

Grant if you had gotten some judge to sign papers about it. I would still belong to him. He would still belong to me. That's why I want you to listen to me. Grant wouldn't like not being square. He would hate dodging—ducking out of his responsibilities. He wasn't a coward—you know that! If he had been a coward he would be alive still, because he would never have come after me that night—we would never have started to Pinehurst—the accident would never have happened. He knew that my father was furious because I went out with him—but because we both believed we were right, we defied everybody. If he were alive you wouldn't dare prosecute Ryder Ansley!"

"My dear young woman," Hickson exploded, "if my son were alive there would be no reason to prosecute Ryder Ansley."

Marian leaned forward, her chin on her knuckles. Flecks of light were beginning to dance before her eyes. Her head whirled curiously, her throat felt dry and tight. She swallowed grimly.

"If Grant were here," she said gently, "he would be kind. He never did cruel things to people. He couldn't hurt even a worm. He ran over an old cur dog once and he was miserable for days about it—maybe you remember?"

. "It is because he was kind—harmless—easy going, that he blundered into this rash marriage!" declared Grant's father, his mouth drawn very straight.

"It made him happy. Doesn't that pay back at all?"

SHE lifted her lashes. She had no business looking like a naïve child, the old man thought savagely. A bold creature, someone hard and metallic and grasping, would be much easier to handle.

"If he had lived it would have wrecked his life!" he slashed back. But there was a faltering of ruthlessness in his tone.

"I'm rather nice—and I have fairly good sense," argued this girl without anger or offense. "I might not have ruined him. And I didn't teach him to drink, remember. You did that."

Hickson rose and walked the length of the room. He was angry; bitter words seethed in him and died in frustration. There was something in the level amber of this child's eyes that turned even his lashing thoughts back upon him, cheapened, their barbs bent. He strode back and faced her.

"What is it you want?" he demanded. "You came for something. What is it?"

"I want you to let Grant go on being kind—even now when he is dead. I want you to stop persecuting my sister!"

"I don't even know your sister. How can I persecute her when I wouldn't know her if I met her on the street?"

Marian gripped the arms of the chair. The ceiling kept turning dark blue and swooping down upon her. A queer little fluttering in her chest was growing wilder and wilder. She tensed the muscles of her throat, spoke rapidly before this descending darkness shut her in.

"My sister was riding in Ryder Ansley's car," she said. "And when you persecute Ryder you persecute her. And all the while you know—you must know that Ryder was not to blame!"

"I know no such thing!" he blustered.

"Oh, yes, you know! You came to the hospital. You know that Grant reeked of alcohol—that he was terribly drunk!"

"I THOUGHT you were boasting just now how much you loved Grant." The old man tried to sneer, but the effort was not especially successful.

"I did love him—too much to let this wrong go on. Too much to protect him with lies when I know that he would stand now and take the truth squarely on the chin! I want you to promise to stop persecuting my sister," she persisted, a little shivering click of her teeth punctuating the rush of words. "You are my father too—you have to be, whether you hate it or not. I'd like to love you—I'd like to come to you and talk about Grant—but if you go on with this cruel thing, I'll fight you! Grant and I will fight you. I'll go on the witness stand ——" She faltered, her hands groped, she choked a little. "Please," she gasped. "I think something is going to happen to me ——"

Hickson caught her as she toppled forward. She was so light—a wisp of a thing. Her face was like marble. As her hat fell off he saw the great pink scar across the back of her head, through the shortened locks He picked her up and stumbled to the foot of the stairs.

"Mother!" he shouted. "Mother!"

Such a light little thing! Her lashes lay on her white cheeks like feathers. It came to him, as he staggered up the long flight of stairs with her, that he had always wanted to have a daughter!

XXVII

IN THE Gahagan parlor the Gahagans sat in a strained, numb group, waiting for Marian to come home. There was no fire—the room was chilly. Once Cliff lit a newspaper, crouched before the grate watching it blaze, then went back again to his chair. Ruth turned up her coat collar, huddled into it. Sylvia drew herself in, tucking one foot under her. They had sat for half an hour waiting, listening. Abby held tight to her father's hand.

Hazel spoke now and then. "It's so dark! And it's raining! She didn't wear her galoshes—I looked. And she had on her light coat. She might not have had much money—she hadn't had any for so long, she might have forgotten about money."

"Pidge is the most practical Gahagan of us all," Paul insisted. "I've thought now and then that she was like Aunt Clary—hard as nails. I don't think we need to worry about her at all."

"How can we help worrying?" Ruth demanded. "My stomach is shivering till it makes me ill! If she doesn't come soon or telephone or something, I'll shriek!"

"We could make coffee, Hazel," Abby suggested. "Hot coffee would do everybody good. And you get some wood, Cliff, and make a fire. She'll be chilly when she does come. Probably her feet will be wet."

"She'll be down sick!" Hazel declared. 'I'll make coffee. I'll go wild if I don't do something. There's wood on the back porch by the old cistern, Cliff. It's a good thing I made Lily take the papers out of that chimney. She stuffs it up in summer to keep the soot from falling down and ruining the carpet. If you'll get the cups, Sylvie—get the pink flowered ones; you'll have to dust them out, I expect. They haven't been washed since the last diocesan meeting."

ONE by one they shook off their numbness and bustled. Gahagans! There was a solidarity about them that somehow had never existed before. They looked at one another with a strange sort of adoration in their eyes. They bestowed little half shamed caresses on one another. Cliff ran his hand through Abby's tawny mop of hair, Paul patted his father's shoulder. They were a unit, a clan. Hazel brought in the coffeepot. Ruth rummaged through a jumbled drawer for clean napkins.

"Everything is in a terrible mess," Hazel apologized. "I haven't had time to get after Lily and make her straighten things up. I was making Abby's clothes—and then Marian had to have some fall things ——"

They tried to stop listening. They tried not to give one another apprehensive looks. They tried not to remember that Marian had run away once, with her suitcase under a rumble seat.

"It's after one," Hazel said once.

"Give her a half hour longer," Paul urged.

"Papa, do you suppose we ought to call Aunt Clary? Her house wasn't lighted, but she might know something."

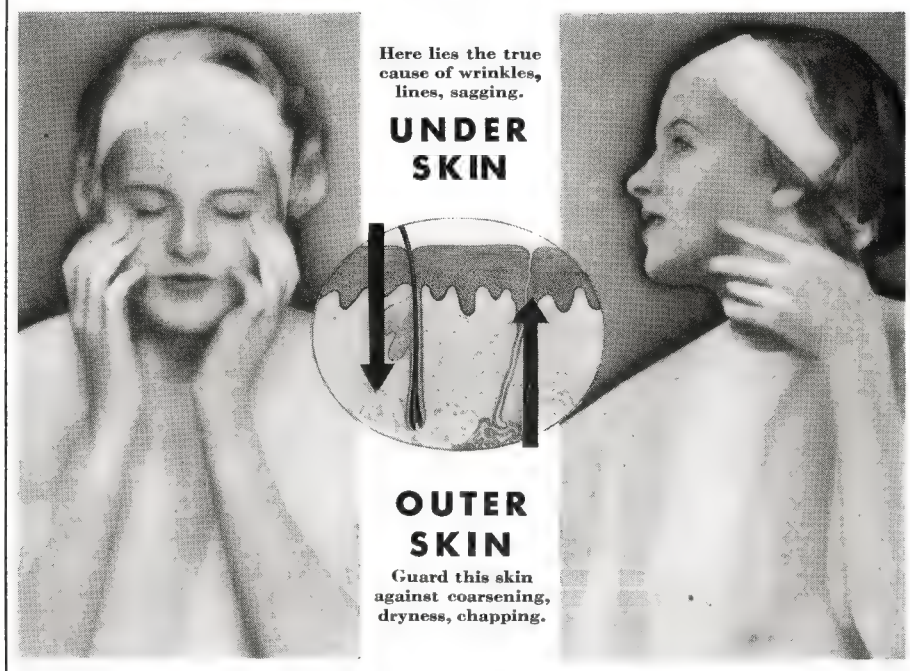
"There's a car. It's stopping." Cliff and Sylvia sprang to the window.

"Someone's getting out. It's a man."

"Let papa go," Paul counseled, "and all of you keep quiet. If it should be a stranger, we don't want to appear excited."

Wrinkles begin in the **Under Skin**

Dryness is shriveling of the **Outer Skin**


Here lies the true cause of wrinkles, lines, sagging.
UNDER SKIN
OUTER SKIN
Guard this skin against coarsening, dryness, chapping.

To keep BOTH LAYERS OF SKIN *smooth, firm, faultless . . . you need a special cream for* each

YOUR SKIN consists of two skins. The outer skin protects the under.

The *under skin* is kept firm and young by the oils and fats in its deepest layers. When these oils and fats fail, the under skin begins to shrink. This is the real cause of lines, wrinkles, sagging.

To keep these dreaded signs away, you need a cream that goes deep down into the under skin and keeps it young and firm. *That is exactly what Pond's Cold Cream does.*

Because it penetrates so deeply, Pond's Cold Cream is a thorough cleanser. After cleansing with it, pat in fresh cream—see how the starved under skin responds! How lines are erased, as roundness and firm contours are restored.

Do this *nightly*, and as often as you need during the day.

The Surface Skin is Different!

Roughness, coarsening, chapping—these are defects of the *outer skin*, the result of constant exposure to wind and dust and heat and cold.

For this skin, use Pond's Vanishing Cream—especially *protective*, with ingredients that supple, soften, smooth and refine its texture. It is simply marvelous for keeping hands white and smooth. Use it after the Cold Cream, before going out, and whenever your skin feels the least bit rough.

Pond's Vanishing Cream is so wonderfully softening and smoothing it makes a marvelous powder base!

READ WHAT THESE RICH AND BEAUTIFUL WOMEN SAY

LEFT
Mrs. George Grant Mason, Jr.
"I have used Pond's Creams a long time. I am never troubled with a dry, peeling skin."

RIGHT
Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt
"A thorough cleaning and toning up with Pond's Cold Cream leaves my skin feeling wonderfully fresh."

LEFT
Mrs. Alan Harriman
"Thanks to Pond's Vanishing Cream. It prevents my skin from chapping and makes a perfectly marvelous powder base."

RIGHT
Mrs. Alister McCormick
"Pond's Cold Cream keeps my skin beautifully cleansed always—the Vanishing Cream keeps it soft and supple."

FREE SAMPLES—*Mail this coupon and See for Yourself!*

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. G, 107 Hudson Street, New York City
Please send me FREE samples of Pond's Two wonderful Creams and exquisite Pond's new Face Powder.
(Check shade): Naturelle ☐ Light Cream ☐ Rose Cream ☐ Brunette ☐ Rose Brunette ☐ Dark Brunette ☐

Name_____ Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1933, Pond's Extract Company

TUNE IN on Pond's every Friday, 9:30 P. M., E. D. S. T. WEAF and NBC Network.

GIRLS,
DON'T BE
FOOLS
HAVE WHITER TEETH
THAT ATTRACT
NAN WOULD BE BEAUTIFUL IF HER TEETH WEREN'T SO DINGY. I'M GOING TO TELL HER NOW ABOUT KOLYNOS.
MY TEETH LOOK CLEANER ALREADY. I WAS A FOOL TO BELIEVE THEY WERE NATURALLY DULL AND YELLOW.
YOU HAVE THE MOST GORGEOUS WHITE TEETH I'VE EVER SEEN.
SAY IT AGAIN. I LIKE TO HEAR IT.
SEE RESULTS!

DON'T be fooled into believing that your teeth are naturally dull, off-color, or susceptible to decay simply because brushing fails to keep them sound or make them white. Remember this:

To be most effective, a dentifrice must polish the teeth and also kill millions of germs that swarm into the mouth and cause most tooth and gum troubles.

One dental cream in the world that kills troublesome germs as it cleans the teeth is Kolynos. Try it—a half-inch on a dry-brush, morning and night. Soon your teeth will look cleaner than ever before.

This unique, scientific dental cream contains two priceless ingredients that give the teeth a DOUBLE CLEANSING. As one foams into every crevice, over every tooth surface and washes away food accumulation, stain and tarnish—the other kills millions of germs.

Thus, in a remarkably short time, teeth are cleaned right down to the beautiful, natural white enamel—without injury. They look more attractive than you ever believed possible. They are safeguarded against decay.

No, you can't get by with dull, HALF-CLEAN TEETH. Don't try to. Start using Kolynos. Overnight your teeth will show great improvement. Your mouth will feel cleaner and fresher. Get a tube of Kolynos from your druggist today.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

? GIRLS . . . *Want Money* ?

LET us tell you about our subscription-earning plan. No experience or training needed to tuck dollar after dollar into your purse.

Write now for full details. No charge to you, of course!

CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
811 INDEPENDENCE SQUARE PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

KNITTING WOOL NEW NOVELTY YARNS
400 Samples **FREE**—Prompt Mail Service
COLONIAL YARN HOUSE, 1231-R Cherry St., Phila., Pa.

WE WILL PUBLISH
Your Book Length Manuscript. Write for booklet and terms.
MEADOR PUBLISHING CO., 470-S Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

The judge walked gravely through the hall. They heard him say, in his deep voice, "Good evening, sir!" And then Abby's heart stopped beating, her throat clutched and a sweet, shivering flame ran over her body as she heard the voice that answered.

"Windy!"

She flew down the hall. Behind her she heard Ruth say blithely, "Close the door, children dear; this is a holy moment." She saw her father through a haze. Somehow he vanished, and there was only Windy Kendrick, wet and brown and lean, looking at her with the old whimsy look, holding out his arms.

"Windy—you came back. You came back! It has been so long—so long!"

"Abby dearest, I would have come across the world to you, barefooted through the snow!"

Words are so thin, words are like smoke; their gossamer shells will not hold the deep things of the world. They clung to each other and Abby trembled and laughed because tears blurred her lashes, and Kendrick dabbed them away clumsily with a waddy handkerchief.

"I HAD to come," he said. "I couldn't let them make you miserable about this business of Ansley's. I've got to fight somebody. I'm going out in the morning to start some sort of a fight. I'm going to begin by knocking young Turner through a couple of brick walls. I may not accomplish a darn thing, but you'll know by the falling débris that you've got a man on your side anyway."

"I wasn't fair to Kim, Windy. You mustn't be hard on him. I'm ashamed when I think of the way I treated Kim. And the way I treated you, Windy! I was trying to be so noble—I ended up by being a selfish idiot."

"You ought to grovel and rub your forehead in the dirt. But if you'll kiss me, I might take your pardon under consideration. How does it happen the Gahagan family are still up? I expected to jimmy my way through a window and implore your stepmother to let me sleep on the dining-room rug."

"It's Pidge—she's run away again."

"Run away?"

"Come in—they're all in here, Cliff and Paul and the others. We've been waiting, hoping Pidge would come home—we've no idea where she went."

The Gahagans shook hands all around. Hazel fluttered, trying to warm the coffeepot at the fire, dragging some coals out on a shovel, burning a hole in her dress. They recounted again Lily's tale of the Square Deal Taxi that had parked in the street and how Marian had slipped out the side door and gone away in it.

"And you've no idea where she went?"

"Not an inkling. Unless she went to the Turners'."

"If she did, she'll be back. It's half-after one now."

"SHE was so weak—that's what worries me." Hazel added her jeremiad. "She could hardly walk through the house without holding to something, and her legs would tremble, and she still has those spells of vertigo."

"Suppose I go to the Turners'?" Kendrick suggested. "If you think that's the last resort ——"

"There isn't another place that we can think of. We even tried the cemetery," Ruth said somberly.

"I heard a car!" Sylvia exclaimed.

Hazel upset the sugar bowl. The front door opened and closed. The Gahagans rushed into the hall and stood in a stunned group as a tall mulatto chauffeur walked in, carrying Marian in his arms.

"Great heavens!" gasped Ruth.

"Put me down," directed Marian. "I'm all right, papa. I was—just dizzy. I—feel a little shaky ——"

"Get some ammonia," ordered Kendrick quickly.

Ruth and Sylvia collided on the stairs as they both sped on the errand. Hazel came running with a cup of coffee. The chauffeur stared.

"Let her lie down in here—right here."

Hazel was breathlessly voluble as usual. Judge Gahagan patted a pillow for his daughter's head and said "Baby! Baby!" in a troubled voice.

"Where in the world were you, Pidge?" Cliff demanded.

"Take off her shoes, Abby. Now—lie back, Marian. My, you had us scared almost to death. We didn't know what in the world to think!"

MARIAN lay down obediently, but lifted her head to exclaim triumphantly, "Abby—I fixed it! I thought about it—tonight—I don't know why I didn't think before. So—I went and fixed it!"

"Pidgie! You went where—you fixed what ——"

"Here." Kendrick came up with a glass. "Straight down, young lady. Now—let your head down a little. Let's see about this pulse."

"Oh, I'm all right! I was just upset—I cried—and then I got dizzy and they laid me on a bed. They cried too. But—I fixed it, Abby!"

"Who laid you on a bed? Pidge—where have you been?"

"Why—dad! Dad Hickson. Grant's father! I went there. I told him I wouldn't have it—this trial thing. I told him I would fight him—I would too! I told him I'd go into court. But he was sweet about it after he understood."

"You've been to the Hicksons'?"

"I'm telling you. I went there to stop this foolish trial—Ryder's trial. And I stopped it. Dad's going to get it dismissed tomorrow. He says he can do it. No, tomorrow's Sunday. Well, anyway, Monday. I love dad. I'm going to live with them part of the time. They want me. They were surprised to find I was so nice. Well, anyway, I fixed it. What on earth are you all sitting up for, anyway?"

Hazel began to cry a little, whimpering like a kitten. But Cliff tipped back his handsome Mellichamp head and shouted with laughter.

"Oh, gosh, what a family! What a nutty tribe—these crazy Gahagans!"

"If you ask me," Ruth said severely, "I think we're sort of nice!"

Judge Gahagan bent over the couch and kissed his little daughter gravely.

"You've done a fine thing, Pidgie," he said. "Finer even than you know!"

XXVIII

THROUGH the spattered gold and flung-away copper of fallen leaves, Indian summer walked on scarlet shoes.

The purple haze of her garments drifted against the horizon, the misty scarfs of cloud trailed across the sky, the sun was a disk of white metal, not too arrogant for human beholding. Warmth lay under every south wall, squirrels scurried, late birds were hysterical as they fought over seeds, chrysanthemums were white and yellow drifts along the old wooden fences of Malvern.

The bare boughs disclosed the shame of the old houses—of their paintless gingerbread porches, of wooden lacework scaling off, of warped and mossy shingles. But the old houses stood complacently, like dowagers in church in ancient mink and cameos and yellow lace. Like dowagers, they knew their prideful histories; their aura of aristocracy protected them from any shame of decay.

Abby and Doctor Kendrick walked along the street, dry leaves crackling under their feet. The fragrance of the death of the leaves was in the air, mingled with wood smoke and an autumnal perfume of apples and burning grass. There was a quickening, the briskness of winter, even in the glow of the sun. The year was turning. People moved with a new alertness; they wore their new fall clothes to church, and their voices had lost the languor of the long Southern summer.

The door of the Episcopal church stood open, and on a rear porch a little vested choir boy waited for the prayer to end so

he could slip tardily inside. Birds twittered in the ivy; the organ breathed a low chord, and there was a chanted Amen. Abby drew a slow, quivering breath. All morning she had felt like saying "Amen." All morning she had been half numbed with incredulous happiness. Life had been so thorny, the future a dark jungle, and now suddenly here was a sunlit path opening between rose trees and she walked it with Windy, his eyes upon her whimsy with tenderness. They would be poor—there would be years of waiting ——

"I'LL have to help, Windy," she said. "I'll have to do something. Papa can't go on alone. I can teach, perhaps—no, you have to have a degree for that—but there will be something. I've been a taker so long, now I have to give for a little—till things get better. But I won't mind waiting and working when I know you're waiting too."

"I ought to go to Berlin," Windy said, a trifle dubiously. "You have to have it, in these times—you can't get anywhere in surgery without some work in those clinics. Vienna perhaps, too. But I wanted to take you with me, Abby—I wanted to get a little flat in a big stone house and go to concerts at night and eat breakfast at a sidewalk café and buy things in the little shops stuck in holes in the wall ——"

"Oh, Windy—you sound as though you were trying to sell me Paradise! But, darling, you see, don't you? You see that I have to help? There's so little money—and all these dreadful debts. The boys promise to help—they'll try, but something always happens to use up what little they are able to save."

"Life isn't easy for young people any more," Kendrick agreed. "It's a fight. Your father stepped easily into a law office, into an established house—there was no terrible struggle, no wrench—but sons don't do that now. Not many of them. But I wouldn't mind struggle—not with you. Half-soled shoes, not much money—going without things—I've had a lot of that. I'd mind not having everything you wanted ——"

"I have everything I want, Windy—I have you!"

"If I should kiss you right here in front of the Pennybrook house, would the ancient pillars fall?"

"THEY might. They're wabbly. The Misses Pennybrook are in church, reading the prayer book through their lorgnettes, or they would be watching us through the blinds."

"Wondering why you are walking abroad with an M.D. whose pockets have the bottoms out—when you could have had young Turner?"

"Oh, no—you malign the Misses Pennybrook. The Turners are new people. The Wymberlys are an old family. You're an aristocrat. If you were a penniless scalawag, who took his mother's last nickel to gamble with, you'd still be an aristocrat to the Misses Pennybrook, Windy, because your mother was a Wymberly. It's beautiful to have such faith in blood, isn't it?"

"It's a little grim to have such a responsibility—the job of carrying on all those traditions!" he declared.

"Oh, but splendid too! To think 'I must be fine because I have a noble name. I must be gallant and generous and gentle because the portraits of my forbears hang on proud old walls, framed in gold!' That's the part that people forget. That's why the old families crumble, Windy."

"Is this where your aunt lives?"

"Yes—and you mustn't come any farther. She telephoned that she wanted to see me—alone! I suppose she wants to give me some good advice and a pitcher that belonged to my great-grandmother, but she wants her little ceremony about it and we must be considerate. But if you should happen down this street, doctor, in an hour from now—or even a half hour ——"

"See that big tree over there? It has parasites. Interesting bacteriological study. Moss and worms and ants. And me. I'll be propped up against it whenever you come down the walk. I'll be lonely and mournful and injured and in need of consolation. You haven't kissed me in a couple of hours, and I'm depressed."

"Silly! You're spoiled already."

"But think of the long drought I've endured! Mired in a muddy ravine with no one to look at but Hickey, and nothing to hear but concrete mixers and donkey engines tooting, and nothing to do but work, and nobody to kiss at all!"

"You should have kissed Hickey. He might have liked it."

"He had wire whiskers. Besides, he was ticklish."

Miss Clary Gahagan was confined in her chair. Her ankles had swollen till there was no coaxing a shoe on her foot, and she was plaintive with self-pity. But she brightened as Abby came into the room.

"You look like a bunch of goldenrod," she remarked, "with your hair and that little green suit and the sun on you. You make me blink. What's happened to you—besides having your beau come back?"

"NAT HICKSON is having the charges against Ryder dismissed. It's like being out of jail, Aunt Clary. It's like being washed again, after you've felt soiled so long. Pidge did it. She slipped over there and cried on his shoulder—they've taken her in. They stopped on the way to church to take her home with them for a week. It's nice to have that ugly feeling ended."

"The Hicksons," stated Miss Gahagan primly, "will be really good people in a couple of generations more. It takes about that long to get the crudeness out of the blood. Now, when are you going to get married?"

"Not for years, Aunt Clary. Years and years."

"Cat's foot! What are you going to do—wait till you dry up like Hazel Hammond?"

"No—I hope not. But I've got to help papa, first. I'm going to work. There's not much money, and he owes so much—the boys have been so expensive ——"

"Especially Cliff! With his bland way of getting money any way that presents itself! And you think, then, you'll get a job in the Racket store and make back the family fortune while you sell bias bands and suspenders?" The plump little old lady was dry.

"I can do something. Till times improve and these debts are paid off. I must, Aunt Clary! Papa has aged—years, just this summer! He isn't young any more."

"Sixty-one. I hope you don't call that old? I'm sixty-four myself."

"Any age is old when you are worried. Tell me why you wanted to see me, Aunt Clary. Was it anything special?"

"IT WAS quite special." Clary crossed her plump hands on her brief lap. "I had an idea you'd have some such crazy idea in your head. I won't have my niece waiting on table or selling things behind some cheap counter. I wanted to tell you that. I've still got pride. And I'm enough of an old maid for the whole Gahagan family. We don't need another one. I want you to go on and marry your young doctor. Marry him next week—if he's got a place to take you. Marry him tomorrow—but don't let me hear any more of this foolishness about learning stenography or training nursing or any such rot!"

"But, Aunt Clary ——"

"I heard it all. And please give me credit for knowing as much about the family affairs as you do. I know all about those notes in the bank. I'm displeased at having a brother who insists on being a big-hearted fool—but so long as he keeps it up I suppose I'll have to be a fool too!" She leaned forward and carefully eased one swollen foot over the other. Then she looked at Abby, and her blue eyes twinkled a little, but she quickly guarded the look and set her small mouth sternly. "You go home," she ordered, "and tell your father that I've paid that Churchill note. He'd get it *(Continued on Page 92)*

The best from these **3..**

made this exquisite powder for 55¢ and $1.10

A famous French powder with an expensive scent costs $10.00. An American powder with perfect skin tones costs $3.00. The third is a French powder with a thistledown texture. It sells for $2.20. We reproduced these rare qualities . . . and created the new Pond's. You can buy it at 55¢ and $1.10!

Six Perfect Shades . . . Naturelle; Rose Cream; Light Cream; Brunette; Rose Brunette; Dark Brunette. At department and drug stores.

Tune in on Pond's Fridays, 9:30 P.M., E.D.S.T. . . . WEAF and NBC Network

POND'S *New* face powder

***Send 10¢* (for postage and packing) for free sample in glass jar.**

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. T, 107 Hudson Street, New York City • Check choice: Naturelle ☐; Light Cream ☐; Rose Cream ☐; Brunette ☐; Rose Brunette ☐; Dark Brunette ☐.

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Copyright, 1933, Pond's Extract Company

"Now I can afford sparkling PYREX Ware for all my baking"

"Have you seen the new bargains in Pyrex glass Ovenware? I just bought 6 pieces for $1.00. And you can get the 10-piece set that used to be $5.15 for only $2.95!"

"I like it especially because it cooks food so evenly. You can see when the food is done. And put it right on the dining room table! No pots or pans to scrub."

Every piece of Pyrex Ware carries a 2-year replacement guarantee against breakage from oven heat or refrigerator cold.

Pyrex **OVENWARE**

Trade-Mark "PYREX" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

FREE . . . RECIPE BOX. 45 recipes with correct cooking temperatures; suggested menus; and how to save money, energy and gas by cooking in Pyrex Ware. Corning Glass Works, Dept. 3207, Corning, N. Y.

Name_____ (Please print name)

Address_____

"Pyrex" is the registered trade-mark of Corning Glass Works and indicates their brand of resistant glass. These prices in effect in the United States only.

Summer Parties for a Song

THE HOSTESS

SUMMER is a time of plenty, when you can dress for less, feed the family for less and give parties for a song—well, *almost!* A time when after a foursome of tennis, you invite the players in for cool drinks and sandwiches; when you fête the visiting girl in town with informal porch parties; when after a swim, still in your bathing suits, you eat and drink from a refreshment pushcart; when you plan quick beach parties, feed the garden club after the meeting—a time for spontaneous fun.

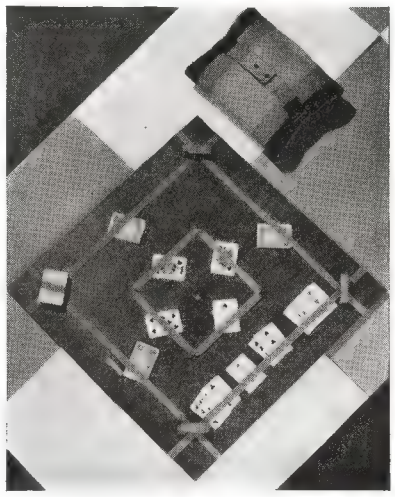
The new linens, china and glass all lend themselves to this conspiracy of informality, of neighborly hospitality, all the vogue in America now.

Up in the right-hand corner you see a peasant table setting which has been assembled by the JOURNAL Hostess as a suggestion for the easy solution to the refreshment part of your summer parties. Everything about it is carefree, gay—the plaid paper tablecloth—*you* could substitute plaid organdie, rice cloth or linens embroidered in Mexican, Ukrainian or Balkan designs and colors—the decorated wooden bread board, the peasant china plates and beverage pitcher, the gaudy-colored mugs which you may fill à la Viennese with hot coffee topped with whipped cream, table flat silverware with colored handles.

Summer fruits arranged with the artist's touch, within a border of green leaves, in a wicker basket, the very newest way to serve fresh fruits, is decoration enough for an informal table. And the salad is marinated in true French peasant style, in a wooden bowl that is painted inside in a bright peasanty design.

The wooden biscuit-server tongs and the pottery jugs for oil and vinegar add a rustic note, and the shield for the alcohol flame under the chafing dish is a bright idea to keep the paprika chicken cooking.

Here is a peasant table setting for a successful buffet supper for a Sunday evening on your porch! Peasant simplicity is the vogue—isn't it delightful? Let the guests help mix the salad and spread their own sandwiches. They'll love it—and you'll forget you are the hostess.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY W. H. HOEDT STUDIOS, INC.

If you prefer to keep the food preparation to the kitchen premises, but want to serve it to your guests outside, there are any number of new trays. They add a lot of fun if every tray is lacquered a different color. Double-decker serving trays of aluminum and wood, folding tray tables—all make the service smooth. And have you seen the new puzzle boards? You put the pieces together and use them for refreshment trays after the puzzles are solved.

Walking Refreshments

DOWN in the left-hand corner of this page, you see a pushcart decorated very gayly with white and red paint! Wheel it down to the swimming pool to serve your sandwiches and drinks; let it be the source of supply for the refreshments for your lawn party.

Let your prettiest sub-deb dress in a white uniform and serve as an ice-cream vender, with bells on her cart, to announce ice-cream cones or brick ice cream. And you can have a lot of fun with a cart like this, at your summer outdoor carnival or fair.

Ice in one compartment, striped glasses in a holder in another, and the plates fitted in at the sides of the bottle compartment, and you wheel it where you will! The table top, unfolded, makes handy places for your plates, cooky canister, implement holder, and so on. If your son, or his father, is handy with the hammer, let him improvise a pushcart and paint it red, white and blue or lemon yellow and emerald green. Then carry out the same color scheme in the plates, plaid glasses and plaid napkins. Calico, gingham, percale are the last word in "linens" these informal times.

Open-Air Parties

GET out in the open! Rout the crowd out in several cars and all of you take your suppers to the woods, the river's side or the beach. There need be no elaborate plans if you take the food in hot and cold containers, tie waxed-paper covers over the baked-bean dish, the potato salad or main dishes, and make the sandwiches when you arrive.

Take along decks of cards. "Outdoor contract" can be a real game if you have a folding-table cover like the one pictured above, with tape to hold the cards in place.

A striped canvas or awning sheet with a pillow stitched into one end, a contrivance which folds up like a carpet bag, will be a help. Take along all the aids to picnic comfort you can think of—paper plates, cups and spoons, wooden meat skewers to keep the sandwiches together. Plan these get-togethers for easy informality, and then forget all about plans and have spontaneous fun!

Here are some more suggestions for party fun and entertaining in the summer. Send three cents to the Reference Library, LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, Philadelphia, for each booklet you need.

1074. PARTIES FOR A SONG.
547. HOT AND COLD PICNIC MENUS.
550. COLD FIRST COURSES.
116. MOTORING PARTIES.

New—*Jiffy* KODAK
simplest folding camera ever devised

• No fussing with this camera, no fiddling. Touch a button—POP—it opens. Touch another—CLICK—it snaps the picture.

Jiffy Kodak combines the compactness of a folding camera and the simplicity of a Brownie. Combines easy carrying and easy use. For it's by all odds the simplest folding camera ever devised.

Styled in beautiful metals and enamels. Trim and swank as your favorite compact. You'll like to carry it. You'll like to use it. And the pictures it makes are great. A wonderful reward for so little effort.

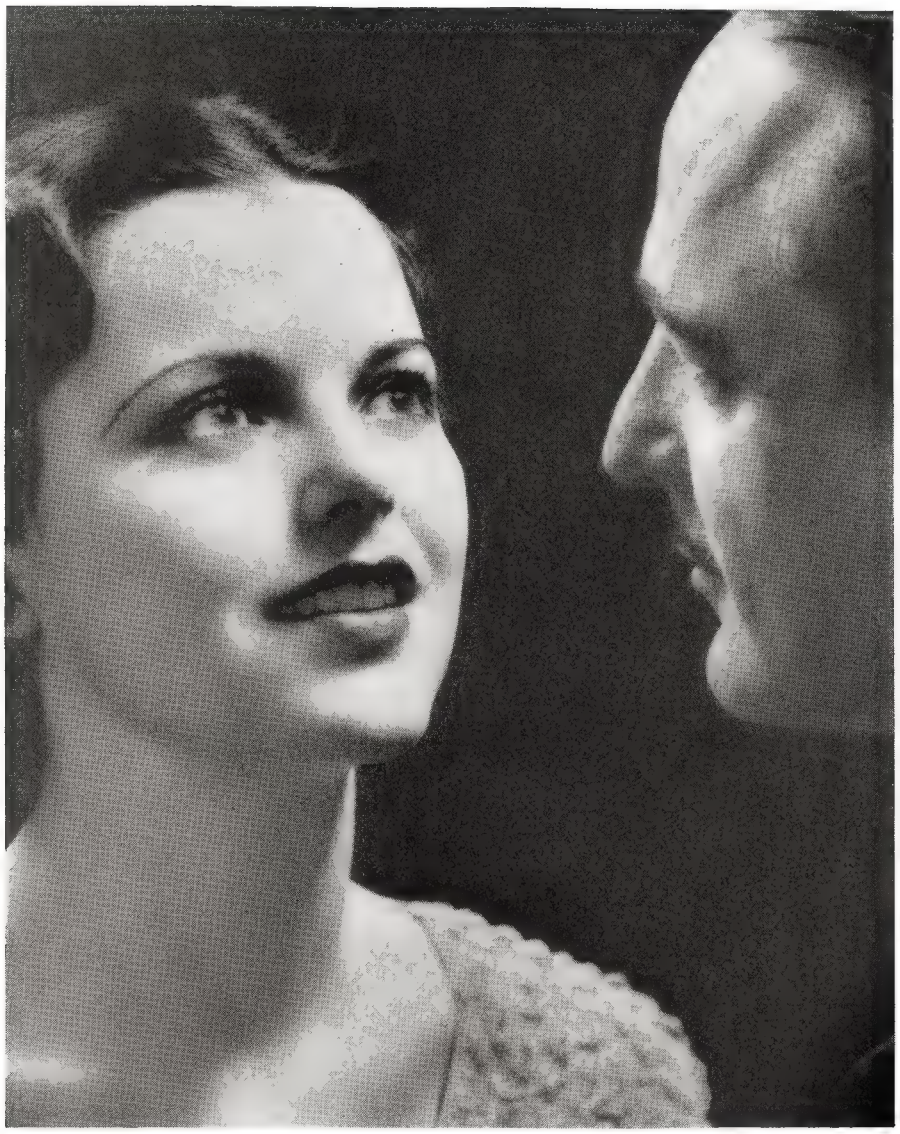
Two Picture Sizes

Take your choice of two popular sizes. *Jiffy* Kodak Six-16 makes 2½ x 4¼-inch pictures and costs but $7.50. *Jiffy* Kodak Six-20 makes the 2¼ x 3¼-inch size—price $6.75. And the cameras aren't much bigger than the pictures.

A NEW SERIES OF SIX-16 AND SIX-20 KODAK
$7.50 — $6.75

Your dealer is showing the *Jiffy* Kodak with considerable pride. You'll agree—it's something entirely new in a camera. See it and you'll want it. Take a look. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, New York.

IF IT ISN'T AN EASTMAN, IT ISN'T A KODAK



(Continued from Page 89) all anyway when I'm dead. I suppose he might as well have peace of mind now. And I won't have any more old maids in the family. I paid Cliff's note too. But if he doesn't pay me back, or if he ever gets into another scrape like that, I'll see him put in jail—I'll stand there and feed him bread and water, myself, through the bars! Tell him that!"

"Aunt Clary—you darling ——"

"Abby Gahagan, don't you dare to start me crying, when I can't walk upstairs to powder my nose ——"

"Oh, Aunt Clary—I'm so happy!"

"Run along now. Go tell your doctor beau. Tell him for me that I'm resigned to having him in the family—even though he and all his useless profession can't find a thing in the world that does my rheumatism any good. And then you come back here and eat supper with me—both of you. It's awful stuff—I want your doctor to eat it. I want him to see what I have to endure. Then maybe he'll invent something or discover something that will get this thing out of my blood."

"He will, Aunt Clary. He's going to be famous." She was an altar candle, she was a dancing marigold, she shimmered with joy like a golden tree in the sun.

She ran down Aunt Clary's brick path, where old roots heaved themselves up and magnolia leaves lay like brown birch canoes upon the sandy soil. He was coming across the street—her lean, brown lover. In the gate Abby stopped suddenly.

"I forgot," she said. "This is Sunday. We can't go till tomorrow."

"Where can't we go?" he asked.

"To buy a skillet! And a handful of beans! I'm going to marry you, Windy—now—now!"

The Misses Pennybrook had not yet come home from church. Fortunately. Their hearts were weak. They had virginal souls and delicate sensibilities. They would have been shamed and appalled to see a tall young man kissing a red-headed girl in the middle of the street—in broad daylight—on Sunday morning!

(THE END)

In fighting Halitosis* make $1 equal $3

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC is 3 times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence, it goes 3 times as far. And whether you buy the 25c, 50c, or $1 size, you still get 3 times as much for your money.

IT certainly isn't wise to risk offending others by using weak antiseptics. You want all the protection you can get. That's why you will switch to Pepsodent. For Pepsodent is three times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics—by adding water you make it go three times as far—get three times as much for your money plus greater assurance of a pure, sweet breath.

Two kinds of antiseptics

Remember, there are really only two leading kinds of mouth antiseptics on the market. In one group is the mouth antiseptic that must be used full strength to be effective. In the other group is Pepsodent Antiseptic, utterly safe if used full strength, yet powerful enough to be diluted with two parts of water and *still kill germs in less than* 10 *seconds.*

Use Pepsodent for safety

Don't fool yourself by diluting old-type antiseptics. Your health is too important—also, consider the importance of a pure, sweet breath. Choose the antiseptic that kills germs even when it is diluted. Insist on Pepsodent. Be sure! Be safe! Save money!

New Standard Dictionary Definition:
***Halitosis**—a malodorous condition of the breath.*

SORE THROAT COLDS

The amazing success of Pepsodent Antiseptic in fighting bad breath equals its effectiveness in fighting colds and throat irritation.

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

Sore Throat Colds
Head Colds
Smoker's Throat
Bad Breath
Mouth Irritations
Irritations of the Gums
After Extractions
After Shaving
Cuts and Abrasions
Chapped Hands
Dandruff
Skin Irritations
Checks Under-Arm Perspiration Odor
"Athlete's Foot"
Tired, Aching Feet

Pepsodent Antiseptic

Index of Advertisers

July, 1933

	PAGE
American Telephone and Telegraph Co.	44
Baker's Coconut	43
Bisquick	57
Bon Ami Company, The	67
Bristol-Myers Co.	IV Cover
California Packing Corporation	46
Calumet Baking Powder	45
Campbell Soup Company	27
Certo	36
Chamberlin Metal Weather Strip Co., Inc.	76
Chase & Sanborn's Coffee	39
Chieftain Mfg. Co., The	76
Chipso	2
Church & Dwight Co., Inc.	49
Coca-Cola Company, The	60
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.	74, 86
Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream	86
Colman, Ltd., J. & J.	46
Colonial Yarn House	88
Corn Products Refining Co.	59
Crosley Radio Corporation, The	46
Cudahy Packing Company, The	62
Delatone Company, The	52
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads	80
Eastman Kodak Company	91
Fleischmann's Yeast	31
French Company, The R. T.	68, 78
General Foods Corporation:	
Baker Co., Inc., Franklin	43
Calumet Baking Powder Co.	45
Certo Corporation	36
Jell-O Company, Inc., The	41
La France Manufacturing Co.	95
Gerber Products Company	51
Heinz Company, H. J.	II Cover
Holland Furnace Company	76
Hubinger Co., The	52
Hygienic Products Co., The	76
Ivory Snow	32
Ivory Soap	4
Jell-O	41
Junket Folks, The	69
Kleenex Company	77
Knox Gelatine Co., Inc., Charles B.	47
Kolynos Co., The	88
Kotex Company	65
Kraft-Phenix Cheese Corporation	38, 50
La France	95
Lambert, Inc., Marion	70
Lambert Pharmacal Company	33, 34
Lea & Perrins, Inc.	58
Lever Brothers Co.:	
Lifebuoy Soap and Rinso	III Cover
Lux	72
Lux Toilet Soap	85
Pears' Soap	52
Lewis Hotel Training Schools	46
Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Company	76
Lifebuoy Soap and Rinso	III Cover
Lowe Brothers Company	76
Lux	72
Lux Toilet Soap	85
Meador Publishing Co.	88
Mello-Glo Company	54
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company	30
Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., The	1
North Bros. Mfg. Co.	58
Odora Company, Inc.	80
Old Dutch Cleanser	62
Ovaltine (Wander Company)	93
Palmolive Soap	74
P and G Naphtha Soap	29
Pears' Soap	52
Pepsodent Company, The	53, 92
Perstik	52
Pet Milk Company	37
Pineapple Producers Cooperative Association, Ltd.	96
Pond's Extract Company	87, 89
Pratt & Lambert-Inc.	80
Procter & Gamble Co., The:	
Chipso	2
Ivory Snow	32
Ivory Soap	4
P and G Naphtha Soap	29
Pyrex Ovenware	89
Quaker Oats Company, The	94
Reynolds Tobacco Co., R. J.	55
Royal Baking Powder	71
Sani-Flush	76
Scott Paper Company	81
Scull Co., Wm. S.	82
Simoniz Company, The	35
Spencer Corset Company, Inc., The	64
Standard Brands Incorporated:	
Chase & Sanborn's Coffee	39
Fleischmann's Yeast	31
Royal Baking Powder	71
Swift & Company	48, 79
Underwood Co., Wm.	83
Upson Company, The	76
Vitality Shoe Company	56
Warren Corporation, Northam (Odorono)	75
Zip	73

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

How To Make Your Child

Actually Hungry for Vegetables this Summer

. . . Besides Greatly Increasing His Appetite For Milk

Now—A Remarkable Swiss Food Discovery, By Actually Creating the Sensation of Hunger, Combats Loss of Appetite in Summer—Frequently Adds Weight at the Rate of a Pound a Week While Curbing Nervousness, Too

Accept a Trial Package —Note the Coupon Below

FOR a child to lose his appetite in summer is not only unnecessary—but also highly *undesirable.* Because vacation is the one time above all when a child should be storing up energy and replenishing his vital reserve. When he should be compensating for the drain of the *previous* school year and building for the *next.*

So if your child eats poorly in summer—and tends to lose weight in warm weather—try this remarkable way to make "poor eaters" *eat!* A way that does not merely "tempt" the appetite, but which *actually creates the natural sensation of hunger.*

Not only will you find your child more eager to eat (even such healthful foods as spinach, carrots and lettuce)—but you will usually find him willing to drink *double* the usual quantity of milk each day.

A remarkable food creation (discovered in Switzerland and now made over here) should achieve this result for your child. It is called Ovaltine. In summer you simply give it shaken up with cold milk and children love its taste.

Literally Creates Hunger

Ovaltine is made by a special vacuum process and possesses three unique features which make it different from any other food-drink in the world.

First: Besides being extremely nourishing and easy to digest, Ovaltine is rich in the appetite-producing Vitamin B.

Second: Ovaltine contains an unusually high proportion of a remarkable food property called "diastase." This substance has long been recognized for its power to liquefy and "digest" starchy foods—a significant fact when you consider that the diet of the average child contains about 60% of starchy foods.

These features of Ovaltine are tremendously important. And specialists will tell you that the child with poor (or "slow") digestion is usually the one who won't eat—who shuns vegetables and objects to drinking milk.

But once appetite is stimulated in a scientific way and the sensation of hunger is produced, a definite change takes place. The old objection to every-day foods gradually disappears. And even a "vegetable-hunger" is built up naturally day by day.

Third: Milk turns to solid curds when taken into the stomach. Ovaltine breaks up these curds into small granules. Thus increasing its digestibility to a marked degree. Milk is also taken much more readily when it is mixed with Ovaltine. And Ovaltine has a delicious taste that the fussiest child is unable to resist.

Free

ORPHAN ANNIE SHAKE-UP MUG

to shake up

Cold Ovaltine as a Summer Drink

If you are giving your child Ovaltine now, send for this Little Orphan Annie shake-up mug (worth 75c) free. Use it to make a new and delightful cold shake-up drink with Ovaltine. Note the special offer now being made—see coupon at right.

Start Today

For the sake of your child, you are urged to try Ovaltine. By doing so, you can make this a real health-summer for him. Note the almost immediate difference in appetite—in the way he acts at meals. Note, too, the attendant increase in weight, in nerve poise and in strength.

Give Ovaltine at breakfast always—at meals and between meals. It is extremely economical to serve. For it is *all* food concentrate—and contains no added sugar to give it bulk and cheapen its cost. You add your own sugar at home. So don't be misled if you're offered a sweet-tasting "sugar-mixture" substitute in place of genuine Ovaltine.

You can get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store. Or send the coupon at right for a generous trial supply. . . . Notice the offer of a Little Orphan Annie shake-up mug (worth 75c) which is now being given free.

***NOTE:** Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers. It is also highly recommended by physicians for sleeplessness—for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.*

MAIL FOR TRIAL SUPPLY—OR FREE SHAKER

THE WANDER CO.,
Dept. LHJ7,
180 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Illinois

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your trial tin of Ovaltine. (*These offers good in U.S.A. only.*)

FREE
Cold Ovaltine Shaker
If you are giving your child Ovaltine now, send for this Little Orphan Annie shake-up mug (worth 75c) Free. Send no money—just mail this coupon with *all of the thin aluminum seal* you find under the lid of every can of Ovaltine.

973

Name.....
(*Please print name and address clearly*)
Address.....
City.....*State*.....
(*One package to a person*)

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured in the United States according to the original Swiss formula

How Prof. Anderson amazed the world by shooting wheat and rice from guns

Creating in Puffed Wheat and Rice a totally new idea of the deliciousness, the digestibility, the energy in these two great grains

It was a university professor who discovered that grains "shot from guns" have a nut-meat deliciousness, a tangy crispness unknown before—who found the way to release all the energy nature had stored up in wheat and rice.

MOTHERS owe the discovery of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice to Professor Anderson. He was looking for a way to make grains of wheat and rice completely digestible.

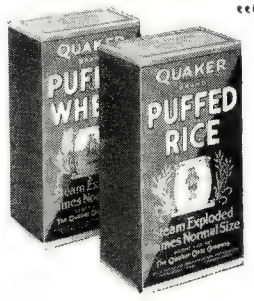
He said—there are 125 million food cells in every grain. To make each grain thoroughly nourishing, every cell must be broken open.

So he found a way to shoot wheat and rice from guns. This causes hundreds of thousands of explosions in each grain. Blasts open every food cell. Steam cooks its contents at terrific heat. Thus it increases the energy each grain can give.

In addition "puffing" makes Wheat and Rice grains fascinating to children. It steam explodes each grain. This gives a crispness cereals never had before. It makes Puffed Grains flaky, flavory, extra digestible. So that these airy grains give as much or more energy than some heavier foods children refuse.

In fact, so rich in energy are Puffed Grains that the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association accepts the following statement—*a single dish of Puffed Grains (with milk and sugar) gives the same energy value as a baked potato.*

Serve Puffed Grains every day in every way you can. At breakfast they tempt appetites like a delightful confection. Yet give rich energy. For supper they nourish. Yet do not tax digestion. Use them as you would bread and milk. Serve them like nut meats on ice cream and desserts. In soups they make delightful toasty bits. Your dealer has Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.



"TWICE-CRISPED"

The new Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are now "twice-crisped" by a new process that makes them doubly good. That is why we are able to make the guarantee that is on every package.

QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice

Journal Reference Library

Happy is the Bride--She's Prepared, You See!

THESE seven bride's booklets plan every detail of a wedding, large or small, and preparations for a wedding. Others listed below will teach the bride to furnish her home to her taste and her husband's purse, to budget her expenditures, to plan and buy becoming clothes, to cook easily and well for her family or her friends, and to keep up with all worthwhile modern ideas. There's guidance—and fun—for all the family in the information contained in the booklets below.

138. ETIQUETTE OF THE WEDDING. Wondering what your bridesmaids and the best man and groom should wear for an outdoor morning wedding? Every wedding detail—formal or informal—is covered in this booklet. Menus, too. 10 cents.
139. THE BRIDE EQUIPS HER KITCHEN. Hints for her friends for articles to give at shower parties, lists of necessary cutlery and other equipment. 3 cents.
137. THE BRIDE'S TROUSSEAU. Lists the clothes to buy, and the kinds of things you'll need. Shopping hints. 3 cents.

136. THE BRIDE'S SILVER CHEST. Essential pieces, extra pieces and markings that are used today. 3 cents.
134. THE BRIDE'S LINEN CHEST. What should be included, monogramming, size of sheets, etc. 3 cents.
135. LET'S SHOWER THE BRIDE. 7 shower parties, and 7 ideas for novel ways to announce engagements. Ideas for invitations. 3 cents.
103. YOUR WEDDING BREAKFAST. Photograph of a table set by Oscar of the Waldorf. Menus and recipes. Favors from Sherry which you can make yourself. 3 cents.

MAKE-IT-YOURSELF

1040. SHEAR MAGIC WITH TIN. 5 cents.
1066. TWO CROCHETED BEDSPREADS. 10 cents.
1070. HOW TO MAKE RAG RUGS. 10 cents.
110. PICK-ME-UP EMBROIDERIES. 3 cents.

Patchwork Quilt Patterns:
1050. CHERRY RIPE. 10 cents.
1051. STAR DIAMOND. 10 cents.
1052. WILD ROSE. 10 cents.
1053. COLONIAL DAME. 10 cents.

Patterns for Accessories Made of Lead, with complete directions:
1063. SUNDIAL. 5 cents.
1064. JAPANESE FLOWER GARDEN. 5 cents.
1065. FLOWER HOLDERS. 5 cents.

FASHIONS

1073. YOUR WARDROBE FOR SUMMER IN THE CITY. Lists of clothes, luggage for trips. 3 cents.
1068. FIVE MONTHS PLAN. How to fit your summer wardrobe together—old and new; accessories to buy. 3 cents.
1069. COTTON YARN ACCESSORIES. Directions for making hats, a cape set, filet crochet sweater, beach set. Illustrated. 10 cents.
554. SLIMMER LINES. Dress to look slim! 5 cents.
107. MAKE-OVER TRICKS. (Spring) 3 cents.
1062. MODERN MATERNITY CLOTHES. 3 cents.
1055. HOW FIGURES CAN LIE. (Corsets) 3 cents.
1041. HOW TO BUY CLOTHES. 5 cents.
1047. CROCHETED ACCESSORIES. 10 cents.
1043. KNIT FOR YOUR CHILDREN. 10 cents.

SUB-DEB

1058. FROLICKING FEET. How to dance. 3 cents.
1022. HOW TO BE POPULAR. 3 cents.
1046. HOW TO MAKE GIRLS LIKE YOU. 3 cents.
574. ETIQUETTE BOOK. 3 cents.
575. CUNNING COIFFURES. 3 cents.
598. LET MAKE-UP MAKE YOU OVER. 3 cents.
533. SUB-DEB'S BOOK OF BEAUTY. 3 cents.
1056. WHAT'S IN A NAME? 3 cents.
1036. YOUR HANDWRITING TELLS ON YOU. 3 cents.
1024. NOTHING TO SPEND BUT THE EVENING. Lots of games for the crowd to play. 3 cents.
549. SUB-DEB BEACH TOGS. 3 cents.
552. MY OWN ROOM. 3 cents.

BEAUTY

537. THAT LETTUCE LOOK. Grooming. 3 cents.
530. LOVELY HANDS—TO HAVE AND TO HOLD. Manicure, care, rings and gloves. 3 cents.
1049. TRICKS WITH MAKE-UP. 3 cents.
525. HOW TO MAKE YOUR HAIR A HALO. 3 cents.
523. SIMPLE CARE FOR LOVELY SKIN. 3 cents.
1005. GIRLS WHO WEAR GLASSES. 3 cents.
541. YOUR FIGURE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT. Get rid of waistline rolls and big hips. 3 cents.

GARDENING

509. GARDEN PATTERN LEAFLETS. Illustrate 61 Garden Patterns. 3 cents.
BIRD HOUSES (with plans). 25 cents.
57. DEVELOPING THE SMALL HOME GROUNDS. *By A. D. Taylor.* A new booklet of forty-eight pages, with 20 illustrations to guide you in planning your grounds. 25 cents.
1061. ECONOMY GARDENS. (Vegetables) 3 cents.
59. ANNUAL GARDENING. 5 cents.
54. PERENNIAL GARDENING. 5 cents.
162. ROSES AND ROSE GARDENS. 5 cents.
163. LAWN MAKING. 5 cents.
187. WATER GARDENING. 5 cents.
520. GARDENER'S SPRAYING CHART. 3 cents.
186. SUMMER FLOWERING BULBS. 5 cents.
1067. THE CARE OF WINDOW BOXES. 3 cents.

ENTERTAINMENT

1032. THE BOOK OF PARTIES. Contains original birthday parties, showers, church fairs, dress-up and bridge parties, games. Decoration suggestions. 10 cents.
1035. GIVING FOODS A PARTY TOUCH. 3 cents.
1037. STAGING "DIFFERENT" PARTIES. 3 cents.
1048. WHEN GOOD FELLOWS GET TOGETHER. Food and fun men enjoy. 3 cents.
1023. ETIQUETTE OF ENTERTAINING. Your social adviser—how to word invitations, to place silver, to introduce friends, etc. 10 cents.
1054. SEVEN AMUSING TABLE SETTINGS. Includes patterns and directions for making fish nut cups, decorations and favors. 3 cents.
115. MENTAL WHOOPEE. Five amusing mental tests. Fun for eight in each set. 10 cents.
1057. TABLE TRIMMINGS AND HANDMADE TALLIES. 23 favors illustrated. 3 cents.
577. YOUNGSTERS' PARTIES. 3 cents.

HOMEMAKING

1031. HOW TO MAKE AND KEEP TO A BUDGET. With sample budgets as guides. 3 cents.
133. HOW TO GO SHOPPING. Concise information on buying practices for the woman who wants to make every penny count. 6 cents.
573. LADIES' HOME JOURNAL MENU BOOK. Menus for all occasions. 10 cents.
584. LADIES' HOME JOURNAL RECIPE BOOK. Everyday and festive dishes. 10 cents.
590. LADIES' HOME JOURNAL COOKERY BOOK. Basic rules for cookery. 10 cents.
1018. LADIES' HOME JOURNAL MENU CALENDAR. Menus and recipes for every month, conveniently charted for kitchen use. 25 cents.
1072. CANNING AND PRESERVING. 10 cents.
599. HOW TO CONTROL YOUR WEIGHT. 3 cents.
524. THE VITAMIN PRIMER. Revised. 5 cents.

INTERIOR DECORATION

556. PRIMER OF INTERIOR DECORATION. Forty-eight pages, 66 illustrations. 25 cents.
164. USING COLOR IN DECORATION. *By Lois Palmer.* Illustrated. 20 cents.
175. CURTAINS FOR YOUR WINDOWS. Sixteen illustrations. 10 cents.
165. THE SELECTION AND ARRANGEMENT OF FURNITURE. New illustrations. 10 cents.
516. $500 FURNISHINGS BUDGET. Three-room apartment. Issued March and October each year. 3 cents.
517. $850 FURNISHINGS BUDGET. Five-room house. Issued March and October each year. 3 cents.
1030. PICTURES FOR YOUR HOME. *By Lois Palmer.* Eight pages. How to frame, hang; dealers' names and addresses. 3 cents.

ARCHITECTURE

555. JOURNAL HOUSE PATTERN CATALOGUE sells for 25 cents. Illustrates 75 houses for which there are building plans available.
JOURNAL HOUSE PATTERNS sell for $1.00 each; include cardboard cut-out model, working drawings, specifications and quantity survey of materials. Purchase Catalogue 555 to select house pattern. Please order house patterns by number.
CARDBOARD CUT-OUT MODELS can be bought separately for 10 cents each. Purchase Catalogue 555 to select model.
1027. STENCIL BOOKLET sells for 10 cents. Illustrates eighteen different designs for decorating your walls.
STENCILS sell for 15 cents each. Purchase Catalogue 1027 to select stencils. Please order stencils by number.

We will gladly send any of these booklets if you'll order by name and number. They will be mailed anywhere in the United States and Canada upon receipt of stamps, cash, check or money order. Do not send stamped, addressed envelopes. Booklet orders from all foreign countries should be accompanied by International Reply Coupons. Please address all requests to the Reference Library, Ladies' Home Journal, Philadelphia.

"Glory be! what a smart new way to wash!"

You *wash-and-blue*

You rinse

You're through!

1 YOU BLUE AS YOU WASH—*La France blues right in the washing-water* while it helps your soap loosen dirt faster and better! Just dissolve ⅓ package of these amazing blue flakes in the wash water with your regular laundry soap . . . wash as usual . . . in tub or machine . . . La France loosens every bit of stubborn grease and grime.

2 YOU RINSE—Wring your clothes from the last clear rinse-water directly into the clothes-basket! Forget the separate bluing-rinse . . . La France has blued everything *perfectly,* right in the sudsy washing-water! No danger of over-bluing . . . no spotting . . . no streaking, even in hard water! There's a clear, beautiful whiteness in your wash!

3 YOU'RE THROUGH! Your washing's all done so quickly . . . so easily . . . so beautifully! You've saved the bother of preparing a bluing-rinse . . . the time and labor needed to put clothes through a bluing-rinse! You've escaped washboard rubbing! . . . And it's the loveliest, whitest wash you've ever had in all your life!—Wonderful La France!

La France..saves bother of bluing separately..gets clothes cleaner, whiter

LA FRANCE keeps baby's dresses dainty and sweet . . . little woolies fluffy and light. Never fades delicate colors nor harms sheer fabrics.

Your grocer carries La France . . . It's never more than 10 cents . . . enough for 3 tubfuls. That's less than 3½ cents for the loveliest wash you've ever had!

SATINA, added to boiling starch, makes ironing easier. Use Satina with your starch and you'll find that your iron never sticks! Your starched pieces will have a lovely glossy finish and a sweet fragrance. Satina is never more than 6 cents . . . enough for 4 starchings. La France and Satina are both products of General Foods.

FREE! Try this intelligent way to wash! Send for free test package of La France, enough for an average family wash (or one large tub). Free Sample of Satina included to help in ironing.

General Foods, Battle Creek, Mich. L. H. J.—7-33

Please send me a free test package of La France—enough for a family wash. And please include a free sample of Satina.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(Print name and address—fill in completely)

If you live in Canada, address
General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario.

Here's what the daily serving of CANNED* PINEAPPLE *does for you—*

Helps You Digest Other Foods	*It* speeds digestion remarkably, *particularly of proteins such as meats, eggs, beans.*
Helps You Resist Infections	*A good source of Vitamin A which, many authorities agree, protects against throat and nose infections.*
Combats Nutritional Anemia	*Valuable source of iron, copper and manganese—minerals essential for blood building.*
Helps Protect Teeth and Bones	*Contains the essential factors—phosphorus, calcium, and Vitamin C.*
Stimulates Kidney Function	*Actively helps the kidneys eliminate waste matter from the blood.*
Promotes Growth	*A good source of Vitamin B, as well as A and C.*
Aids in Preventing Acidosis	*Contributes effectively to the alkalinity of the blood.*

★ For daily use, *Canned* Pineapple is recommended. Canning processes cause a beneficial change of dietetic importance. The scientific findings upon which this advertisement is based are contained in a professional booklet of interest to medical and dietetic groups. Copies are available to individuals in these fields.

ON this page are listed seven of the many values you get from eating Canned Pineapple daily. Read them carefully.

This information comes as a result of long scientific research into the effects of Canned Pineapple on the human system. And it's information you can use, for you are told just how to serve this delicious fruit for the best results:

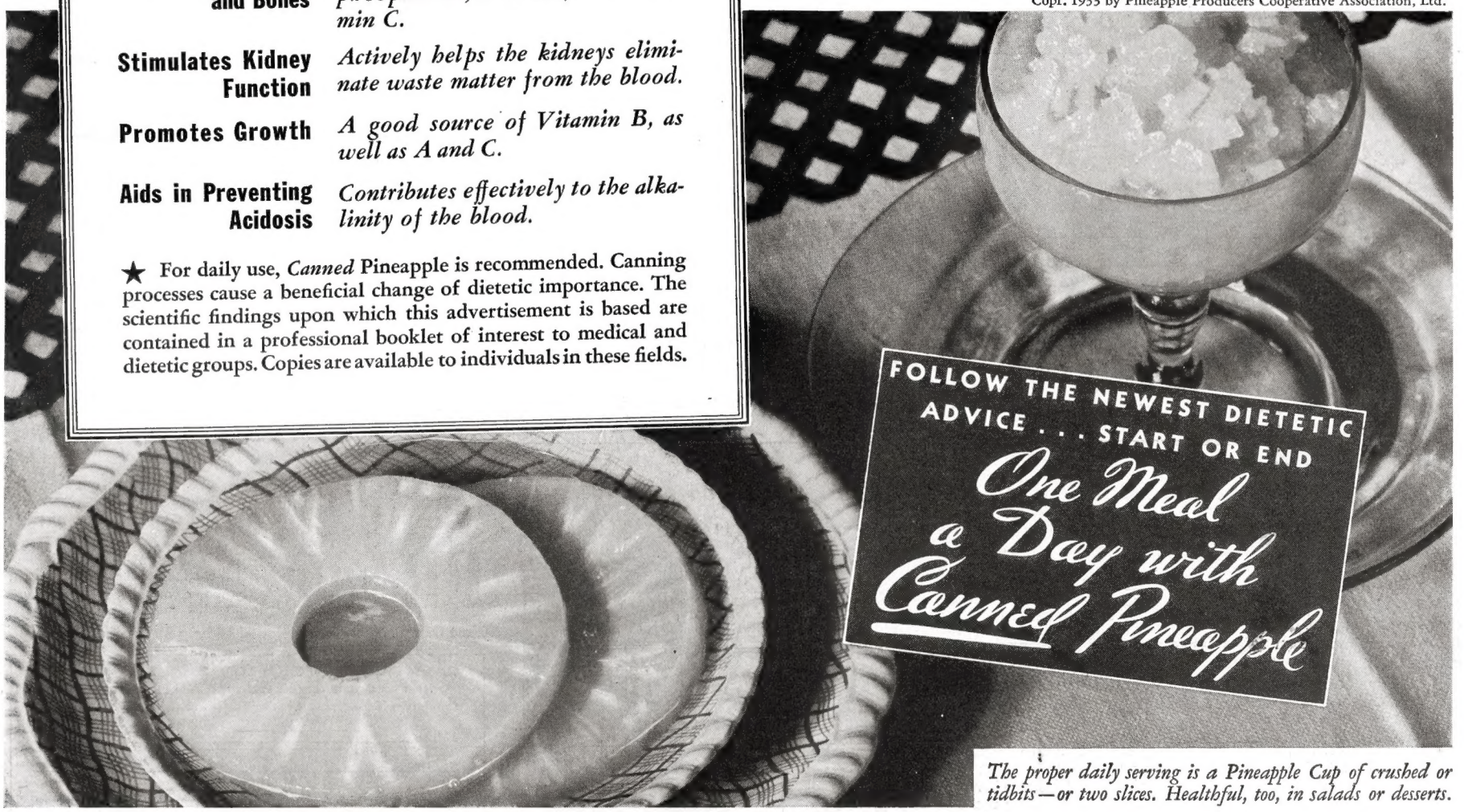
A Pineapple Cup of crushed or tidbits, or two slices, with one meal each day.

Notice that these servings are advised *daily.* Your body is unable to store up many of the health-factors it requires and needs a daily renewed supply.

You'll be glad, knowing this, that Canned Pineapple is a time-saver. In a matter of seconds, this fruit is out of the can and ready for the table. And a money-saver. From a single large can, you get *four* servings.

Begin now. If you miss your two slices at home for breakfast, get a Pineapple Cup at lunch or dinner. Or the equivalent in the form of a pineapple salad, or pineapple pudding. You'll find wherever you go, that hotels, restaurants, and dining cars are featuring Pineapple Cup and many other pineapple dishes you like.

Copr. 1933 by Pineapple Producers Cooperative Association, Ltd.



The proper daily serving is a Pineapple Cup of crushed or tidbits—or two slices. Healthful, too, in salads or desserts.

He Pleases your Palate

BUT HE'S NO FRIEND OF YOUR GUMS!

SOFT, MODERN FOOD IS, IN THE MAIN, RESPONSIBLE FOR "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

IN preparing his delectable dishes—a good chef has in mind only to delight your sense of taste. He isn't considering the health of your gums.

There is scarcely a food on the modern menu, whether you dine in an expensive restaurant or at home, that isn't soft. Your gums get little stimulation, and they gradually become so sluggish and tender that they leave a trace of "pink" on your tooth brush.

A good dentist will tell you:

"Go on enjoying the delicious foods of today. But take care of your gums. 'Pink tooth brush' can dull the natural polish of the teeth. It may be the forerunner of gum troubles such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even pyorrhea (though the last is rather uncommon). And it may even endanger sound teeth."

He will suggest massage for your gums. "Squeeze out a little Ipana Tooth Paste on your brush or finger-tip, after you clean your teeth. Rub it directly into your gums. This daily massage with Ipana will do for your gums what modern soft foods *fail* to do: it will speed up circulation and tone them back to healthy hardness."

Why Ipana? Because Ipana is not only a splendid modern tooth paste, but contains a gum-toning agent called ziratol. Use Ipana with massage regularly, and your teeth will not only be whiter and lighter, but your gums will become firm so that you need not worry about "pink tooth brush."

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. S-73
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

WHY THE NEIGHBORS THAWED OUT—— by Timmins

BE NICE TO MRS. S—, WON'T YOU? SHE'S A STRANGER HERE—JUST RENTED A HOUSE THROUGH OUR FIRM. MAY BUY LATER
I'LL CALL ON HER RIGHT AWAY
SIX WEEKS LATER
MRS. S— TOLD ME TODAY SHE'S THINKING OF MOVING. FOLKS SO STIFF AND UNFRIENDLY, SHE CAN'T FEEL AT HOME.
I TRIED TO BE NEIGHBORLY—BUT THE OTHER WOMEN JUST WON'T! THEY ALL LIKED HER AT FIRST BUT....
MRS. S.
I COULD BE SO HAPPY HERE IF PEOPLE ONLY WERE A LITTLE MORE FRIENDLY
WHAT A LOT OF LIFEBUOY IN THIS WINDOW! I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO TRY IT
OH, GOOD MORNING. I SEE YOU'RE GETTING LIFEBUOY. I THINK I'LL TRY IT, TOO
I KNOW YOU'LL LIKE IT. WE'RE ALL LIFEBUOY FANS IN MY HOME
"B.O." GONE—A FAVORITE NOW!
WELL, GIRLS, I SIGNED THE PAPERS YESTERDAY. I'VE BOUGHT THE HOUSE AND I'M HERE FOR KEEPS
SPLENDID, WE'RE ALL DELIGHTED
WHY, THE BRIDGE CLUB COULDN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT YOU

"Perspiry" weather now —watch out for "B.O."!

(body odor)

LADY of leisure or busy "from morning till night"—no one of us is safe from "B.O." (*body odor*)! We *must* take precautions—especially now when hot sun and humidity make us perspire more freely. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its clean, fresh, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy is no ordinary toilet soap. Its richer, more abundant lather purifies and *deodorizes* pores—stops "B.O."

Want a radiant skin?

Make Lifebuoy your complexion soap. See how quickly your skin responds to its gentle, yet thorough *pore-deep* cleansing. Watch dullness freshen to glowing skin health.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

NO LONGER SCRUBS . . . . . Now hands stay lovely!

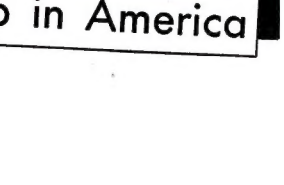
LOOK AT MY POOR HANDS... SCRUBBING CLOTHES IS RUINING THEM
I'D LIKE TO GIVE YOU SOME ADVICE, CLARA. IF YOU WON'T TAKE OFFENSE
WHAT IS IT?
YOU'RE WAY BEHIND THE TIMES TO LET WASHDAY RUIN YOUR HANDS AND HEALTH, NOBODY DOES ANY MORE
I CAN'T AFFORD TO HIRE A LAUNDRESS TO DO MY WASH, IF THAT'S WHAT YOU MEAN
NO, SILLY—I MEAN THERE'S AN EASY WAY TO DO THE WASH THAT SAVES YOUR HANDS AND THE CLOTHES, TOO. USE RINSO. IT SOAKS CLOTHES CLEAN
NEXT WASHDAY
RINSO SOAKED THE DIRT RIGHT OUT... IT'S SO EASY ON MY HANDS! THE CLOTHES ARE 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER—WITHOUT SCRUBBING OR BOILING
NOW TRY RINSO FOR DISHES, TOO, AND FOR ALL CLEANING, CLARA
D'Alton Valentine

How to save $100 or more on clothes

HUNDREDS of women right in your vicinity—*millions* of women throughout the country—are saving money because they've switched to Rinso. For Rinso's *scrub-saving* suds make clothes last 2 or 3 times longer! No rubbing against a washboard. No boiling. No washday abuse whatever! The Rinso way is so safe—so gentle. Dirt is *soaked* out and clothes actually come 4 or 5 shades whiter than ever!

No wonder the home-making experts of 316 leading newspapers recommend Rinso! Cup for cup, it gives twice as much suds as lightweight, puffed-up soaps—*even in hardest water.* Rich, lasting suds. Safe for finest cottons and linens—white or colors.

Rinso is marvelous in washing machines, too. The makers of 40 famous washers say, "Rinso for safety and for whiter, brighter clothes." Great for dishes—loosens grease in a flash. Easy on the hands. Get the BIG package and use Rinso for the wash, for the dishes, *for all cleaning.* You'll never go back to old-fashioned soaps again!



The biggest-selling package soap in America